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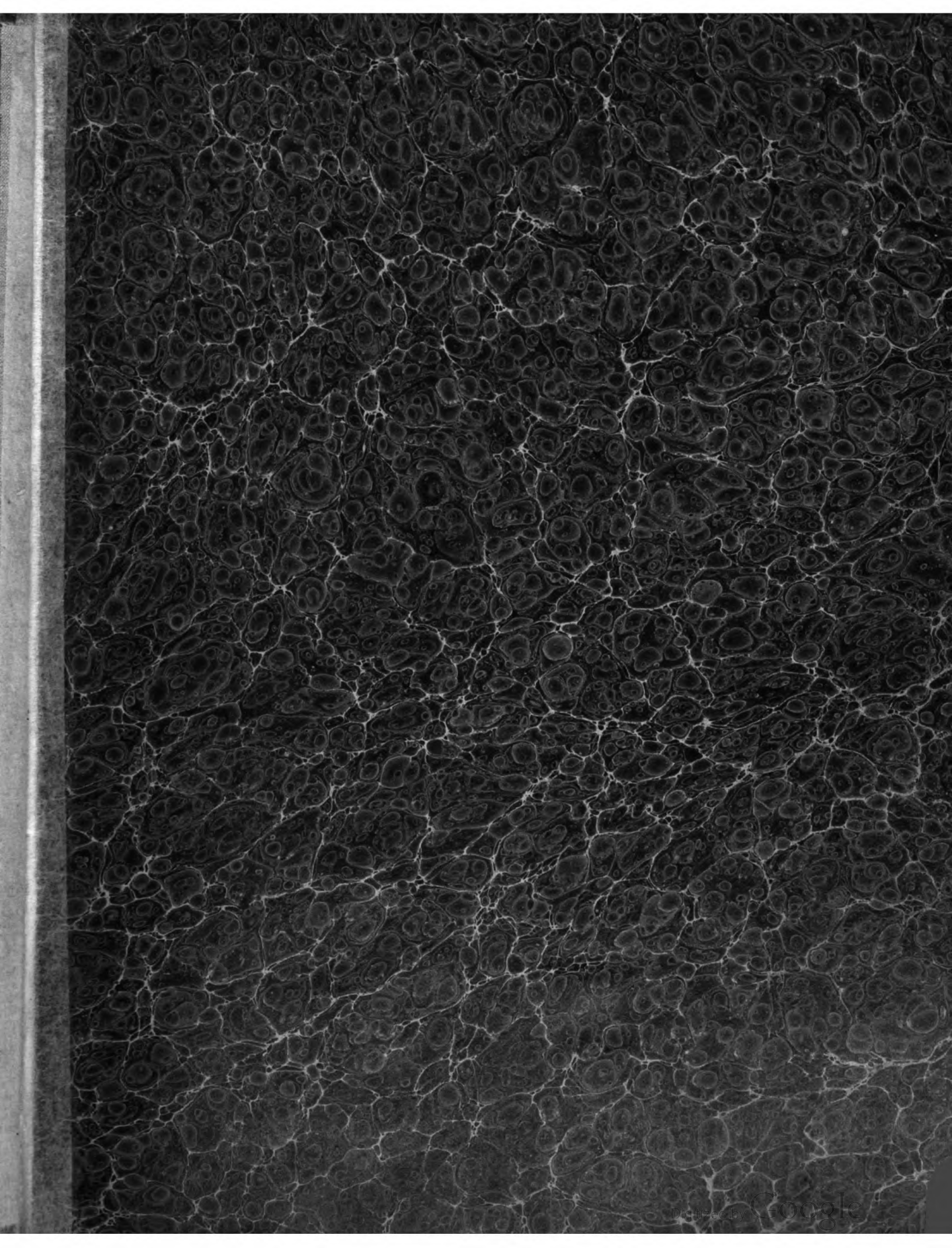
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Bd. April, 1874.

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ADVOCATE.

VOL. XI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FEBRUARY 28, 1871.

No. I.

PEPPER!

PEPPER with my breakfast,
Pepper with my lunch,
Pepper in my coffee,
Pepper in my punch;
Pepper at my dinner,
Pepper at my tea, —
This is too much pepper,
I confess, for me.

Coming faint from chapel
In the dawning's blush, —
Pepper on the buckwheats,
Pepper on the mush!
Ravenous for supper
After work at night, —
Pepper on the dark meat,
Pepper on the white!

Soup, fish, joint, and pudding,
Game and *entremets*; —
One eternal burning
Ever in the way.
That which all men covet
In a chop or steak
Shaken just as freely
Over cod and hake!

Are no other flavors
Known to skilful cooks,
Handed down in kitchens,
Written out in books?
Hast thou no vibrations,
Culinary harp,
From thy thousand fibres
But this endless *sharp*?

Sweet and sour and bitter,
How I moan your loss!
Worcestershire and Harvey,
Loved and honored sauce!
Tasting only pepper, —
That and that alone, —
It is really verging
On the monotone!

O ye burlesque writers, —
Twain and all his crew, —
Change the name; my fable
Is addressed to you!
In the name of humor, —
In the cause of wit, —
Long enough your ravings
Have our palates bit!

Cool those staring colors;
Tame those numbers wild:
Men have higher longings
Than a giggling child!
Tell one tale of laughter
That *might* have occurred;
One not *altogether*
Hopelessly absurd.

Fiend Exaggeration!
Give us rest awhile, —
Truth, thou gentle maiden,
Once more on us smile!
O ye comic writers
Sitting at your desk,
Give us something funny
That's not *all* burlesque!

L'HOMME QUI RIT.

Wm. Brewster

EDITORIAL.

WITH this, the first number of Vol. XI., we bid farewell to the Editors of the Class of '71; and however sure we may feel that, in leaving their places to our new Editors, they have left them to those who will prove themselves worthy to fill them, still for us, who for the last year have been their colleagues, it is a change, and, to us at least, our association has been so pleasant that any change must be painful.

How large a share of the present prosperity of the *Advocate* is due to them is, we feel sure, too well known among all its readers to require here a tribute from us. Our best wishes go with them, here and in after life.

Let us say a few words also to those who are to share our editorial labors from this time until our connection with the *Advocate* shall close. Many illusions which you have long cherished will doubtless be shattered, and from many of your day-dreams you will be rudely awakened. You will find that the "Editorial board" is by no means of rosewood, or even of black walnut.

You will be brought into contact with that insatiable printer who clamoreth for copy, and will not be satisfied because it is not. You will know the misery of hearing your own particular number of our paper branded as the very worst that has ever appeared, and your pet contributions denounced as imbecile and absurd; and you will be compelled to smile thereat. Your friends will inform you that So-and-so is bitterly reviling you for failing to "put in his piece," and Such-an-one devoting you to the Stygian gods for eliminating some glaring but cherished absurdity from his last contribution to your columns.

Hardest of all to bear, you will hear your favorite jokes spoken of as "pretty sick, don't you think so?" and you will be obliged to agree with the heartless speaker.

All these things, and many more, will come upon you as they did upon us; and at first, probably, you will writhe under them as we did; but — Let us add rather this simple allegory, the application of which we leave to you. It is the reply of an old fisher-woman, when reproved by some Philotherian for skinning eels alive. "Sir," said she, "I have skinned them thusly for nearly fifty years; and they have got so used to it, they don't mind it one bit."

A few words in conclusion to subscribers and contributors, the Harvard students of all classes, for whose support we also would present our heartiest thanks: to them we would say: Be as charitable as possible in criticising our efforts, for remember the *Advocate* is what you yourselves make it.

If it does not fairly express the sentiments of the College, or does not present a true picture of our life here, you yourselves are surely most in fault.

A college paper should, it is true, take its character from the college it represents; but yet that character must be formed almost entirely by its contributors. At best, its Editors can but strive to make the paper a real representative of the College; and by what can they be guided in this endeavor, but by the contributions which they receive? To use the words of a former Editorial, which cannot be too often repeated, "If every one who found fault with an article in the *Advocate* would try to write a better, the Editors' work would be made easy."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

A FEW mornings ago, I was awakened by the loud ringing of bells. Thinking it only the fire alarm, I turned over for another nap before prayers; remarking to myself that these fires were becoming alarmingly frequent. But I found it impossible to sleep. The bells kept ringing louder and louder; and I kept tossing and turning, cursing the confounded noise, and wondering what in the world could be the matter. On getting up, I asked my chum, who was reading the morning *Herald*, "why the bells kept ringing so long?" He answered, "This is Washington's birthday." "Washington's birthday!" exclaimed I, "Who is Washington?" "Why, don't you remember about the boy who wouldn't tell a lie, and who afterwards became a great general and statesman?" "Oh, yes!" I answered, a sudden light breaking in on my mind. "I do remember reading about him, when I was a little fellow, and when it was not so old-fashioned as now, to know about such things. Quite a man in his day, I believe." "Yes," said my chum: "some have gone so far as to call him the Father of his Country, and it used to be the fashion to celebrate his birthday as much as the Fourth of July. I should think," continued he, "we might have some recognition of the day here." "Thomas, my boy," said I, patting him on the back, and addressing him in my most patronizing tone, "are you aware to what a glorious institution you belong? Tied to no past observances, your mind hampered and clogged by no old-fogy notions, while other

people are frittering away their time in trying to awaken dead memories, you are obtaining a knowledge of the *living* truths of classic lore." With such convincing arguments as these, I brought Tom to a proper appreciation of the situation, and worked him up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that he proposed that we should go out and tear down the stone under the old Washington Elm. I thought, however, it would not be best to do that; though I have no doubt but that in a few years, under the lead of our glorious university, public opinion will so change that the people, of their own accord, will tear down the old stone.

The day passed very quietly with me, save that at noon and sunset I was very much disturbed by those confounded bells. I hope next year they will be stopped, and we shall be allowed to study in peace. After supper, I went down to Richardson's to get the evening paper. What was my surprise to find the Square dark, and all the stores closed. I buttonholed a passer-by, and asked him, "why the stores were closed and we couldn't get the papers?" He turned on me with a look of most ineffable disgust and pity, and in a freezing tone said, "Washington's birthday." In deep thought, I passed to my room. Had our *wise* men made a mistake; and was the day, after all, worthy of observance? Was it not worth while, in these fast days, when old landmarks are so rapidly disappearing, to cherish with care our few national days, so crowded with memories of devotion and patriotism? Would it not be well to observe the day, even if it accomplished nothing more than to bring the name of Washington to our lips, at least once a year? Then I thought of what Tom Hughes said about the young men taking no interest in the affairs of the Nation. How, thought I, can we be expected to take an interest in public affairs, when we cannot get time in college to observe the national holidays? But I am happy to say that I got the better of such thoughts as these. The more I reflected on the subject, the more apparent it became that our wise men were right. No! no! We cannot afford to waste our time in caring for the past. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

We are in a world of progress. We must be storing our minds with useful knowledge for the future. What is Washington to Aristophanes, or patriotism to a Greek play? Then, too, how the productive power of the country is sapped by these days of idleness. Will not some one among us, a student of political economy, tell us in how many years the national debt would be extinguished, if all the money expended for powder and other means of celebrating the Fourth of July was applied to paying the national debt. I feel confident that in a few years, with Harvard College leading the van, a general movement will be inaugurated to abolish such pernicious evils as the celebration of Washington's birthday and the Fourth of July.

EXCELSIOR.

THE COFFEE-PARTY.

MANY vague rumors and prophecies have been floating about the college-yard for the past month, to the effect that the "Pierians" were to give one of their time-honored "coffee-parties." Last Tuesday witnessed the fulfilment of these prophecies; and inasmuch as there had been no entertainments of this description since "Sixty-Nine" held the floor, a very large attendance had been anticipated; but parties and other attractions drew away many who had intended to come. And yet there was a goodly number present; sufficient, certainly, to insure a very pleasant evening, without causing any inconvenience to the dancers.

On entering the hall, we were rather disappointed at the first strains which reached our ears; but as soon as the musicians, as well as their instruments, grew warmer, our expectations, which were very high, were fully realized. In fact we were willing to declare that it was the best music we had listened to for a long time.

As a whole, the party was a success. Everybody had a splendid time; everybody desired a repetition of so pleasant an evening. It will no doubt be a matter of great satisfaction to the friends of the "Pierian" to know that, after all the expenses were paid, a substantial residue remained in the treasurer's hands. c.

HARVARD ORATORY.

[Although many of the following statements seem made with far too little qualification, the writer yet seems to have spoken so forcibly of one of the greatest defects of our University, that, while we cannot fully indorse his remarks, we had yet no hesitation in giving them a place in our columns. — Ed.]

A LATE Editorial in the *New York Independent*, written in praise of the present management of Harvard College, was forced to except the department of Rhetoric and Oratory. Our want in this respect is notorious. Intelligent people throughout the country regret it; students at other colleges sneer at it; we are compelled to confess it. It is the fault, partly of the government of the College, partly of the students. The study of rhetoric in text-books was abolished a few years since on the recommendation of a committee. We write themes, but our professor gives us scarcely any rules of style. His corrections are confined chiefly to marking poor words, though never suggesting better ones, and to erasing redundancies. This is very well, but only half enough. In forensics we are still worse off. They are returned with no corrections whatever. Our defects in argument not being pointed out, we are as liable to show them again as at first. By forensics we learn nothing; by themes, not more than half we ought to.

But our insipid displays at Commencement are more largely due to the fact that among the students themselves no encouragement is given to oratorical accomplishments.

Our societies are, as a rule, smoking clubs. While the majority of the members keep their hats on, and cigars in their mouths, and smoking is going on all over the room, much literary display cannot be expected.

The writer of this has not heard a decent debate since entering college. Debates are out of fashion. They will not be listened to. The nearest approach to them is an occasional discussion on some motion. Essays and poems are now and then read before societies. But such essays can usually, and college poems almost invariably, be best described by the word "sick."

An oration spoken with notes is never heard of, that on Class Day alone excepted; and even the Class-day orator is incumbered with the antiquated gown.

If speaking were popular, there would be no topic on which to speak. The best subjects for discussion are those connected with current politics. But for a student to mention politics in conversation is to be ridiculed. Very few read the papers, and half of these for local news. That a student living in one of the towns near Cambridge should have gone home to vote last fall without knowing whether Claflin or Adams was the Republican candidate for governor, created little surprise here.

It is said that at other colleges, Yale especially, the "spouting" of "gas" is encouraged to the detriment of real oratory; that our practice is, on the whole, better. It is easily answered that no other college turns out so few eminent public men in proportion to its whole number of graduates. And our prospect in this respect seems to be yearly growing worse.

In the trial for the Boylston prizes for declamation, students do not declaim so well as they did at the preparatory schools.

To remedy our defects, a better sentiment must prevail among the undergraduates; and the Faculty, if it does not change the system of instruction, ought at least to require that on Commencement Day, the parts be spoken, not read; and thus abolish one abuse which makes us a laughing-stock.

PHYSICS. — "It is said that on very cold mornings the telegraph wires are observed to sag or droop in passing from post to post, to a greater extent than usual. What is the cause of this phenomenon?"

"Answer: It is a universal principle that 'cold contracts'; hence on very cold days the spaces or distances between the telegraph posts are contracted and shortened by the action of the frost, and the posts themselves being thus brought nearer together than usual, the wires necessarily sag or droop."—*Extract from a Junior examination-book.*

A MEMBER of '74 remarked the other day to a friend whose name formed the dividing line between two of the numerous divisions of that rather extensive class, "Bob, you reminded me very strongly of Cato this morning. It was 2 B. or not 2 B. with you."

THAYER HALL.

THAYER HALL is an imposing structure; at least, the occupants think so. A person entering it is struck at once by the magnificence of the entries, and the opportunities that are given for the admission of fresh air. All the doors are hung upon a new and improved method, not fitting tight and snug, but having a broad seam between their edges and the wall; no doubt with the intention of rendering that well-known trick of screwing in a Freshman difficult. The lock also, not the latch, is placed in a singularly convenient spot; namely, about a foot above the floor. The only time this ever proves convenient is when a man comes home with an unsteady gait and falls down on the mat. Above the door is a transom, which affords a very good opportunity for every one as he goes up the stairs to gaze into your room. Doubtless this also is of great assistance to the Proctors. The original idea was to admit fresh air into the room by opening it (not the fresh air); but so far it has made no difference whether it is open or shut, fresh air comes in all the same. The fireplaces are also rather original. At first the fire amused itself by running up the chimney, but lately the minions of despotic power have stopped up the chimneys entirely; so now the fires will scarcely go at all, and we live in a pleasant atmosphere of smoke and frost. The occupants of the corner rooms are spared the expense of pictures, which they would otherwise have had to purchase to make their rooms look cheerful, as there are five doors opening into the study, and the walls are panelled one-third of their height. We have generally heard students complain of the bell for ringing too early, but the occupants of the back rooms in Thayer complain of it because they can't hear it at all. Perhaps it will interest outsiders to hear my experience during the last two cold spells.

All the morning the thermometer has been 31°. Digging is impossible. We keep piling on the coal, until finally a large lump rolls off and burns a hole in the carpet; at which my chum vituperates every thing and everybody. Towards the afternoon it gets a little warmer,—up to about 44°. In the evening we undress around

the fire, and getting well warmed make a rush for our bedrooms. It takes four blankets and two comforters to keep me warm. I am awakened in the morning by hearing my chum swear. I ask what's the matter? I am told that the second bell has just done ringing. As I recite the first hour, I must get up. The thermometer is about twenty above. I go for the water pail that I had placed the night before near the fire. The ice is so thick I can stand and even jump upon it. I get a hammer and break it. I pour out a mixture of ice and water, and seize my sponge. It is frozen solid. My tooth-brush is as hard as a rock, and my towel as stiff as a board.

Half-washed, I slip on my clothes and go to breakfast. The same thing is repeated every morning, but I am pretty well used to it now, and think that in course of time I shall be amply fitted to go on an Arctic expedition.

My neighbor has just dropped in and given me the following directions for keeping out the cold. "Take a lot of old newspapers, get a caulking chisel and a mallet; go around the room, and wherever you see a hole, plug it up."

I am going to try it.

SMASHES.

"But, soft!" — *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Scene 2.

FIRST of all, it is necessary to premise that there are smashes and smashes. With those smashes branded alike by bar-tenders and legislative enactments we shall have nothing to do; nor shall we encounter the word in its rough and primitive meaning, as set forth in the matter-of-fact columns of the Dictionary. Not "*paulo majora*," but "*mitiora canamus*," and very, *very mitiora* too, I am afraid we shall find before we are done. But as the meaning of a term can be better developed by a few words of illustration than by many of definition, I will strive no longer in the barren province of the lexicographer, but proceed at once to the brief story which I have to tell. In a certain county of a certain State there is situated a certain celebrated femal C ollege, wherein entered at the

beginning of the present academic year a numerous band of "sweet girl undergraduates," with hair of assorted colors, mostly "done up" according to the latest fashions. Coming from all parts of the Union, naturally many of them were strangers to each other; and for this evil they contrived a remedy which probably no equal number of masculine Freshmen would ever have dreamed of, and this remedy was the custom of "smashes." Suppose Arabella from Maine was struck by the beauty, style, or in short the general "get up," of Angelina from Texas, and desired to make her acquaintance. First she would ask the name of her charmer from some mutual friend; and then, you would infer naturally, request an introduction. But no: introductions are a great deal too commonplace. Arabella would next indite a letter to Angelina, a regular make-believe love letter, as like the genuine article as her limited experience in such matters enabled her to do; setting forth the tremendous effects of Angelina's charms upon her sensitive heart, I suppose. I don't know much about the style of such things myself, but a friend of mine who does assures me that that is the regular way.

After the receipt of this communication, Angelina would refer to Arabella, in technical language, as "her smash;" and would reply to her, in a make-believe answer to a love letter, as her feelings towards the said "smash" might dictate. Then would follow a further correspondence in the same style, perhaps accompanied by a little poetry or a valentine, or, if the smash was very "far gone" indeed, by a slight tribute in the way of confectionery. After this had gone on for a week or so, a meeting would be asked for by one of the fair ones; and if agreed, they would meet, and act as much like genuine lovers in the same circumstances as they knew how to do; that is to say, they would be as silly as they possibly could, which by this time I think we may infer would be very silly indeed. In fact there was one case in which the "smash" failing to meet the adored one at the time appointed, the said adored *1* actually went without her dinner, for all the world like an *A. 1.* in a novel.

This account may moreover be relied upon as strictly correct, as I had it directly from one—well, in short, one who knew; and when she told, — I mean when I was told, — I remarked to myself, "Talk about your soft things." Now I have two questions to ask on this subject: First, it is said that one of the first apparent effects of a liberal education on the male mind is to develop a most astonishing power of imprecation. Can it be possible that the smash is to be considered as a primary result of the same on the female mind; and if so, does not the custom furnish a strong argument against the education of woman?

Secondly, naturalists assert that "all young animals imitate in their play the action of capturing their prey." Are we then to lay aside all our romantic notions about "sweet girl graduates," and to regard them simply as a species of young animal?

"THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF."

TOM, Dick, Harry, and myself, after a "crush" where, boys that we were, we had done our best to make perambulating champagne-bottles of ourselves, talked over our first ball.

After discussing the supper in the pseudo-epicurean style usually adopted by youngsters, and wondering at the prowess of a short but experienced Russian officer, who had engulfed nearly his own height in bottles of Moët and Chandon, we broached that interesting topic, — the girls we had seen; and soon the belle of the evening (who really was very pretty and pleasant) became the subject of a hot discussion. Tom, with whose sister she was staying, and whom she had "taken out," maintained that she was a collection of perfections; while Dick, whom she had forgotten, although they had three times made mud pies together one summer at Newport, gave her a very black character indeed. Harry and I took sides too; but our minds were confused, and our bodies tired. So we ended by all agreeing that the locket and earrings she wore were made of the finest opals we had ever seen, and going off to bed, which was the very best thing we

could do. As soon as I fell asleep, as it seemed to me, I began to have a dream, which was really the most fearful one I ever knew of.

The universe was clean gone out of existence. Nothing was left but the two infinities, Space and Time. I had complete power over them. I wished to move off two hundred miles, and immediately I perceived that I had travelled them, and was at that distance from my starting place. I wished to have my life doubled, and was not in the least surprised at finding that I could look back nearly thirty-three years. This feeling of power, however, lasted but a short time. Soon I could no longer will myself into the future, and next I felt the past melting away in my mind. I suddenly found that I could look back only thirty years, then less, and still less, until a dread came over me that *the whole* of my past life was going to be blotted out. Soon, however, I had another horrible feeling, which immediately became a certainty. I could not mount. Space was sinking, and I was at the surface of it! How could I rise, or even think of rising, into Nothingness? *That* was the reason my thoughts kept to a level, above which they could not ascend. A nameless terror, lest I should be left behind by space, overpowered me; and with a wild, inarticulate cry, I plunged down with the rapidity of thought. But rushing through space, and finding nothing but emptiness where before there were whole constellations of worlds, a feeling of utter, crushing, and complete loneliness came over me, such as I have experienced but once before, — one black night, when I swam alone in the calm and silent ocean.

To escape from this feeling, once more I rushed down, down, down, till my brain reeled, and I lost all but a vague, terrible, whirling sense of motion.

When I recovered my senses, I was floating above a vast, tempestuous waste of waters, and far down beneath me gleamed the locket and earrings we had admired that evening, the soft, blended hues of the stones being admirably set off by the encircling gold. I looked at the jewels with an unaccountable feeling of ecstasy. I longed, yet dreaded, to see them nearer; but was borne down by an impalpable but irresistible

pressure, and now could see them more clearly. Horror of horrors! It was not a locket, but a face that I saw; it was not a setting of gold, but fair hair, floating around the face of a corpse! and that face, — it was the face of her whom we had been admiring; those delicate rainbow-tints, — they were the colors of the charnel-house! The expression of the face was no longer joyous, but despairing and horror-struck. Blue, green, yellow, red, and brown, blended promiscuously, showed how long she had been dead. A dull, phosphorescent glow lighted up her face and outstretched hands, and revealed the vast billows of blood in which she was floating. My face approached nearer and nearer to hers. It was no longer stationary, but began to fly over the waves, — now ascending, and now settling down into the unfathomable trough of a sea, whose waves were mountains; and I was constrained to follow it up, up, and down, down, down, with its eyes fixed on mine in a filmy stare. Faster and faster we flew, nearer and nearer I was borne down towards her, till a sickening feeling came over me that I was going to touch her livid lips. I struggled desperately, but it was of no use. A catastrophe was approaching, when she opened her mouth, and — TIME TO GET UP! was yelled into my ear by the little boy who wakes me every morning.

"I say," I remarked to Tom, after prayers, "too much fiz and truffles are not good for a fellow."

SCENE IN THE DEAN'S OFFICE:

Dean. — Mr. Blank, I find fourteen unexcused absences from prayers against your name.

Freshman. — Yes, sir.

Dean. — Do you know any reason why they should not be marked against you?

Freshman. — No, sir.

Dean. — You will then receive a private admonition.

Freshman (lingering). — Well, when shall I receive it, sir?

Fond Mother. — Johnny, dear, had you rather say a Psalm or have a gingersnap?

Experienced Johnny. — Please, ma, I had rather say a Psalm. (Whereupon Johnny receives three gingersnaps.)

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS.—\$1.75 per volume of ten numbers, *in advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at Crosby & Damrell's, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

ADVOCATE CALENDAR.

THE following is the calendar for the remainder of the college year.

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"	3	Tuesday,	21.
"	4	Friday,	31.
"	5	"	April 14.
"	6	"	28.
"	7	"	May 12.
"	8	"	26.
"	9	"	June 9.
"	10	Class-Day Morning,	23.

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A "GRAVE" TRAGEDY.

I.

I DON'T know what he'd been doing, — I don't pretend to know:
He wern't what you call religious, — not exactly wicked though:
His actions were kind o' wild like, and it might now possibly be
On the subject of those late suppers he was just, sir, a little too free.

II.

But however deep he'd sunk, sir, in sin, it was rather hard
Still deeper to sink, (when nearly home) in the mud in the college yard.
I was sound asleep in bed, sir, when his voice rang through the air:
"I'm sinking fast in the muddy morass that lies twixt Hollis and Thayer."

III.

I sprang from my bed in a trice, sir, and eagerly called for aid;
All trembling seized my coal-shovel, and grasped my gardening spade;
I rushed to the scene of disaster: there burst from those ghastly lips,
"I'm sinking fast in the muddy morass." (He'd sunk, sir, as far as his hips.)

IV.

I dug with the shovel: at every stroke he sank three inches deeper;
And the groans which burst from his burning throat would have roused the soundest sleeper.
Out poured the frightened students; and some one whom I knew
Suggested the use of the Physics which the Sophomore Class had been through.

V.

So we tried the effect of six "air-pumps," but soon were obliged to confess
That deeper and deeper he sank, sir; then we brought up the "hydraulic press,"
And thinking the force of "acoustics" might serve, sir, to silence his groans,
We sent a committee to Church Street to rouse up the bell-ringer Jones.

VI.

Mathematical, logical genii put their heads together to save
By "trigonometric functions" their friend from a muddy grave.
We found the "theodolite" useless, centrifugal force would not do;
For we saw he was steadily sinking by a patent "micro-meter screw."

VII.

I saw that their labors were useless; so at twenty-five minutes past four,
Since only his head could be seen, sir, I forbade them to work any more.
A terrible silence came o'er us as we stood in a circle around,
And those fell mathematical instruments were scattered all over the ground.

VIII.

With voices quite choked with emotion, we asked if he wanted to pray;
He gazed on us gravely a moment, then said that "that wern't in his way."
But he'd like, if we made no objection, and he'd give us ten thousands of thanks,
If we just would petition the Faculty to cover the yard, sir, with PLANKS." G.

R. G. Hunt 73

SCHOLARSHIPS.

SEVERAL articles have appeared in the *Advocate* concerning college expenses, but not a word about the magnificent provisions which we have at Harvard for the support of indigent students. And it is our duty to inform the students of our preparatory schools, who are now discussing the question, "Shall I go to Harvard?" that the statement contained in the following extract from the Catalogue of Harvard University is literally true:—

"Many persons enter the College with slender pecuniary resources; but if they show capacity and character, they need not leave College for want of money."

"With slender pecuniary resources" means that the student may have no money, no friends

to help him, no pecuniary resources whatever except those which the University freely gives.

By "capacity and character" is meant that the student must be, at least, of ordinary scholarship, and must be willing to devote himself to hard work, both in term-time and in vacation. Aid to indigent students is given at Harvard in the following manner:—

First. Seventy-four scholarships, which yield \$20,000 per year.

Second. A loan fund, from which \$3000 is annually lent in sums from \$50 to \$150, to be returned after graduation, at the convenience of the recipient.

Third. A beneficiary fund, from which \$2000 is annually given, in sums from \$50 to \$150.

Fourth. Money voted by the Corporation from year to year, in the remission of fees and direct gifts, varying from \$500 to \$1500 per year.

Fifth. Monitorships and other offices, yielding \$1200 per year.

Sixth. Private benefactions passing through the hands of some College Officer, averaging of late about \$5000 per year. Prizes which are open to all competitors, and amount to about \$700 per year.

Giving assistance to indigent students, like almost every thing else in Harvard College, is conducted in the most thorough and systematic manner.

The scholarships are assigned by the rank-list. Other gratuities are established for deserving students whose names are not on the rank-list. And, to complete the arrangements, a loan fund is provided for those who prefer such assistance to gratuities.

Among all the unreasonable prejudices against Harvard, perhaps none has done more harm to our University than the general impression that Harvard College is too expensive for poor students. Let no man be frightened away from Harvard with that idea. Let him not go to one of our small colleges, which are poor places for a man to spend four of the best years of his life; but let him come to Cambridge, where he can enjoy the best educa-

tional advantages which can be found on this side of the Atlantic. We have many reasons to be proud of our University, but none greater than the fact that Harvard favors no party, no religious sect, no one particular class whatever; and no man is so poor that the College can not receive, feed, and clothe him, and give him the same training and culture which are offered to the sons of the richest and most honored men of our land. We who are fed and clothed by scholarships feel bound to our Alma Mater by ties which others cannot feel. And although all Harvard graduates regard the interests of the University as their own, I venture to predict that the men who in future years will watch over her with the most tender solicitude will be those who enjoyed her gratuities when undergraduates.

THE HARVARD ALUMNI DINNER IN NEW YORK.

THE Annual Dinner of the Harvard Club in New York took place at Delmonico's last Wednesday evening. About two hundred guests assembled, including in their number President Eliot, Messrs Adams and Seaver of the Faculty, E. E. Hale, Wm. M. Evarts, and many other well-known persons.

Mr. James C. Carter presided; and in his speech at the conclusion of the feast he spoke in the highest terms of the administration of President Eliot, and of the many important reforms he had introduced. In conclusion, he gave as the first regular toast: "Alma Mater, and long life to President Eliot."

Mr. Eliot responded, and spoke of Alma Mater as a young mother who returned with infinite love the affection of her children; a mother who never forgot them, and whose chiefest joy was to see them succeed through the instruction they had received at her hands. He stated that during the year the College had made great progress, and now the standard of admission was at least one year in advance of that of any college in the country. He predicted that, in the year 1900, Harvard would have three thousand pupils.

Frank B. Crowninshield followed, in response to the toast, "The Corporation."

The next toast was "The Overseers," which was responded to by the Rev. E. E. Hale, who made a short and witty address concerning their duties, which were to ask indiscriminate questions. If they got no answers, they knew it was for the good of the College that they did not; and if they did, they thanked God, and persevered. Other addresses were made by William M. Evarts, W. C. Bogart, President Barnard of Columbia College, and others; and the festivities were continued to a late hour.

TO MY GRATE.

WIDE-MOUTHED thou art, my ancient grate, —
Yes, black and sooty all thy throat!
You seem a friend to me to-night,
While I sit looking in your face.
With merry laugh and gladsome glee,
Thy flames leap high, in rivalry,
To dim the moonlight on the floor,
Which lies, like dust of powder'd gold,
In lengthened shapes up to my chair!
Old Grate, oh, canst thou tell me now
Why thou dost sing such merry strains?
You know the wind is roaring loud,
The poor are shivering in the blast,
The bare limbs pray the coming spring, —
Old wretch, you like all this, I vow!
You like to see the snow-flakes come,
The hut o' the poor a cheerless home!

My poor old grate grew sad awhile,
And flickering flames to ashes turned;
His fiery eye grew paler still,
His cheek a deeper tint of rose.

But down the chimney blasts of wind
Soon woke him from his reverie.
"Ho! ho!" spoke he: "what sayest thou?
Good friend, this a merry world!
For, ah! the dreams that come and go
In coals and flames and tangled soot!
And once I saw soft eyes look down,
To ask an alms, in tears and prayer; —
Her inmost hope, her dream, her all,
Stood out transfigured on my breast.
A sob, — a step! — a presence tall, —
'My Knight!' 'My Lady!' That was all.

"So knowest thou why I laugh with glee! —
This kind old world is good to me!"

PALETTE.

Oct 1891

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THAYER CLUB.

By an amendment to the Constitution of the Thayer Club recently made by the Faculty of the College, the Club are required to elect their President from the Senior Class. In accordance with this amendment, Mr. Babbitt has resigned his position as President; and Mr. Eustis, of the Senior Class, has been chosen in his place; the list of officers now being, with the following exceptions, as published in the last paper:—

President	W. E. C. EUSTIS.
Vice-President	T. FRENCH.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Galaxy* for March has a sensible article on "The Higher Education in America," which the enemies of *liberté octroyée* would do well to read.

The Nebulous Person in the *Galaxy*, instances those who have belonged to the "Skull and Bones" Society at Yale College as good specimens of "those socially disagreeable persons known as bores."

Scribner's Monthly is publishing a series of instructive and interesting articles on "Weather Telegrams and Storm Forecasts."

The Princeton College Nine will make a tour of the principal cities East and West the coming summer.

Our exchanges generally are outspoken in their condemnation of snow-balling non-combatants. One regrets it, two growl at it, and one swears at it.

The *Chronicle* notices the fact that several Michigan Juniors are receiving circulars from a firm for publishing wedding-cards.

In speaking of the attitude taken by the Princeton Faculty in relation to students who write letters to the gentler sex, An exchange says, "*Do right*, and fear not!"

The *Commercial Advertiser* says that a student can go through Dartmouth on the interest of \$1,000. The *Dartmouth* doubts it.

In noticing a Promenade Concert at Yale, the *Courant* reports in manner, to wit, as follows: "Miss M.—y, of Louisville, attracted much attention by her sprightliness and utter *abandon*; Miss A—n, of Webster, Mass., a dashing brunette, was greatly admired for her *spirituelle* figure; and Miss B—r, of Brooklyn, for her brilliant conversational powers and graceful carriage; the belle of the evening being Miss B—d, of Edenville, N. Y., whose sylph-like figure as it floated through the dance reminded one of breeze-blown thistle-down." The *New Varieties* please copy.

The New York *Sun* favors its readers with a vivid description of a cock-fight "just outside of New Haven," at which the Harvard Sophs are reported as having vied with their Yale brethren in enthusiasm and nobby neck-ties. The joke of the thing is that neither Harvard or Yale was represented there by a single man. Doesn't the *Sun* man need a little more light?

The Cornell *Era* is almost the only paper that has not had something to say about the fears entertained for the *Tennessee's* safety, notwithstanding the fact that her President was a passenger.

The latest *intolerance*, says the *Courant*, on the part of instructors is the imposition of marks for sleeping in recitations. Intolerable!

The *Courant* reads a lecture to Yale students on the folly of attending the orgies of the "foul but frail in New Haven."

An Academy of Design, — a young ladies college.

The *Targum* says that several Juniors are looking for positions as nurses in private families. This is quite incomprehensible till it is known that ladies "go to school" where the *Targum* is published.

Yale is troubled with numerous candy-peddlers.

Objections are raised to the *Boston Herald* on the ground that it is two cents-a-nal.

The *Williams Review* has only twenty editors.

The farewell notices by the retiring editors of some of our exchanges are no more affecting than are the salutatory addresses of the newly elected editors of the same, though both are hard on the mucous membrane.

The *Trinity Tablet* is pleased to announce that the President's fall on the ice during vacation did not result, as at first reported, in a pleural fracture, but simply in a cartilaginous rupture. Oh!

"What are you going to do after you graduate?" said a gentlemen to a *Williams* student who is fitting for the ministry. "Damfino," replied the youth: "preach the gospel, I s'pose."

Punctuation isn't every thing, but it is a great deal, as the following will show. A Freshman, wishing to break the news of his rejection at the close of last trimester as softly as possible to his parents, commenced his letter by the following: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends rough, hew them as we will." — *Era*.

It is to be hoped that the Seniors will desist from study in chapel during the coming term, and look after the inner man. — *University Press*. Peanuts or apples?

Greener, the colored man, who graduated at Harvard last year, is principal of a colored school in Philadelphia. — *Courant*.

Walter Brown's boat-house, at Boston, was demolished by the ice and wind Sunday. The building cost \$2,000. Numerous boats were damaged. — Yale to the rescue!

A Freshman at Michigan University lately dropped a letter to his dear one into a letter-box in the law building, thinking that the post-office officials had placed it there for public convenience. It was intended, however, only for communications for the Faculty. He was excused from attendance on morning prayers "until he fully recovered."

A Beloit Senior, at the close of his vacation, started for the East, to enter a theological school. Providence frowned on his good intentions, however, and when he got as far as Niagara he was arrested as a swindler. A friend from Milwaukee had to come on to release him.

BOOK NOTICES.

AS REGARDS PROTOPLASM, in relation to Professor Huxley's Essay on the Physical Basis of Life. By J. H. STIRLING, F.R.S. and LL.D. Edinburgh. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co. 1870. For sale by Sever, Francis, & Co., together with the other numbers of the "University Series," in which this essay is No. III.

In the main portion of this essay, Mr. Stirling shows that Huxley would lead us into the "materialistic slough" on entirely false grounds; that there is not, so far as our knowledge entitles us to say, "one kind of matter common to all living beings." "The flower in the hair of a girl and the blood in her veins" are not formed by the same sort of protoplasm: bone protoplasm is not muscle protoplasm, nor is it brain protoplasm. To quote Mr. Stirling, "There is the infinitely different protoplasm of the various infinitely different plants and animals, in each of which its own protoplasm, as in the case of that of the various tissues, but produces its own kind, and is uninterchangeable with that of the rest." For the sake of argument, our author then admits there is a physical basis of life, and examines rather severely Professor Huxley's proof of its materiality. In the last pages, Mr. Stirling makes an attack on the Darwinian theory, apparently confounding it with the theory of evolution. On page sixty-three, we are told, "in objection" to Mr. Darwin's theory, "that in the fact of reversion, or 'atarism,' Mr. Darwin acknowledges his own failure. We see that the species, as species, is something independent, and holds its own *insita vis naturæ* within itself." It is to be regretted that this "failure" of Mr. Darwin is not more fully explained. The essay concludes as follows: "In short, the whole position of Mr. Huxley, that all organisms consist alike of the same life-matter, which life-matter is, for its part, due only to chemistry, must be pro-

nounced untenable, — nor less untenable the materialism he would found on it." Professor Huxley, it may be remarked here, repudiates materialism. Those who have been interested in Professor Huxley's essay will be so in Mr. Stirling's criticism, which, with some exceptions, is just and impartial.

AD CLERUM: ADVICES TO A YOUNG PREACHER. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., Author of *Ecce Deus*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

This book is exactly what it purports to be: advices to a young preacher. It is composed of short essays, the subjects of which are such as a person intending to enter the ministry desires most of all to hear discussed.

The author earnestly calls attention to the necessity of a thorough discipline for the ministerial office; yet, at the same time, points out the fact that even discipline is too costly if it removes its subject from the common experiences and sympathies of men. His remarks upon pulpit efforts and manners are timely: "Be earnest; be natural; be as unlike a book as possible." That is the substance of his remarks on homiletics. This is good advice, since the tendency of our day is to make one a reader rather than a preacher.

The book is plain, forcible, and witty. The scourge is applied where it is needed, without stint: humor and even sarcasm are employed in a manner that proves the author is an adept; while a spirit of deep piety and a sincere desire to benefit the reader pervades the whole work.

ATOMS.

THE Right Reverend Thomas M. Clarke, D.D., Bishop of Rhode Island, will preach before the St. Paul's Society in St. John's Memorial Chapel, Brattle Street, Sunday evening, March 5th, at 7½ o'clock.

JUST after the recent snow-storm, a would-be facetious student, in search at once of fun and information, accosted a snow-shovelling Celt whom he chanced to meet, as follows: "Sure, kin ye till me where Profisser Dash lives?"

"Ye'll foind him roight on the corner," was the Celtic reply; "but his soidewalk's bin shovelled."

Tutor, strongly desirous of diminishing the second division, and addressing doubtful student. — "How is it with you, Sir?"

Student. — "I can recite the first hour."

Tutor, dogmatically. — "There's a great deal more fun in the first division." The desired transpositions are effected without farther difficulty.

A FRESHMAN recently was unfortunate enough to "cut" prayers for the first time since entering college. Whereupon he petitioned the "powers that be" as follows: "Blank, Fr., respectfully petitions the Faculty to be excused for absence from Prayers on Jan. xth; because I lost my hat." Not granted.

ONE day Atom was reading the paper aloud to a friend, when he came across a paragraph something like the following: "Von B., the great Austrian Premier, smokes forty cigars a day." "I don't believe that," interrupted Friend, eagerly: "he couldn't smoke on the stage, nor when he was practising his songs, and" —

"What!" said Atom, in open-mouthed astonishment. "Why, what in the world do you think the Austrian Premier is?" "He's the big Austrian singing man of course," was the reply.

To use the beautiful and touching language of the story-books, a short time afterwards two studious forms might have been seen wending their way, arm in arm, in the direction of "under the Post Office."

A JUNIOR who elects German writes to the *Advocate* as follows: "Can any one give me any information regarding either the Earl of Funsten (Carl den Fünften) or Prince Durchlaucht (des Prinzen Durchlaucht). I have heard both these personages mentioned in recitation, but by the most careful research I have been unable to discover any particulars concerning them. If any one can assist me, I should be exceedingly obliged if they would do so through your columns."

QUERY. — Does the revised "Tabular View," found necessary at the beginning of the term, come under the head of "special repairs by general average"?

THE COLLOQUIALISM — *εμβρόντης*.

The Student, translating. — "Thundering — thundering — thundering" —

Professor, with the best intentions, but without due attention to his punctuation. — "It used to be translated once, you thundering fool!" [Uproar.]

CAMBRIDGE expresses its intention of having a reading-room. As Cambridge has no board of Overseers to petition, there is supposed to be a remote prospect of this intention being fulfilled.

Now that so much is being done by almost every one for the suffering French, why should we be behind hand? Can we not have some Theatricals? We raised over \$2,000 in this way last year. Cannot we do the same this year?

THE bright-hued screen recently hung up in the back part of the chapel forcibly recalls to Atom's mind the story of the Grocer, who succeeded in keeping his store warm through the whole winter, without expenditure of fuel, by painting his stove red. May the present device for heating the chapel be equally successful!

THE Rev. Dr. Lord, of Stamford, Ct., will lecture in the Shepard Church, Sunday evening, March 5. Subject: "Isaiah, the Prophet."

WE learn that the Natural History Society have recently established a Reading-room in the basement of University Hall. May the College speedily follow the example of the Society in this respect!

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References. — Prof. H. W. Longfellow; Prof. F. W. Child; Prof. W.
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NEW SERIES.

IT is a matter of belief with me, that if an author of average ability will apply himself exhaustively to one subject only, he will be sure of success. Acting on this belief, I am not to be secured for any other subject or line of business than my elected and chosen one. What it is you ought to know by this time. When the proprietors of the *Pacific Monthly* entreat me to give them an article on the Loves of the Poets, I calmly and firmly refuse. When the *British North American Review* begs me to dissert a few pages on the Indivisibility of a Mental Atom, I am deaf to their temptings. When the managers of the Contentious Theatre, with tears in their eyes, implore me to name my price for a five-act tragedy, my reply simply is, No, Gentlemen! I do not sacrifice my principles for gold. I write only for the *Advocate* and the *Comet*, and my theme is, now and amen,

John H.
Hubbard, he
Runs the Harvard
Pharmacie.

And what of it? Well, a good deal,—but first an apology. It always is unpleasant for a modest person to parade his name obtrusively before the world, yet it must be done. He must put up before every possible individual's mental vision, as it were a sign something like this:—

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(Dr. Holmes was mighty right when he observed that an apology was only egotism wrong side out.)

Did the reader ever get a little under the effect of alcoholic stimulant? and does he recollect how, at a certain stage of the process, he felt that he was in some way separated from himself?—that his head, or thinking part, was at some distance from his body, thinking very gravely and wisely, and seeing himself, his room, and surroundings in a new light, as a stranger might see them? That is the way I see this obtrusive advertising matter. This Hubbard that I tell you of is not necessarily *ego*, the writer, but some one that I know of who keeps a very comprehensive apothecary store; who, with two experts, Charles and Fred., devotes much care and time to the preparation and sale of medicines; who keeps for sale

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Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

Mar. 22

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MARCH 21, 1871.

No. III.

THE BRIDGE.

Do you see yon rock that shows blood-red,
In the dying beams of the languid sun?
Far out on the sea it rears its head,
And the keen-eyed skippers warily shun
The treacherous ledge, in fear.
Hark! for I think that the sullen roar
Of the angry sea is heard, even here,
As you see it descend in fury once more,
And lashed on the rocks into curdled cream;
And all around there's a ceaseless foam,
Of waves that bubble and gleam;
For its head is upraised, but its arms for no good
'Neath the dark of the sea stretch for many a rood.

Years ago, on a winter's night
Of howling wind and driving snow,
There was witnessed there a fearful sight,
By those who stood on the beach below;
For they shuddering saw the misty form
Of a gallant ship, that came plunging on,
Loom suddenly forth from out the storm,
Sails and rigging and one mast gone,
And strike on the rock. And then they could see
The horror-struck forms of those on the deck,
And hear their wild cries of agony.
Hundreds of beings there were on the wreck,
Huddled together. 'Twas an emigrant ship.
Poor souls! How it smote the hearts of the brave
Sailors ashore, who saw the time slip,
And yet could do nothing to save.
For not a boat could live in that sea,
Though stout arms had worked courageously.

Not long the suspense: with crash after crash
It rose and sank on the murderous rock,
Until at last, with a sudden splash,
It split, and sank with a shivering shock;
And the penitent sea their bodies bore
For many a day to the weeping shore.
And there on yon hill where the tomb-stones rise,
White on the blue of the peaceful skies,
Their bodies rest, where the branches wave
Of a willow that droops above their grave;
And a simple slab beneath the tree
Sets forth their woful history.

But, sound and whole, there came to land
Two lofty spars, and lay on the sand.

A sturdy old farmer came one day
With iron chains and a stout ox-team,
And with them hauled the spars away
To build him a bridge across a stream.
From walls of stone on either side,
He stretched them across in a single row.
With well-cut planks he covered them o'er,
And strong supports he placed below;
And viewed his work with a happy pride,
And rested at last well satisfied.

Years passed by, and the farmer died.
But the bridge still lived, and at ebb of the tide,
To one who lay and mused on each beam,
This story was told by the prattling stream.

THE ANNUAL SUPPER.

THE Editor's Easy-chair has long been regarded as a polite but transparent fiction. Luckless editors have called it by every name suggestive of a hard and rather precarious seat; but as it appeared to the numerous contributors at the supper the other night, drawn up at the head of a bountiful table, and surrounded by so many guests all intent on having a good time, it certainly seemed quite an enviable position.

The supper was given, as usual, at Smith's Rooms in Boston; and by a little after eight the guests had all assembled. It was a very pleasant feature of the occasion, full of favorable augury for the future, and all the more remarkable when we recollect the position of students and instructors only a few years ago, that a member of the Faculty was present, and by his response to a toast added greatly to the interest of the evening.

Of the supper itself all that needs to be said is that it was prepared by Smith. After the

last course had been discussed, and the cigars were lighted, and the advance sheets of the *Advocate*, No. II. of this term, had been handed round, the president, Mr. Swift, called on Mr. F. W. Loring, of the Class of '70, to respond to the toast of "Our Alma Mater." Mr. Loring made a very pleasant response, speaking of the increased interest felt in Alma Mater by her sons after they had left her, and bringing in quite a whimsical story. Mr. William Everett next, in response to "The Faculty," after opening his speech with some witty sallies, went on to make a very impassioned plea to the students to put more trust in their instructors, to meet them as gentlemen, as fellow-scholars, to root out the last remains of the "natural enmity" idea. Mr. Simpson, in response to "The Class of '71," after telling quite a number of things which he was not going to say in praise of his class, capped them with a few other sources of pride, among which boating and ball were prominent. Mr. Straw, in response to "The Class of '72," said that his class was not large: it was select. Nature couldn't afford to make it larger. Mr. Grant, in response to "The Class of '73," said he thought that they had fulfilled the prediction of Mr. Prince a year ago, and could step ahead one grade, from the future to the present,—that they were doing lots. Mr. Bigelow, of '71, now responded for "The *Advocate*," "sparing his hearers the recital of its early history," he said, but giving a neat summary of its present position. Mr. Everett with a few capital hits now called up Mr. Prince, of '73, to respond for "The Poets of the *Advocate*." Mr. Prince declared his astonishment at the selection, but gave a short account of his first experiences as editor. Mr. Stein, of '71, in a response to "The Financial Management," spoke in high terms of the success and importance of Mr. Morse's labors in that department. Mr. Loring now rose and said that it was Mr. Morse who had kept the *Advocate* from perishing utterly in 1868, and called him up to respond. Mr. Morse spoke of his interest in the *Advocate*, and the pleasures of the position of editor. Mr. Mackintosh, of '71, responded for "Our Contributors;" Mr. C. H. Williams, of '71, for "The

Boating Interest;" Mr. Severance, of '72, for "The Base-ball Club;" and Mr. A. Rotch, of '71, for "The Ladies,"—though we have not space to record their speeches. Finally, Mr. Fincke, of '73, in response to "Our Music," after a pathetic description of "those old songs," which seemed to move the laughter rather than the tears of his hearers, concluded by saying that it was always necessary on a festive occasion like the present that some one should touch a minor chord to render the harmony complete, and that, if he had done this, he should feel content. As it was now almost twelve, the gathering broke up, some to walk, others to ride out to Cambridge; and thus a delightful evening came to a close.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE time of my disillusionizing came when I was just passing from childhood into Freshmanhood, that anomalous age between infancy and maturity.

We went, as all Freshmen do, behind the scenes at the Boston Theatre, and it was during the engagement of the French Opera Company.

Mr. Taylor, the superintendent of the "supes," was kind enough to let us in at the back entrance at fifty cents a head. The employes of the theatre not being allowed to receive perquisites, of course this money eventually found its way into the coffers of the corporation.

As we went in, we passed the corps of regular "supes;" and a sorrier-looking set may it never be my misfortune to see. I don't remember whether Dickens, among his characters from the lower walks of life, has any specimen of the regular theatre supe, but he might certainly have found among these a fruitful field for investigation. Miserable, unhealthy, and most of them mutilated in some way, they reminded one of a crowd of vagrant street dogs, with mangled ears and halting legs. There were ten or twelve of them; but not more than eight men, physically complete, could have been made out of the entire crowd.

By a dark passage we entered the theatre, and then we saw the wrong side of the pattern. A

great, dismal, barn-like place, full of old lumber of all kinds, and traversed in every direction by flies, ropes, swings, and other paraphernalia entirely incomprehensible to us, reminding one more of the inside of a large organ than of any thing else. Every thing gave one a feeling that whatever was pleasing in front must be ugly and shabby behind. It was a place for the moralist to moralize in, but we lesser minds enjoyed ourselves.

We were conducted, by a man having authority, through the flies, down some narrow, crooked stairs, into a kind of subterranean crypt beneath the stage, filled with all sorts of machinery for lowering devils with their unhappy victims into hell, and for raising successive tiers of young ladies in the grand transformation scenes. Here the ghost of Hamlet's father "works i' the ground," and here Harlequin is received upon a mattress, after diving headlong through the floor. Here, as above, every thing was in confusion. The horrible demons which cross the stage in "Der Freischutz" were huddled into a corner, looking very crestfallen, with exploded fireworks upon their heads and tails. Broken spears, halberds, and tawdry banners were stowed away in various dirty nooks. A small boy was practising gymnastic feats upon an extemporized horizontal bar, who, if he persevere, will doubtless become one day something polysyllabic and famous. Various ill-conditioned men were straggling about, seemingly superintending each other in doing nothing.

We were led into a small, dimly lighted room, where, upon a large, rough table, were laid out the garments which we were expected to wear in our characters of Roman Soldiers; the management thinking such characters eminently proper in a Greek play of an age before Rome was born.

We shuddered, thinking of the creatures who had worn these clothes before us; but we put them on, and went above, where we found the opera about to begin. I was at first completely bewildered by the maze of flies and flats; and, in fact, the first thing I did was to walk unwittingly half-way across the stage in a scene in which my presence must have been *de trop*. An iras-

cible man in shirt-sleeves ordered me off so abruptly that I felt somewhat angered; and, attempting to adapt my style of reproof to the bombastic manner which I supposed to be common to the stage, "Caitiff!" I cried, "an' thou keep not a civil tongue in thy whoreson head, it were better thou hadst never seen fair Suffolk."

His reply was more forcible than elegant, and couched in such terms as only the devout may use with propriety. Armed *cap-à-pie* as I was, I quailed. If that man's vocabulary were expurgated there would be very few words left. By a sudden movement of the scenes I was shut into a narrow corner with three ballet girls, a Greek slave, and a soothsayer. It was crowded for a while, but I survived. Then we were ordered to go upon the stage in a line, marshalled by Quintus Curtius Salienus O'Brien, the head "supe," and, for the nonce, a Roman centurion.

Although I had full confidence in my histrionic ability, yet I could not at first subdue some slight feeling of trepidation at the thought of appearing before so critical an assembly; and I acknowledge, with a feeling of gratitude, that the audience neither hissed when I held my weapon at an awkward angle, nor omitted to applaud when I assumed an imposing attitude while Tosti sang a solo. This consideration and appreciation on their part touched me deeply.

Wishing very much to find the greenroom, I started in search of it through a labyrinth of stairs and passages. I am convinced that the greenroom of Peg Woffington and Colley Cibber is a myth. However, I did catch a glimpse of a partly opened door, which immediately inspired me with a desire for further exploration; but upon a nearer approach I encountered a voluble French woman in very full dress costume, who assailed me with a volley of words, among which my imperfect knowledge of the language only enabled me to distinguish a few such expressions as, "*Allez au diable!*" and "*Mon Dieu!*" But her gestures were peculiarly emphatic, and led me to suppose that something had displeased her. I could only answer, "*Nous avons, vous avez, ils ont,*" and added, "*ἀλλ' εἰ οὐκ μὴ ὡς καὶ μέν ὄντι ποῦ*"! by way of showing her that I was not to be intimidated.

We were now summoned upon the stage again, but this time not in warlike guise. By a slight change in our attire we became peasants; and, joining with the "supes" of the fairer sex, we had a random dance about the stage, just as the curtain fell.

JOURNALISM.

I AM so old-fashioned as to think politics a noble profession. Law-making is, in my opinion, the highest form of manufacture. There is something heroic in leading a people. There is inspiration in the thought of doing great things and good things for a nation. And especially true is this in our country and at this time, since our politics and politicians have come to be degrading in their influence rather than elevating. Now the best way to share in politics in these days is, as it seems to me, through journalism. I use the words "politics" and "journalism" in their broadest sense. Some men make large fortunes, and then help the people; but they are few, and are usually men in whom a great change has been wrought when they help others than themselves. A still smaller number become philosophers, and do much for mankind through their books. With most men, however, in this busy world, papers must be the daily bread of the mind, books the banquets and Thanksgiving dinners. How men would starve if they depended solely on banquets and Thanksgiving dinners! or, at best, would get the apoplexy.

In morals, for example, we cannot write a better book than the Bible. That book has been extant two thousand years, yet dishonesty and meanness run riot in the land. The Bible says, with divine authority, "Thou shalt not steal." What the world needs is a kind of journalism, which will shout "Stop thief!" after every dishonest man, and unite all good men in running him down. The world needs special applications of the principles of morality.

Some one has said that, if every thing had been as carefully criticised as books, the world would be much farther advanced in civilization. Journalism is doing much towards this, and bids fair

to do a great deal more. Through the press, better than through any other channel, men of cultivation and common-sense can reach those who are too ignorant, too busy, or too lazy, to form correct opinions for themselves.

Journals are as great improvements upon the old means of communication between minds, as steam-ships, railroads, and lines of telegraph upon the old vehicles of commerce between countries and parts of countries. The journals and the railroads work hand in hand against sectional feeling and national prejudices, against provincialism in all its forms. Sir Walter Raleigh tried to found a society through which the acquisitions of students might become common property, and form a part of the world's capital. This end journalism accomplishes. It does more than this. It makes good men and great men common property, and extends the field of their influence and example. If a learned man or a great man makes a speech, he has for an audience not those merely who hear his voice, but all those who read the papers.

By means of the newspapers, hero-worship or hero-hatred and the one-man power are weakened. They place the millions in the position which the courtiers alone used to occupy,—where they can hear the king's whispers. Through their agency, the workings of government and questions of national policy are not left in the hands of a handful of men. The rulers come to be judged at the court of an enlightened Public Opinion, whose verdict is final and inexorable.

I am aware that my description is not fully borne out by the influence of journalism up to this time. I am willing to grant that journalists sometimes do more harm than good. But of this I am assured, journalism has done much for truth in the ways I have mentioned. These things are what journalism may do fully and completely. No other profession has such great possibilities. In this more than in any other, except the ministry, a man's success depends not on what the world can do for him, but on what he can do for the world. And, to do his best for the world, he must gain for himself the largest mental, moral, and physical cultivation.

Nor must a journalist mortify the flesh from philanthropic motives. Journalists are well paid both in money and influence; and while there are certain inconveniences in the practice of the profession, they are not so great as is commonly supposed.

••

TO HOOSAC WITH SHALER.

Now that it has become the fashion to give in subsequent *Advocates* a somewhat exaggerated account of one's self and doings during the summer vacation, I feel emboldened to contribute my mite toward the general fund of experience. But the brief story I would tell is not of feminine conquests nor hair-breadth escapes. One should not sugar-coat the pill of instruction with the sweets of adventure. Yet it does seem the many, who may now be casting about for some improving yet jovial way in which to spend the early weeks of our long summer, should be informed of the grand success of the little trip last summer.

Rumor has it that the Professor will marshal us forth again this year with a larger force and bent on a longer cruise; yet it can hardly prove a more agreeable excursion than the last one.

The little party counted but six, all told; and of like number were the days of its pilgrimage. Yet in that brief period I find that memory's alembic gives me the essence of the entire vacation. The whole week is marked with a white stone in my calendar.

It is not my object to draw too extensively on the log-book of the expedition. Suffice it to say that, starting soon after Class Day, Amherst and its Ichnological Museum were our first objective points, and that in its noble collections and the courtesy of the Professors we were amply repaid the visit.

The location rather exceeds that of our own University in point of beauty. The grand old Berkshire Hills that encircle the town are educators in themselves.

Mount Holyoke, Northampton, Greenfield, Turner's Falls and the "foot-print quarries" in its neighborhood, were each and all visited and explained.

We walked most of the time, in decidedly *négligé* costume, and utterly regardless of turn-pikes and fences. Passed within a mile or so of S. Hadley, but forbore to call at the well-known Female Seminary, owing to non-presentability of appearance.

I might tell you of the antique ferry and still more ancient Charon that carried us over the Connecticut, or of the pretty girls at Mount Holyoke, or of my little romance,—but one always does meet with a romantic incident on such excursions, and nobody gives the hero that childlike credit mine deserves,—or of other little occurrences that add so much to one's enjoyment at the time, yet seldom pay for the subsequent narration. I would I could portray the lively scene when my chum awoke after a rainy night, to find the water dripping through a defective ceiling into his open valise in the corner. Then was there mounting in hot haste, and *ἐνταῦθα πρὸς τὴν* at the utter ruin of his purple and fine linen.

If one cares for scenery, let him ride from Greenfield to Shelburne Falls, and thence, girding up his loins, walk to Hoosac. The Tunnel may describe itself; but the walk over Hoosac Mountain, and the sublime views that successive elevations open out before one in kaleidoscopic variety and rugged grandeur draw admiration even from old Swiss travellers. At North Adams, thanks to the Professor's presence, we had full opportunity to see the "Heathen Chinees" pegging away at the soles of his Christian brethren. From this point, Williamstown lies but six miles away; and the drive thereto is most picturesque.

But my only purpose in this chronicle is to urge upon all who would blend hearty enjoyment with valuable information concerning important features of our country, and would enjoy the society of the most agreeable travelling companion with whom it has been my good fortune to journey, to join Professor Shaler in his next pilgrimage to some geological Mecca.

THE lecture in the Shepard Church next Sunday evening (March 26) will be by Prof. J. H. Thayer, of Andover. Subject, "The Gospels."

AN HOUR AT THE LIBRARY.

It is like a new revelation of greatness, when, as one looks for a book in the Library Catalogue, he notices what immense numbers of biographers, critics, editors, and the like have been busy with great intellectual stars. The list of commentators on Shakspeare occupies about four inches thickness of cards, or, as I roughly guessed a few days ago, somewhere near three hundred titles. Under the head "Cicero" are grouped about four hundred titles. There are about two hundred cards for Horace, and nearly as many for Washington. Had I taken the time to compare, I suppose I should have found a large additional number of productions, relating to these great characters, catalogued in "Poole's Index." Moreover, if the Harvard Library is such a poor collection of books as we often suspect it to be, we can safely conclude that the reading matter to be found there about great geniuses is but a fraction of what has actually been produced.

Greatness sometimes seems to our boyish ambition not so very difficult to achieve as it is reputed to be. But when one contemplates great characters (who, unluckily for our lofty aspirations, filled their places of honor immovably long before we could have a chance to rival them), and realizes that their careers were sufficiently interesting to occupy the literary attention of hundreds of commentators in succeeding generations, one's ambition gets a terrible blow, if not a complete overthrow.

Literary men, it has been often said, divide naturally into two classes: those who write about others, and those who are written about. Exactly for the same reason that one despairs of ever placing his own name by the side of those of Shakspeare, Goethe, and their literary peers, does he obtain an aversion to becoming lost in the cloud of insects that hover around these brilliant luminaries. Which of us students ever felt interested in a biographer, or aspired to write commentaries on Plautus?

But I have already gone farther in this direction than I intended, as there is another and less heavy idea which was suggested to me during a

recent hour at the Library. Why wouldn't it be a good idea for some one to look over the old catalogues (and I am sure Mr. Sibley would give the requisite permission), and write for the *Advocate* a list of the rooms which prominent men occupied while in college! Everybody—especially the present occupants—would be interested in knowing where Mr. Everett or Mr. Bancroft roomed, and it would cost but little trouble to make such a list, comprising, say, ten or fifteen prominent Harvard graduates. Let some do it who is less busy than

A SENIOR.

A TEST-CIRCLE.

WE three, X. and Y. and myself, started for Boston a few evenings ago in search of adventure; or, as we put it, when we decided to go to a test-circle, in search for Truth.

The first place of the kind we came to, on account of free admission, was full to overflowing; but we were made welcome at a second place, where they charged twenty-five cents a head.

We were shown into a low-studded bedroom about the size of a room in College House. Here we found about twenty people gathered. The medium, quite a respectable-looking woman, brought us chairs, and then for about twenty minutes we waited for the performance to begin. I spent the time in trying to discover what each person had come for. Those at the end of the room, farthest from the door, were plainly friends of the medium; or, to use a homely word, "stool-pigeons." Two or three persons near us evidently came through curiosity; and the rest I could only guess about.

At eight o'clock, thirty people being in the room, the door was locked and the medium arranged us around the wall, so as to make a circle, and sandwiched us — *man*, woman, *man*, woman, and so on.

The medium, among her homely allies at the end of the room, delivered a short speech about the admirable results of harmony; and then we

joined hands, while a woman with a cracked voice sang dismal solos out of a church hymn-book. Our happy harmony soon worked favorably on the medium. She went into a trance; shrugged her shoulders violently; stroked her sleeves; cracked her finger-joints; patted her forehead; rose and sprang to the middle of the room, then to a man somewhat hidden from me. She stood a moment in apparent ecstasy, patting his forehead and wringing his hand; then, in affected, baby-like voice, announced to him that she saw two very affectionate spirits close to him. One was a little chap who called himself "Willie." "*Did ee know Weelee?*" "Yes," answered the man, coldly, "I've had half a dozen nephews called Willie. Bring me my mother. She always comes to me in a test-circle." Here a stool-pigeon remarked earnestly that perhaps the reason she didn't come was that she wanted to give his other spirit friends a chance. The medium, forgetting her part for the claims of business, told the audience that she was celebrated for giving communications with friends you didn't expect to meet and had perhaps forgotten. Here several, who were apparently strangers, laughed "right out in meetin';" and the medium, declaring that we were unhappily unharmonious, returned to her seat. We joined hands, and were punished by being obliged to listen to ten minutes more of the unharmonious, harmony-restoring discords by the homely woman at the end of the room. Well, to hasten the story, she went into a fresh trance, gave communications to the stool-pigeons near her, and the farce went on in the dullest style for half an hour, when my friend X., who had had mischief twinkling in his eye for some time, rudely interrupted the medium in her "put-up" job with some remarks. He told her that we three had come from a distance in search for Truth, and had heard favorably of this new religious belief. He knew this sort of thing was very much ridiculed, but thought that mediums brought in outsiders by advertisements, and, through neglecting to give them tests, sent them away *unbelievers*. Now here were three young men open to conviction, and here was a splendid chance for our spirit friends to prove to us

through such an excellent medium that these test-circles were not humbugs.

It took beautifully. Great interest was manifested by all the allies and dupes in X.; the circle was made smaller, and the medium took a seat between X. and myself. My wicked friend asked demurely whether the harmony would be more perfect if he should join in the singing. The medium, not knowing his excruciating voice as well as I do, recommended him to do so by all means. So a familiar piece was chosen, and X. "let out" his powerful but fearfully uncontrollable bass in the most unblushing fashion. Ten or twelve verses had to be sung before the medium could get worked up enough to see any spirit. Then she saw a small boy with a little drum nestling close to X.; but, unfortunately, either because X. wasn't in harmony with the medium, or for some other good reason, the medium saw him running away from X. across the room, and she insisted that it saw its mother in that direction; but, as neither of the two young women there would acknowledge the brat, he was allowed to disappear, and the medium went into another trance and accommodated me with a spirit. His name was Frederick. He was tall, had brown curly hair, and was very glad to see me, and was happy in the spirit land. Did I recognize him? "No," said I, curtly and calmly. "But you probably have forgotten him?" "No," said I, as quietly as before: "I have a perfect memory." "Does anybody here recognize him?" said she, sending poor Frederick around in search for a friend. Luckily for the medium, some people who were going destroyed our pretended harmony at this point; and the meeting broke up.

Of course, we expected when we went to be humbugged, but had no idea that the imposition would be so transparent. The reason for what little success these clairvoyant mediums have is, that people who have a little faith are fools enough to accept the general hints thrown out for feelers as special descriptions. The mediums then ask leading questions; and it requires no very great sagacity on the part of the medium to give satisfactory answers, especially if the inquirer is at all excited.

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HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers, *in advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at Crosby & Damrell's, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

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A BLUE DAY.

AGES ago in my Sophomore glee,
Frisking away in the thick of it,
Full of my songs and laughter free,
I thought 'twas the jolliest life that could be;
But now I'm a trifle sick of it.

It isn't the work, — that's not so bad
Now that they give us our pick of it:
It's this being snubbed by some low-lived cad,
Or quashed with a "public" for some righteous
"mad,"
That makes a fellow so sick of it.

Bells in my ears from morning till night, —
That's the most cursed trick of it, —
Rousing me up in a horrible fright,
Making me swear; — and you know that's not right:
I am so heartily sick of it.

Marks and the rank-list bother and fret,
That's only one of the kicks of it:
The fellows are grown quite a desperate set
With crying for ever, "Oh, aren't we men yet?"
They're all so tired and sick of it.

"Now what's the reason?" said I in despair,
In talking one evening with Dick of it:
"I'll tell you," says he, "if to know you care, —
We're spoiling for want of a little fresh air,
And that's why we're all so sick of it.

"Just wait till the doors are opened wide,
And you're shoved out in the thick of it,
With only a sheepskin yourself to hide;
And you'll vow, if they'd let you once more inside,
You'd never again be sick of it."

BOATING ONCE MORE!

"*The king is dead, long live the king!*" In pursuance of instructions by the Boat Club at its last meeting, a new Constitution was drawn up by three, and adopted by fifteen members of the Club. The new Constitution went into operation on the 15th inst., and no person now is a member of the "Harvard University Boat Club" unless he has signed the new Constitution.

It is believed that the new basis upon which the Club is placed will greatly promote the interest of boating; but, for the success of the new Constitution, the co-operation of all persons in the University interested in boating is needed. No tool, however good, will do execution without a force to use it; so any plan for giving greater efficacy to the Club must fail, unless you are willing to take it up and carry it out.

It is hoped that three hundred men are to be found in the University who are willing to enroll their names as members of the Club; and, to give all an opportunity to do so, the Constitution and book for members' names will be left at the Dean's office every afternoon this week.

An election of officers is to be held on the 24th inst. at 2 P.M., at the Gymnasium. It is hoped that the best men in the University for the offices will be chosen, and it is thought that the President should be from '72, Treasurer from '73,

Secretary from '74, and Vice-President from the Professional Schools. Let no one who desires Harvard's prestige on the water to continue think that he may neglect to come up to the support of the Club on this occasion. The interests of boating demand your co-operation in electing good officers, your pecuniary aid, your advice, your influence. Do not fail to join the Club now!

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

THE Tomb the Rose addressed :
 "What make you of the tears,
 O love flower! on your crest
 Down dropped, when dawn appears?"
 The Rose the Tomb addressed :
 "What make you of what falls,
 All in a white shroud dressed,
 Within your greedy walls?"
 The Rose: "O gloomy Tomb!
 Of my tears is a perfume made,
 Of amber and honey sweet,
 Within the silent shade."
 The Tomb: "O plaintive flower!
 Each soul that to me is given
 Is made an angel bright,
 To dwell in the courts of heaven."

OUR POLICE.

ONE of the greatest of political economists somewhere remarks that "it is sufficiently evident that when a man is called a king he does not change his nature." Now a position among the guardians of the Cantabrigian peace has this great advantage over royalty itself, that when a man in Cambridge is called a policeman his nature does undergo a most extraordinary and sudden metamorphosis, sufficient to establish a converse Darwinian theory without further argument, if the scientific world should ever desire so to do. An ordinary individual of the *profanum vulgus* of Cambridge may be very like one of the same class in any other place; but put on him a brass-buttoned blue coat with a tin label on the lapel, and call him a

policeman instead of a human being, and from the moment he takes his first free drink of lager, or his first free ride on the horse-cars, his whole character undergoes a radical change.

Almost all great changes are made gradually, or if they appear to take place suddenly are the results of causes which have been long at work; but the change from a man to a policeman is at least so far abnormal as to be at once momentous and instantaneous. As Minerva sprang in complete armor from the head of Jupiter, so does our newly made M. P. come forth from the station-house fully armed and equipped, and possessed *at once* of a large number of curious mental and physical properties, traces of which have never before been discoverable in him, or indeed in any one outside the "force." He becomes firmly impressed with the highly original, although not altogether unnatural idea, that every student who passes is laughing at him, and applying to him in his secret heart the detested epithet, "Peeler;" and in consequence of this idea he conceives a most lively and vindictive hatred toward the whole body of undergraduates. This feeling, in which by the way not a few newspapers seem to share, gives rise to a system of petty hostility and espionage, of which we have most of us probably seen illustrations; a system which is almost ludicrously inefficient when there is any real work to be done, and which is only prevented from being merely laughable by being occasionally annoying.

Who has not seen a burly policeman follow a student square after square, in the hope that the student aforesaid would render himself amenable to the police regulations, by throwing a snow-ball, or by some other equally riotous proceeding, which could be duly chronicled by the press as "another dastardly outrage by students, promptly checked by our gallant police." And, on the other hand, no one who knows any thing about the subject needs to be told that, if the students really had the disposition to be riotous and disorderly, which the newspapers are so fond of imputing to them, the present police would be powerless to protect even the windows of their "headquarters."

The two other most salient points in the character of our policeman seem to be *esprit de corps*, and a lively sense of his own personal importance in the scheme of society. The former feeling leads him to regard all offenders with a leniency inversely proportional to their cleanliness and the goodness of their coats; and the latter causes him to adopt on all occasions a pseudo-dignified bearing, highly entertaining to the philosophical observer.

It would be clearly unjust to conclude this article without some mention of our police-officer in his ornamental capacity. The best illustration of this may be seen on Class Day, at which time our watchful guardian is in the best "condition," so to speak, the intense heats of summer having had as yet no time to produce their wearing effects upon the fair rotundity which his person invariably acquires during the winter; but the ornamental M. P. may also be seen, although under less favorable circumstances, at base-ball matches, and on other such occasions, where he disports himself to his own huge satisfaction, the alternate delight and horror of the juvenile Irish of the vicinity, and the great amusement of even the most sedate spectator on the ground.

There are still many interesting questions connected with the Policeman which we are forbidden by space to consider here. As, for instance, why does he invariably grow stouter and stouter however long his term of office may last? The subject is by no means exhausted, and we think we can assert that the amusement to be derived from an investigation of its peculiarities will abundantly repay any trouble which may be incurred therein.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

THE article in the *Advocate* entitled "Harvard Oratory" undoubtedly created much surprise, and many must have wondered of what college societies the author could be speaking when he said, —

"Our societies are, as a rule, smoking clubs."
 "The writer of this has not heard a decent

debate since entering college. Debates are out of fashion."

In the Sophomore society of which I was a member last year, there was no smoking whatever in the society-room. The literary exercises gave evidence of careful preparation, and were received by the society with good attention, and with that enthusiastic applause which only college students know how to give. The debates were generally good, and the orations excellent. Nothing in my college course has given me more pleasure than the orations of our Sophomore year. When I saw our whole society listening to a class-mate's oration with almost as much interest and close attention as we listened to Thomas Hughes, M.P., it suggested very forcibly to my mind that these speakers would soon be in the pulpit and at the bar, and that we undergraduates are not school-boys, but men beginning our life-work at Harvard College.

The essays and poems were so far from being considered "sick," that they were well appreciated, enjoyed, and applauded. Judging from my experience in one of our Senior and Junior societies, from the testimony of graduate members as to what the society has been in years past, and from the character of the present membership, I feel confident that this society will be as beneficial and interesting as the one of my Sophomore year. In a word, I do not think it is possible that college societies could be better adapted to improve their members in public speaking, debate, and English composition, than those which I have seen at Harvard.

Whenever we find actual deficiencies in Harvard College, let us expose them in the plain straightforward way which the *Advocate* has always adopted. But let us not bewail imaginary evils. It is not strange that out of the large classes which enter this college every year, there should be a set of men who prefer smoking clubs to literary societies; and who, after graduation, can with some propriety speak of four years wasted at Harvard. But it is very unjust to suppose that such men constitute the majority of our undergraduates, and very unfair to our societies to condemn them by general statements like those quoted, even if true in some cases.

THE BRUNETTE.

Do not trust her glances tender,
That rest lovingly on you.
Do not trust the smiling splendor
In those lips of ruby hue.

Do not trust the tell-tale blushes;
Do not trust the ready sigh;
Nor the little hand, that brusheth
Pearly tear-drops from her eye.

For beneath those silken lashes,
That now shade the sleeping coal,
Can break out the angry flashes
Of a hate beyond control.

And that arching lip, now purling
Lover's whispers in your ear,
Can, in haughty scorn upturning,
Rail at those that once were dear.

Fair the cheek whose rosy brightness
Puts to shame the peach's bloom.
But in rage's ashy whiteness
It displays love's early tomb.

Soft the hand, that fondly lingers
In your own, ere she departs.
But those little taper fingers
Pen the words that break men's hearts.

Nov. '77

AVERAGES OF THE HARVARD NINE.

WE give below the averages of those players, who, during the season, have played in seven matches:—

Players.	Games.	B.	Avr.	T. B.	Avr.
Bush	41	134	3.27	201	4.90
Eustis	41	123	3.00	185	4.51
White	40	115	2.87	175	4.37
Wells	40	104	2.60	142	3.55
Smith	7	18	2.57	26	3.71
Barnes	11	28	2.54	37	3.36
Willard	10	25	2.50	37	3.70
Thorp	33	79	2.39	120	3.63
Austin	28	64	2.28	83	2.96
Perrin	36	81	2.25	100	2.78
Goodwin	34	65	1.91	90	2.65
Reynolds	36	67	1.89	87	2.42

EXCHANGES.

Old and New, unlike other periodicals published in this country, has ceased to be anachronistic in making its appearance, and will hereafter be published on the first day of each month. The April number of this magazine will contain the first instalment of a serial story, entitled "The Two Students," by F. W. Loring, '70.

In his speech at the recent Harvard Club Dinner in New York, Mr. Evarts pointed out one of the few objections to the "elective system," remarking that, if we go on as fast as we have been going, it will soon be the not vain boast of a Yale scholar that he knows all the things that have been omitted at Harvard.

And now Dartmouth is ready to adopt our college calendar.

All who have heard of the excitement caused by the suppression of the *Collegian*, the *Advocate's* unfortunate parent, will learn with regret that our sisters at Vassar are under the same cloud. It seems that the college authorities prohibited the publication of more than one number of the *Transcript* during the year; whereupon the girls became indignant, and voted to issue their paper once a month. At last accounts general disorder and excitement prevailed.

The *Era* is of the opinion that dormitories as appendages to our universities and first-class colleges are gradually but surely going out of existence. It is to be hoped that the *Era* will gradually but surely find out that it is mistaken.

The *Williams Review* fails to comprehend the fact that students generally cannot run a college and every thing connected therewith, as Williams students do. It therefore fails to see why Harvard students don't undertake to provide boarding accommodations for themselves instead of calling on the Faculty to do so.

A vendor of pictures at Yale says that he utterly failed in an attempt to sell Bibles to Harvard students. He probably was ignorant of the fact that they are provided by the Faculty.

Michigan University has admitted its Alumni to a share in its government.

Yale and Harvard are now splitting hairs on the boat question. We're glad that a commencement has been made thus early, as they may get through in time to race next year. — *Era*.

The Yale Seniors, with their usual inclination to seize time by the forelock, have already gone to playing marbles.

A lady who prides herself on being a good judge of art, and who, by the way, has quite a classical look, while passing through the Museum in company with some friends, stopped in front of the statue of Laocöon and thus addressed them: "What beautiful art! This

is the snake of intemperance, and this is the victim in the last throes of *delirium tremens*. The other two are just being drawn into its folds. Isn't it a true representation? How lifelike!"

The *Courant* receives the news of the death of "the distinguished champion oarsman, Mr. Walter Brown," with commendable composure.

A Connecticut democrat sent his son to New York to complete his education. After a short time the son wrote to his father that he was studying "Horace." On learning this, the watchful parent replied: "Come home: I don't want Greeley to make a republican of my son."

"By George!" exclaimed a Cornell Freshman the other morning, "I've slept sixteen hours. I went to bed at eight and got up at eight!"

The base-ball season has been opened at Yale.

A Freshman at Yale, some time ago, went down town to get a check cashed, and, being a stranger in New Haven, found some difficulty in identifying himself. At last, after repeated attempts to convince the clerk that the name on the check was his own, a brilliant idea struck him. He hurriedly unbuttoned his coat and vest, and triumphantly pointed to the name within on the shirt. Imagine his discomfiture and disgust when the clerk read off the name of his chum, whose shirt he had borrowed for the day!

The *Yale Lit.* declines to exchange with *The Child at Home* for obvious reasons.

We venture to assert that such a lot of antiquated, low-studded, dilapidated, mouldy, worm-eaten rat-traps cannot be found anywhere else, as the rooms furnished to the students of Brown for dormitories. — *Brunonian*.

The Cornell *Era* has a special correspondent in San Domingo in the person of President White, one of the Commissioners.

A tombstone in a South Carolina cemetery was recently made conspicuous by some wag, who painted on it the following lines: —

"Here lieth the body of Jeremiah Gordon,
With mouth almighty, and teeth accordin'.
Tread lightly, stranger, o'er this wonder;
For if he opes his mouth, you're gone, by thunder."

"Charity covers a multitude of sins," as the father said when he found "charity, \$30" in his son's cash account.

An exchange says, "The compositors in San Francisco embrace many ladies." The compositors in San Francisco ought to be ashamed of themselves.

The *Courant* denies the truth of the statement made in a late number of the *Advocate*, to the effect that the spouting of gas is encouraged to the detriment of oratory at Yale. It complains of an opposite fault.

One college graduate to every twenty-five thousand persons is the result of a statistical research. An essay on "The Advantages of a College Education" is now in order.

The *Williams Review* says that the chief cook at the Parker House has a salary of \$4000 a year, while the President of a certain college gets \$3000. *Ergo*, etc.

NOTICE TO SENIORS.

MEMBERS of the Senior Class are hereby notified that the usual assessment of \$10.00 for defraying Class Day expenses is now to be levied upon them, and may be paid to the Class Committee or to the Secretary. No tickets can be issued for Class Day exercises to any member who does not pay this assessment. Seniors are also requested to go down to the Gymnasium as soon as possible, and be measured, in order that the Secretary may make up the averages for the first report.

ALBERT M. BARNES,
Class Secretary.

H. P. C.

THE members of '71, at their last meeting, chose for —

Orator M. H. Simpson.
Poet Arthur Rotch.

ATOMS.

THE NEW PROFESSORSHIP, — The Board of Overseers have already confirmed the creation of the new chair of Political Economy, and selected to fill it Mr. Charles F. Dunbar. Mr. Dunbar soon after leaving college took charge of the *Advertiser*, and the present established and influential position of the paper is due chiefly to his able management. His health was broken down, however, by his editorial labors; and he has spent the last three years in Europe, endeavoring to restore it. He will enter upon his new duties at the beginning of the next college year. It is understood that his personal leanings are toward Free Trade.

A FRIEND of Atom's met him by the Law School a day or two ago, and remarked sadly, 'Well, I suppose the old college will go straight to ruin now, at any rate.' "Why so?" said Atom, innocently. "Oh, because," was the reply, "there are ignorant hands at her (h) elm." And the savage actually grinned.

THE gift presented by the Editors of '71 to the Library has already been expended in the purchase of about fifty popular books.

It is intended to be the policy of the Executive Committee of the Boat Club to allow no one to enter the Boat-house who is not a member of the Club.

As several complaints have been made that the names of the new editors have not been made sufficiently prominent, we beg to offer our readers the following lines, composed under the inspiration of the *Advocate* supper, assuring them that they will find all the editors there if they will look long enough:—

Advocat ecce viros genetrix; vult editor omnis
Ipse suum nomen fratrum conscribere summum.
"Da mihi, mater," ait, "princeps ut in ordine ponat;
Finxerat illa dolum, "ne vanos" dixit "honores
Dementire homo; nam lapsus venit angelus olim
Candidus; illi hominum nemo se deputet æquum."

ATOM AT THE GLOBE.

Well-dressed gent in orchestra stall behind Atom, to his friend.—"How is this? What right have they got to play 'Romeo and Juliet' here? I thought it belonged to Mr. Booth."

Friend replies.—"Oh, Mr. Cheney went to New York, and paid Mr. Booth \$500 for the privilege of playing it in Boston." (Fact.)

THE college yard is soon to present a lively appearance in the construction of the two new Halls presented to the College by Mr. Weld and Mr. Matthews. Weld Hall is to be situated between University and Boylston Hall, and Matthews Hall between Massachusetts and the Law School. The ground is already being laid out for the foundations, and the scientifics are busy with theodolite and stakes measuring it off. If the result corresponds to the zeal they exhibit, we can have no doubt of their success. The Law School is to be moved to the corner of the yard to make room for Matthews Hall.

Work is also to be resumed upon the Memorial Hall, and the roofing has already been removed from the foundations.

SCENE IN LATIN RECITATION.

Latin Instructor.—... "ut si quis assellum in campo doceat parentem currere frenis."

Student translates.—"If any one teaches his father"
... (Tutor smiles. Tableau.)

A CHEMICAL Sophomore put his knowledge in practice the other day by asking for a SPO_2N .

STUDENTS desirous of joining the Glee Club can present themselves for trial at any of the regular meetings of the Club.

PROGRESS IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

Instructor.—How would you say "It is I" in French?

Instructed.—"Il est je."

Ins.—And "It is she?"

Ins'd.—"Il est elle."

ATOM desires thus publicly to give notice that he can neither draw, paint, whittle, or do any thing else to bring into existence articles for the French Fair; further, as his next remittance is not expected till "the day after the Fair," it will be impossible for him to take more than six tickets.

SCENE IN LATIN RECITATION.

Student.—What do the words *volucres angues* mean, Sir?

Prof.—Winged snakes.

Student.—Well, what was a winged snake?

Prof. (blandly). A snake with wings.

(Chorus of smiles from the division.)

The following is current in college circles:—

"There was a young lady of Crete,

Who used to herself to repeat, —

'I well may be heedless,

Since witty old Dædalus

Says my husband is *Minus* in Crete.'"

ATOM was asked the other day by a young lady, just from New York, "How many Freshmen were killed at the December Gunpowder Plot?"

ATOM has obtained this obituary:—

"Too sweet a flower to bloom on earth!

The rose that crowned our little plat

Has withered here, to blossom forth

In a superior flower-pot.

His body lies in the Union ground;

His soul has gone to Him who gave it.

And shall we never hear again

The prattling of our little Japhet?"

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JOHN H. HUBBARD. — THE APOTHECARY.

HIS COLUMN.

EVERY profession and business has its regular Stock Jokes, which outsiders from time to time stumble over, and suppose to be fresh and new. Our own Haddow tells his when he asks the ten-year-old, "Hair cut or shave, sir?" "Ah! a little longer behind and

Delicious Ice Cream Soda Water now ready.

shorter in front, sir?" When a boy first enters the weary life of a "pill" he is inducted into various mysteries, and among them the story of the witty apothecary who had a sign, "Please not smoke in the store."

All manner of fine Cigars, — Figaros, Designios, Cabanas, Paragas, Cabargus, Manillas, &c.

This facetious man once said to a party who grumbled at not being allowed to smoke the cigar which he had purchased, saying, — "What do you sell cigars for if you don't allow people to smoke them?" that he sold

Honradex, Astrea, and Prince of Wales Cigarettes.

emetics too, but did not want people to take them there for obvious reasons. At this, of course, the boy "smiles with a smile that is childlike," &c., and is highly and properly amused. As he grows older, some day a friend will tell him a good joke that he has just

A fine new lot of Meerschaum Pipes, Gambier Clays, Weixel Stems, and Amber Mouth-pieces.

heard, and the point is, that "we sell emetics too, but don't allow," &c. Then he smiles again as in duty bound, but fainter than before. Afterwards, at short intervals, he hears a story begun, "Best thing I ever heard: your sign reminds me of it." Yet, afar off, he scents

Tobaccos, — Ryan's Green Seal, Cut Natural Leaf, St. James, Cavendish, Lone Jack, Durham, and others too numerous to mention. Gallito, Turkish, and Latakia for Cigarettes.

the conclusion, "but we sell emetics too." At last he gets so that he does not smile any more at all, to the extreme disappointment of the narrator. He does not even smile when his old friend, "we sell emetics too,"

All manner of Brushes, Combs, Soaps, Perfumes, Knives, and Shaving Apparatus.

turns up in the J. G. original department of the advertiser. On the contrary, he puts it aside in his list of nuisances along with that triumphant pun of every newly arrived bucolic youth, "A *meer sham* pipe!" Drop in, and take a pill, any time.

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References. — Prof. H. W. Longfellow; Prof. F. W. Child; Prof. W. W. Gurney; N. Silsbee, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard University; Chas. E. Norton, Esq.; C. C. Read, Esq.; A. G. Sedgwick, Esq., Cambridge.

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April 8.

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MARCH 31, 1871.

No. IV.

AT A MASQUERADE.

I HEARD a fellow tell, one night
('Twas at the club, just after dinner),
A story, — well, perhaps 'twas trite,
But then 'twas good, as I'm a sinner, —
About a man who, being jilted, swore
His lips should ne'er press those of maiden more.

He had a sister, had this man, —
Pretty, of course, all smiles and blushes, —
And, when to vow this he began,
She interrupted with "Oh, hushes!"
Until he bets of gloves a dozen pairs
That he'll be ne'er found false in what he swears.

Some two weeks after this, one day,
To a masked ball he was invited,
And, throwing studious cares away,
Accepted, said he'd be delighted;
And, when the eve comes, goes, in gorgeous splendor,
As that ill-fated Prince, the Young Pretender.

He sees a host of pretty girls,
But none inspire the slightest passion;
In vain their flashing eyes and curls
And dresses, redolent of fashion;
Until, at last, he meets with a divinity,
Garbed as Queen Bess, that emblem of virginity.

He falls at once miles deep in love,
And pleads his suit by tender glances,
And whispers low, as round they move
To one of Strauss' delicious dances;
He takes her down to supper; after that,
To the conservatory for a chat.

He begs one favor e'er they part, —
One little kiss, which he'll remember
As long as life's fires in his heart
Shall keep alive one single ember.
She coyly grants it, and, when once he's kissed her,
Throws off her mask, and shows to him — his sister!

RECOLLECTIONS OF CONEY ISLAND HIGH SCHOOLS.

BY THO. SHUSE.

You start from opposite the Deadwood Shades, the turn-table of the Nodivid End R. R., if you are bent on visiting the Howe High School of Coney Island. There are in Coney Island two schools, a Low and a High; the latter of which is named after its chief endower and benefactor, Mr. Howe, who has the privilege of deciding if candidates are sufficiently advanced to be admitted to his favorite school. The candidates are examined in phlebotomy and embolisms. After the examination, the tutor in charge takes the book of each youth and hands it to Mr. Howe, with the question, "Mr. Howe, is that for High?" On his answer depends the happiness of many an anxious youth, and that question has passed into a watch-word of comfort for many a self-made young gentleman who has but the blue sky for his bed curtains, and a hydropathic blanket of clouds for a wrapper. But I anticipate. I have been describing the school before we get there. Riding in the Nodivid End R. R. cars is the only cheap thing in Coney Island, unless, indeed, you want to go to school; in which case it may cost you both life and limb. As you cross a bridge connecting Coney Island with the main land, leaving civilization at your back, you are struck with a likeness of the country to East Anglesea, especially if you have been there; and this is a feeling you can't get over. As you trot up the slope from the bridge, you have genteel collar work to occupy yourself with: the climate is very warm, as several New York politicians have residences here. After riding some time, you come, if you are lucky, to the school grounds, which are not

at their best just now, as some improvements are in progress (I think they said progress) which will greatly improve—I didn't exactly understand what; but at any rate they are busily cutting down some horrid trees which grow on the grounds, which reached such a growth that they throw an obnoxious shade over the whole ground and encourage idle "Howe Highers" to recline beneath their shade and smoke; and on some occasions they carried their audacity to such a pitch as to call in some friends and dance; but these enormities will very properly soon be put an end to. The boys used to smoke so much on the grounds that the very air was poisoned, and the Coney Islanders complained of them; so Mr. Howe went to town and bought some deodorizers, and sprinkled them around. The employé of Nodivid End R. R. in charge of our car, who was probably bribed by the students, said he preferred the smell of tobacco smoke, and that the grass was spoiled, which treatment probably accounted for its sorry appearance. To stop the boys so tainting the air, Mr. Howe has a nicely furnished room in his own house, filled with the choicest wines and cigars; and when a boy is seen smoking out of doors, Mr. Howe, in as private a manner as possible, asks the delinquent in to take something and smoke where he will not be seen. This the boys call a "private." If three or four boys are caught more than once, Mr. Howe asks them all in quite openly to have a good time. This they call a "public." Sometimes they get playful in there, and they have a game which they play, called putting a "Tinnear" on a boy; but that I could not find out the meaning of. On approaching the site of this institution, one accustomed to the seclusion of schools of other and more despotic realms is struck with the free and open situation of the Howe High School. In front, the sea; behind, the ocean; on either side, that vast body of water, whose waves are not stopped, save by the chalk cliffs of Albion, the aluminic crags of Gibraltar, or the woolly heads of happy mokes bathing in the Gulf of Guinea. You see the view is superior. You can see as far as you can, and students can come and go when they please. Porter's lodges are unknown,

bolts are never seen; and there is but one bar in the place, but there is reason to believe that there is room for more. Very few outside of the immediate vicinity of the "States" know of the existence of the world-renowned and popular Frozen Pudding Club; and the reason of this is, that no person not a student is allowed to partake of the hospitality of the club, without paying for it at such rates as are on a printed card, lent gratuitously. The man's name who keeps the club is Chent, and students are admitted at the same rate as other people. The war-song of this popular and much-sought-for society is so beautiful, that I am impelled to give it at the risk of crowding out editorials, atoms, and other less witty and instructive writing:—

It's the way we have at Howe High School,
To drive dull care away.
To take the pupils in, sir,
To drive dull care away.
We think it is no sin, sir,
To drive dull care away.

PROFESSOR HADLEY'S LECTURES.

LAW lectures are, in general, a weariness to the flesh. Many of the learned lucubrations delivered in Dane Hall make the hearer think that the nature of professors has not changed much since Coke complained so pathetically of the readings, as they were then called, which he sat under. "They are long, obscure, and intricate, full of new conceits, like rather to riddles than lectures; and the readers are like to lapwings, who seem to be nearest their nests when they are farthest from them."

Quite a different effect was produced by Professor Hadley's lectures on the Roman Law. We do not think any of the University courses have proved more interesting to the hearers. The attendance, though smaller than it ought to have been, was comparatively large, and very regular; and all who were there must have profited by his clear and careful statements of the leading principles of the greatest system of law ever known, which governed the Roman empire,

when that included the whole civilized world, and which now governs a large part of Europe. To those who knew nothing of the subject before, this course was such a neat and concise introduction to it as is not to be found, so far as we know, in any text-book; while to those who had confounded themselves hopelessly by a smattering of book-knowledge, it explained many difficult points, and showed how to study in a thorough, systematic, and profitable way. Success in teaching the rudiments of any science is a great test of a teacher's ability; and we think Professor Hadley's success was remarkable. There is no need to descant on the value of the subject to every educated man, and especially to every lawyer; but there has not before been any instruction in it at Cambridge. We hope the precedent now set will be followed hereafter; and do not doubt that if Professor Hadley should ever be willing to enlighten us again, he will find an audience equally grateful and much larger.

MY SON TOM.

Does a college course improve young men? My limited experience certainly tends to prove that it does not. I have a son whom I shall call Tom, because that is not his name, nor is it any thing like it. As I received only a common-school education myself, I was all the more determined that Tom should enjoy the advantages of a collegiate course; and I was indeed a happy man when, last July, I received a letter, saying that he had entered without a condition. Now Tom was a boy after my own heart: he did not smoke or drink, neither did he wear clothes to which even I could object, and I am a very plain man indeed. In common with myself, he utterly despised jewelry of all kinds; and to such an extent did he carry this, that he never wore even the plainest gold studs, preferring rather to put up with the inconveniences of buttons, which I must confess are very annoying. Last Christmas Tom came home to spend his vacation with me. But, oh, how changed! My quondam jewelry-aborring son now sported on his watch-chain a locket almost as large, and

quite as ingeniously wrought, as the far-famed shield of Achilles. He smoked cigars so large and strong that I was bound to acknowledge the appropriateness of the nickname "young Vesuvius," now given him by his former companions; and you may well imagine my horror when I heard my son, who before could not even endure the smell of wine, speak of drinking "Santa Cruz sour with a dash of absinthe," as if it had been so much water. When he entered, I almost expected him to lead his class; and I felt so sure of seeing him among the first five at least, that I was deeply chagrined when I learned that, instead of the anticipated alpha, he was the sluggish omega.

He seems to excel in no branch of the studies required during his first year, and in some he is wofully deficient. He alleges as excuse for this, that as yet he has met with nothing fitted to his taste.

I fear his case is somewhat similar to that of a man whom I once met. While walking one sultry August day through a street in New York, I was accosted by a strong and healthy man, who asked for alms. Surprised that he could have the assurance to do such a thing, I asked him why he did not work, and received for reply that no one would employ him at his trade. "But, my man," said I, "there is a great demand now for workmen of all kinds: what is your trade?" "Well," said the fellow, "I'm a snow-shoveller." Tom says he don't think this a parallel case. Another thing which distresses me greatly is his predilection for slang, and ungrammatical phrases of all sorts. A day or two ago we met a friend of his, who always dresses as if he had just dismounted from a "fiery untamed." His boots and velveteens were quite overwhelming, as was indeed his entire get-up. "What an equestrian appearance your friend has!" said I. "Yes," said Tom, "he's the horriest-looking man afoot, but the footiest-looking man ahorse, that I ever saw." I was in despair. I have, however, lately conversed with a number of graduates, and am somewhat comforted; for they all agree in telling me that the follies a man acquires during his Freshman year he usually loses during his remaining three.

HUMORS OF THE RECITATION ROOM.

II.

THE division comes straggling in, the greater part in the last thirty seconds of the five minutes' grace allowed after the bell, two or three getting to their seats late in the sixth minute; these last few, according to their several natures, appearing tranquil, embarrassed, smiling, or panting. Perhaps some one opens the door during the roll-call, just in time to answer to his name, which he commonly does with the utmost *nonchalance*, to the intense amusement of his particular friends; for it is quite remarkable how very funny the merest trifles appear in the recitation-room.

When an instructor first takes his place at Harvard, especially if he has never before figured in that *rôle* at college, the manners and customs of the students must appear to him, to say the least, a little strange. Perhaps he bestows upon some successful recitation a modicum of that praise, which at school used to be heard by the companions of the fortunate recipient in envious silence. Here he is astonished to hear his compliments greeted with thunders of applause, which he cannot but believe to be sarcastic; and if he ventures to remonstrate, his remarks are usually received with a pitying and often audible smile. If from long habit he inadvertently refers to the gentlemen before him as "scholars," they at once assert their claim to the former title by a prolonged wood-up; and this process of correction goes on *ad infinitum* until the instructor becomes thoroughly versed in the peculiarities of his new position.

But the great delusion and snare, which is to be most carefully avoided by all instructors not fully confident both in their popularity and in their humor, is the temptation to make jokes; for an unsuccessful joke is, of all things, most destructive to the dignity of the perpetrator, and even under the most favorable circumstances they are liable to fail. Suppose, for instance, an instructor has a favorite little joke, — a very harmless, time-honored little joke, — which at a certain passage of a certain book has excited the

risibles of many successive classes. At length a time comes when, rendered careless by repeated success, the unfortunate instructor omits to make the point of the witticism quite clear enough for the comprehension of a class, who have arrived at the proper place for its reception; and on looking around for the flattering laugh which he feels to be his due, and which for years has been cheerfully accorded to him, he sees to his horror his hearers gravely entering the poor little joke in their note-books as a "fact," which is liable to appear in the next examination paper.

There was once a tutor in college who had acquired the bad habit of repeating the same joke before several successive divisions on the same day. He was at length detected by the students, who, naturally indignant at the thought that such premeditated jokes should have been passed off upon them as impromptus, contrived a plan for revenge.

One fatal day the unconscious tutor made a joke before Division I., a joke which was well received; but at the close of the recitation, instead of dispersing as usual, Division I. waited around the door, and detailed the joke, together with the place where it came in, to the incoming Division II., who thus forewarned took their places in the recitation-room. In due time the expected joke made its appearance, but was greeted by the students with a fixed and melancholy stare. Thinking he must in some way have left out the point of the witticism, the unfortunate tutor actually repeated his remarks, but without producing the slightest effect upon the stony countenances before him.

I will not attempt to analyze his feelings, but will only add that those of that division considered themselves fortunate who had been called up before that joke came in. F.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

I AM glad that my voice, however inadequate, is lifted in the cause of unappreciated greatness. Daily within the last week, and periodically for several years, there has walked among us a man, whose outward majesty of form is but the reflex

of the mighty mind which it conceals. When I have seen this man surrounded by a crowd of jeering undergraduates, like a second Daniel in the lions' den, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, his tongue striving to utter the great thoughts which teemed within his brain, I have said to myself, That man only needs the mind of a Napoleon, and the power of utterance of a Macaulay, to be complete. His thoughts, how profound and how mysterious! He fearlessly grapples with questions from which a common man would shrink. Who but him would presume to deliver a discourse upon "The Universal Elementary Elements of the Solar Sun;" or dare to assert that "we can't conceive of the inconceivable infinity of the infinite"?

But a great man is never appreciated during his lifetime; and so must it be with Daniel Pratt. He will be worth more to the world after his death than he ever was during his life. Yet the coldness of the world does not dampen Daniel's zeal, nor chill his heart. Ridiculed and misunderstood, he still pursues the even tenor of his way, striving to bring the world up to his level. Alas, Daniel, your thoughts are the thoughts of the future! The world is a long way behind you yet. When you are dead, men will remember your sublime and unfettered imagination, your impassioned delivery, your keen insight in political matters, and say, "Ah, if more men like him had lived, where would we be to-day?" There is a fire in his eye, and an earnestness in his exhortation, which inspires one to deeds of philanthropy. Who can see and hear this man without instantly desiring to found hospitals and lunatic asylums?

So far I have spoken of the grander parts of Daniel's disposition; but he has more homely virtues, and it becomes us to know them now, for seldom can posterity touch the minor chords of a famous man's character.

Who that has known this man has not remarked his touching humility when not upon the rostrum, and his thankfulness for small favors? For Fate denied to Daniel worldly riches: she could not give him every thing. As a faithful dog licks the hand that strikes him, so have I seen Daniel lick the boy who derided him. I have seen his

venerable beaver hat thrust rudely over his ears; and this great man, swallowing the sarcasm which was blistering his tongue, only said, with pathetic mildness, "You must be a low cuss."

Once I asked Daniel to tell me something of his life. He was more disconsolate upon that day than is his wont; and he began by saying that the men of this age misunderstood him, and that he had been born too soon.

"My father and mother," said he, "occupied a mansion upon Fort Hill; but they did not live happily together. Domestic troubles at home, and financial difficulties abroad, united to make my father shuffle off this mortal coil, which he did on the 19th of April, in the year 1840, on the day when President Jackson issued his edict against the slaughter of the innocents, in order to suppress the abolition of the universal elementary element of the solar"—Here I recalled Daniel to his subject; and with a pitying glance, which seemed to say that he would try to adapt himself to my weak comprehension, he proceeded: "My lineage is very ancient. I have traced our family back to Nebuchadnezzar; but I must admit that there is a period, from the year 100 B.C. to 850 A.D., when apparently none of my ancestors existed. This, however, is easily accounted for from the fact that my family during this period were extirpated, root and branch, in the Kansas troubles, fighting bravely with the Indians; for I tell you that Shakespeare was great, Byron was great, General Grant was great; but a greater than these shall come; and he will come from Harvard College"—Here I interrupted Daniel again, and, finding that he was not in a biographical mood, I left him. His former life must ever remain in obscurity, but his future fame is assured.

WASH AND BE CLEAN.

"By no means shalt thou pray to Allah, the only God, who is purer than the waters of Al-Kaschna, which flows from Kaf, the sacred mountain, over pebbles of precious stones,—purer than Ku-na-sheer (the bird of Paradise) who sleeps in the heavens, lest he should touch the earth,—until thou hast cleansed thy body by

ablution, and thy soul by meditation." So says Mohammed in his seventeenth revelation, I believe. Akin to that commandment is the saying amongst Anglo-Saxons, that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

Neither of these injunctions, however, is of universal application. The Bedouin in the desert has to bathe in sand, because whenever he comes across any water he drinks it up; and the Harvard student cannot take the preliminary step to godliness, because he also has not the materials at hand.

Harvard University contains over five hundred undergraduates, and yet the authorities do not provide any of the apparatus necessary to their keeping themselves clean. "But," some may object, "it is no business of the College Government to see that the students wash themselves often enough." But it is their business at least to give them opportunities of doing so.

A bath-room is an indispensable part of a private dwelling-house, and why should it not be so of a college dormitory? The physical nature of an average undergraduate is no more immaculate than that of any one else: neither is he better able to keep clean in cold water applied in hot haste with a sponge while the bell is ringing; and, in winter at any rate, said application is intensely disagreeable, to say the least, to most persons. Even when I hear Tom, my neighbor, say, "Oh, I had a rousing old bath this morning! it woke me up like any thing," I am very much inclined to suspect that the gratification is akin to that of the nigger boy hard up for enjoyment, who was found pounding his thumb with a rock, "cos it feel so bully to leab orf." I *know* that it is so when he has to stand for five minutes over his pail, hammering the ice with the poker, before getting any bath at all. Besides, one must possess the faculty of dressing very fast to take even a dip, and get to prayers; or else one has to lose a part of one's sleep, and no one likes to do so in the morning, however willing one may be to waste time in the evening. But it is useless to cite objections to the "hat," which the majority of those who will read this know so well, from experience, to be irresistible.

Many benefits would accrue to the students if the College would only appropriate enough money to set up an establishment, say, adjoining the Gymnasium; and, at any rate, there would not be so much talk about its defective ventilation, as the air would probably not need to be changed so constantly as it now does, under the combined influence of hard work at the rowing weights and a large stove.

Any one who cares for his own skin, and especially for that of his neighbor, will agree that it is a pity that something of the sort is not done; and that while the college is in need of such an indispensable thing as washing accommodations for its students, it is foolish to be building three new dormitories at an expense of about three hundred thousand dollars, such a small fraction of which would add so much to the comfort and well-being of so many.

SORDIDUS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN COLLEGE.

THE reforms in, and additions to, the course of study in college have been so numerous and so varied, within the last few years, that it seems the part of a professional fault-finder to notice any defects that still remain.

But there is one class of studies, and only one, which, it seems to me, are too much neglected: they are those most intimately connected with the knowledge of our own language,—writing, speaking, and what may be termed pure English literature, understanding by the expression an acquaintance with the most celebrated works of English authors. The neglect of these studies has been so marked as to call forth, with regard to it, the regrets of the friends and the sneers of the enemies of the College. The absence of almost all instruction in declamation has been noticed in a recent number of the *Advocate*. This defect ought to be remedied as soon as possible; for it is of great importance for every one to acquire early the power of thinking upon his legs, as it is called, so that, if called upon to do so, he may be able to express his ideas in public in a way interesting to his hearers and not unpleasant to himself.

Neither is sufficient attention given to the composition of English. To correct the growing tendency towards the misuse of words, the study of a work such as Crabbe's *English Synonymes* would be of great benefit: the giving up of the study of text-books on rhetoric appears to have been a mistake, and ought to be rectified without delay. Still, our defects in writing can be attributed in a great degree to our comparative ignorance of English literature. Now this is an all-important matter. If we wish to be successful professional or literary men, or even but well-educated gentlemen, sooner or later we must get this acquaintance with our own tongue, together with the power of using it in writing and conversation. A step in the right direction has been already taken, by the introduction of the study of Old English into the college course. This study will undoubtedly accomplish much good, since from it we learn the derivation of words, the origin of our forms of speech, and the full meaning of many expressions, simple at first, but which now puzzle even educated people to explain. The desire to graft words of Latin, Greek, and French origin upon it has been the curse of the English. This tendency has received within this century a violent check; the study of the roots and elements of the language, as shown in the German, Anglo-Saxon, and Old English, having brought in a desire for the use of words of native origin. Now, why cannot this study of English be carried on further, so as to include a knowledge of the English classical writers, from Shakespeare's time down to that of Scott and Byron, with a view of the history and capabilities of the language? This instruction might be given both by lectures and recitations. Our own language seems to me deserving not only of one, but of several courses of lectures: one, for instance, on the early writers, Shakespeare and his contemporaries; another on Milton, the authors of the time of Charles II. and Queen Anne; and still another on Byron, Wordsworth, and the more modern writers. We have men attached to the college, than whom none are better fitted to deliver these lectures: then why can we not have them? The information given in the lectures would be supplemented by that

given in the recitation, such text-books being used as would give us an account of the lives and works of the various authors, with comments upon their differences of style.

The benefits arising from the cultivation of our taste by the study of the best and purest writers of the language cannot be over-estimated. Even should one not wish or have occasion to write himself, he is enabled to judge understandingly of the productions of others. It has been said that the tone of public sentiment is formed not by those who write, but by those who read; hence, when the standard of excellence of the former is low, that of the latter will sink also. The ability to converse well may also, to a great degree, be derived from the study of English literature; since a poor conversationalist, if there be any thing in him, owes his trouble to one of two causes,—either lack of topics, or of means of expressing himself. Any number of subjects for conversation, and an infinite variety of forms of expression, can be obtained from the works of great writers. It has been said that a vigorous mind will always find appropriate and elegant words to express its thoughts. I grant that such a mind will always find a way to convey its ideas; but in my opinion the words will, in the majority of cases, be neither elegant nor appropriate. In cases where men in this line have done well in spite of comparative ignorance, we should consider whether they would not have accomplished much more had they been properly trained for their work? We should always make the best use of the materials at our command; and because a thing is good, we should not on that account give up the attempt to make it better.

M.

THE Financial Agent is not a poet, but that fact is no reason why he should not write poetry, and so he says:—

I had a dream the other night
When all was calm and still,
I dreamed that each subscriber
Came up and paid his bill.
But ere the printer had been paid
I woke without a red.
Does anybody see the point?
If so, why then, "nuf sed."

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers, *in advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at Crosby & Damrell's, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

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THE BLONDE.

MARK the rare and radiant lustre
Of her countenance so bright,
And the ringlets, drawn in cluster,
With her jewels rare bedight.

And her eyes so gently beaming,
From beneath the golden lash,
And her cheeks with blushes teeming, —
Every thing that gives her dash.

Naught beneath her smile concealing,
Frank and free as maid can be;
Harboring no feigned feeling,
Wedded to no secrecy.

"Oh, you know her, fond of jilting,
Saying yes and meaning no?"
Don't believe such idle tilting:
If she's false, she'll tell you so.

When her beauty's so entrancing
That you can't resist its sway,
She will bid you cease advancing,
Ere you find you've lost your way.

In her open warfare trust her;
Fighting but for fighting's sake.
'Gainst your heart she'll only muster,
When your heart was made to break.

Never '72

THE THEATRICALS IN LYCEUM HALL.

A VERY threatening sky and muddy walking, the legacy of an unusually rainy day departed, did not prevent a good audience from assembling the other night to hear the Operetta in Lyceum Hall. There had been a considerable interest felt in it, as it was entirely written and arranged by students, the original text having been written several years ago by a then Senior, and having been entirely remodelled and partly rewritten by some of the actors.

The programme was an unusually good specimen of the regular type of College theatrical programmes. The exciting synopsis of Act III. Scene: Society of the ~~Q~~**** B***** K****, with the infinitesimal note of its unavoidable omission, and the wise discrimination of children as to admission, — children under ten fifty cents, children under five five dollars, — were among the best hits.

The Operetta itself was well acted as amateur theatricals go, and of course it is never fair to compare amateurs with professionals. The singing throughout was of a much higher order than is usual, Mr. Chenery in particular giving his songs with much appreciation and a fine taste. His rendering of Schubert's Serenade was especially enjoyable. Mr. Fox, too, gave perhaps the best bits of comic singing that we have ever heard from an amateur; the duet with Mr., or perhaps we should say, Miss Osborn, at the end of the Third Act, being particularly

rich. It was a very happy thought to change the "business" of this duet on the *encore*.

The play, or operetta, was not very well written, which is by no means strange, considering that it was done, as we have said above, by different hands and at different times. There were several good situations; but the play was not worked up to them, and the bulk of it between offered little chance for acting, and so rather dragged. We think, too, that it was a decided mistake to introduce only fine music into a burlesque of this sort. One or two fine songs are effective, but for the greater part of the music popular or college songs are much better adapted. In the first place, the great point in a burlesque is to keep the incongruity of thought and expression always forcibly prominent, and this is done in a much more telling way generally by light music with mock-heroic words, or by music and words alike absurdly at variance with the feelings natural to the situation.

But we find that we are leaving our place, and getting didactic. To return to the Hall: in spite of the faults of the play, the merits of the actors made it quite acceptable, and the writer among others enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

BASE BALL REDIVIVUS.

ON Saturday last, the few courageous souls that faced the cold winds and clouds of dust which blew and flew across Jarvis were gladdened by the sight of the Nine once more on the field, a practice game having been arranged with the Boston Club, who were anxious to prepare for the coming season.

The day was extremely cold and raw; and as the professionals were delayed, the Harvards were very uncomfortable in their uniform, as they had for once assembled, dressed, and displayed themselves on time. Finally the visitors came, and the game began. As it was deemed expedient to avoid either club's becoming familiarized to the other's pitcher, Spaulding, P. of the Bostonians, and Mac Vey, H., played on the college side; Bush going over as catcher to theirs, and Goodwin playing left field. We were agreeably surprised at the few errors

which were made, as the long period during which the Nine had been idle made us expect something far less acceptable. Reynolds was peculiarly successful in taking flies, four or five quite difficult ones being captured with much elegance. Bush was himself behind the bat, and White and Annan did effective service. The strong wind made any attempt by the outfielders to judge flies futile, and due allowance must be granted. The batting was as a rule very fine, especially as the wind had set its face against that as well as almost every thing else; and the pitcher was Harry Wright, notoriously one of the most crafty in the country.

It would be unjust to judge of the prospects of the Boston Nine, or even of their individual play, under such circumstances. Having never played together before, being on a strange ground, and being without their catcher and pitcher, would alone explain their mistakes (and defeat, such as it was, by a score of 17 to 10), without taking the day into account. On the whole we were favorably impressed, and under so skilful a leader expect much from them in the coming spring.

G. C. G.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE."

WE hear that, among the usual exercises on Class Day, the dancing on the green is still to hold its accustomed place. The success of this portion of the programme has, during the last few years, been of a very doubtful character; in fact it has amounted to a mere farce, in which one, or at the most two, struggling couples were the actors.

Would it not be best, I hear men ask, to drop this entirely, substituting in its place the performance of some selections by the band, which all might enjoy, as they either walked about in the yard, or seated themselves comfortably in the window of some friend's room?

For myself I think not: it is one of those customs which bind us to the past, and which in these days of rapid progress and reform are too rapidly disappearing; yet, although the custom should be kept up, there is no need of adhering to the absurd way in which it has been carried

out in former days. They say that quadrilles have gone out of fashion; that nobody dances any thing now but waltzes; and that even if you succeeded in getting up a set of lancers or common quadrilles, that most people would find that they had forgotten all the moves, and would vote it a humbug.

This is true; but it does not go to the bottom of the matter. Waltzes and quadrilles are not the only dances: in old times, the girls and youths found a way to have an exceedingly good time without either. They had their dances, which required a floor no more springy or smooth than a well-mown lawn, and which joined mirth and pleasure with fresh out-of-door air. So why should not we, following their example, have dances suited to the time and place; in short, why not have a Virginia Reel, a Swedish dance, or something of the sort?

If anybody, especially a Senior, thinks that such things are childish, and not dignified enough for him, in what class, I wonder, would he put the absurd huggings and jumpings, which take place around the tree? I would be willing to warrant that, after one or two good turns at a Virginia Reel, though one might feel diffident about joining in at first, he would be willing to declare that this was really very jolly; and that the dancing on the green was the most enjoyable part of the Class-Day dancing, after all.

The question is how to have Class Day as enjoyable in all its parts as possible, whether or not such a measure would receive a hearty support from the undergraduates; in fact, whether dancing on the green shall be or shall not be.

T. H.

BOATING MEETING.

At a meeting of the H. U. B. C. held on Friday, March 24th, at the Gymnasium, the following officers were elected under the new Constitution:—

President G. H. Gould, '72.
Vice-President . . A. M. Yznaga, Scientific School.
Secretary H. S. Mudge, '74.
Treasurer W. Miller, '73.

The question of accepting Yale's challenge was, without debate, referred to the Executive Committee, which by the Constitution is made to consist of all the officers of the Club, *ex officio*. President Eliot, Messrs. Leverett and Trowbridge were subsequently elected honorary members of the Club, after which the meeting adjourned.

BOOK NOTICES.

EGMONT. Translated from the German. By F. BOOTT.
 Boston and Cambridge: Sever, Francis, & Co.

This admirable translation can be fully appreciated only by those who have read the original. Its merits consist in a happy rendering of German idioms into those of our own language, combined with neatness of expression and great accuracy, qualities hard of attainment in works of this kind. The author certainly deserves much praise for the pains he has evidently bestowed on this translation.

AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

This pamphlet consists of extracts taken from the Report of the National Teachers' Association, and sets forth in earnest and convincing language the necessity of having in this country what it calls a *true university*. This idea doubtless sprung from the same source as did those which have been realized in the establishing of the various national "Bureaus," which we are so accustomed to hear about now-a-days. Mr. Hoar's Education Bill is but another phase of the same question, and for aught we see has as good a claim to support. These "grand combination schemes" may run railroads, bore tunnels, and lay cables; but they are useless when applied to educational work. What we need is a few local revivals, for the purpose of creating a healthy public sentiment on this subject; and we know of no better way of bringing this about than by leaving the selection of methods to each community.

MUSIC.

The popular demand in music seems to be for any thing that is pretty, and while such is the demand it would be strange if some pretty music were not produced. But just as there are many poor books published, so there is much poor music; and more perhaps, in proportion, since the risk is less. But most of the music we have received this week is quite successful, and presents a fair sample of the current publications. The songs are various; and among them is one entitled *When Evening Twilight*, by J. D. Kinsley, quite a pleasant song and within easy compass, the words of

which, however, are rather sentimental. By the same author also is *Wind of the Western Sea*, an easy song for a mezzo-soprano voice, and almost as sweet as the *Sweet and Low* in the Amphion Songs.

An attempt has been made by F. B. to adapt Bret Harte's *Jim* to music. Any one acquainted with the poetry will recognize the difficulty attending such an attempt, but perhaps the adapter has succeeded as well as any one could. The piece is little more than a recitative, with but little music in it.

Moët and Chandon has already become too well known as a good chorus to need any comments.

Among the piano-forte pieces is *Home, Sweet Home*, for the left hand, by Wehli, a very difficult piece, requiring much practice, but one which rendered well must be very fine. *Autumnal Tints*, by Sidney Smith; the melody in the cantabile of this piece is very musical, but is varied in the latter part of the piece in the composer's peculiar style. An overture, arranged for four hands by Franz V. Suppé, called *Light Cavalry*, in which are introduced various bugle-calls, and quite a successful attempt is made to represent the movements of the cavalry.

These pieces, with several others which we have not room to notice, were received from the publishing house of Messrs. Ditson & Co.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Advocate* has been lounged upon by a modern Pericles, known to fame as the "Lounger" in the *Yale College Courant*. "In the old days," he observes, "when the Lounger was serving as editor of a certain superlative undergraduate magazine, he formed the acquaintance of the *Harvard Advocate*, and often found occasion to compliment that paper as a very model of its kind. Returning to its perusal a few months ago, he was surprised to observe the change that had come over the spirit of its management, and turned its former polite good-nature into a very gall of bitterness." Then follows a specification of grievances, wherein is contained all that the *Advocate* has said in ridicule of some of Yale's peculiar "institutions." As the "Lounger" has no advice to give nor opinions to offer, we forbear to comment on his production; but to define our position in matters of criticism, let us call to our aid a "resolution" from the records of a no less famous organization than the Pickwick Club, in which it is declared that the Club cordially recognizes the principle of every member of the Corresponding Society defraying his own travelling expenses; and that it sees no objection whatever to the members of the said society pursuing their inquiries and criticisms for any length of time they please, *upon the same terms*. Did the "Lounger" think we had forgotten the time-honored principle here laid down, and that we

therefore expected in return for our critical labors the dainty commendation which he might afford us; or has he shown up all the evils which Yale is heir to, and now determined to make a crusade against imagined evils?

The "Lounger," however, with that inclination to commit suicide which marks all great minds, vents his spleen on another of Yale's institutions, known as the Gold, Steel, and Type Mania, which shows itself on the person of all Yale undergraduates in the form of society badges. He calls it a nuisance. Will he allow us to steal his thunder, and call it a nuisance?

The *Galaxy* learns from good authority that Professor Huxley will not visit this country, as he expected to, yet awhile, owing to the fact that important duties demand his attention at home.

The *Art Review* for March has been received. It has been so fortunate as to secure a contribution from Mr. Bret Harte, a fact which leads us to conclude that that much-fought-for individual has determined to write for whatever periodical he chooses, — a determination not altogether unnatural in his case, perhaps. The *Review* is exceedingly attractive and readable.

The first Dunkard's College has been lately dedicated at Bourbon, Indiana. Considering how near young *Dunkards* are to being young *Drunkards* (lacking only a *liquid*, as the orthographists say), it strikes us that *Bourbon* is a bad place to send them to.

An exchange says that a student of Griswold College is so addicted to tardiness, that he is known as "the late Mr. Tompkins."

The "Beethoven Society" of Yale has been adjourned *sine die*. Will the "Lounger" allow us to inquire whether this fact will materially interfere with the "grand concert," which this Society proposed to give at Saratoga in case Yale was beaten on the water this summer?

The *Williams Review* and the *Courant* are endeavoring to snuff out the *Nation*. It does pain us to see these gigantic attempts to ruin our best periodicals.

A Michigan Sophomore says: "It's no time to be writing Latin essays when billiards are only ten cents a game."

An exchange says that "there is a certain law student at the Indiana University whom they call 'necessity,' — because he knows no law."

A club has been formed in the Junior Class at Yale for the consumption of sauer-kraut and pretzels. No extra charge for lager beer.

'73 at Williams is said to be the smallest, homeliest, and smartest class that ever came to Ilium.

President Chadbourn lately lectured to the students of Williams College on "Utah and the Rocky Moun-

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JOHN H. HUBBARD.—THE APOTHECARY.

HIS COLUMN.

EVERY profession and business has its regular Stock Jokes, which outsiders from time to time stumble over, and suppose to be fresh and new. Our own Had-dow tells his when he asks the ten-year-old, "Hair cut or shave, sir?" "Ah! a little longer behind and

Delicious Ice Cream Soda Water now ready.

shorter in front, sir?" When a boy first enters the weary life of a "pill" he is inducted into various mysteries, and among them the story of the witty apothecary who had a sign, "Please not smoke in the store."

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This facetious man once said to a party who grumbled at not being allowed to smoke the cigar which he had purchased, saying, — "What do you sell cigars for if you don't allow people to smoke them?" that he sold

Honradez, Astrea, and Prince of Wales Cigarettes.

emetics too, but did not want people to take them there for obvious reasons. At this, of course, the boy "smiles with a smile that is childlike," &c., and is highly and properly amused. As he grows older, some day a friend will tell him a good joke that he has just

A fine new lot of Meerschaum Pipes, Gambier Clays, Weixel Stems, and Amber Mouth-pieces.

heard, and the point is, that "we sell emetics too, but don't allow," &c. Then he smiles again as in duty bound, but fainter than before. Afterwards, at short intervals, he hears a story begun, "Best thing I ever heard: your sign reminds me of it." Yet, afar off, he scents

Tobaccoes, — Ryan's Green Seal, Out Natural Leaf, St. James, Cavendish, Lone Jack, Durham, and others too numerous to mention. Gallito, Turkish, and Latakia for Cigarettes.

the conclusion, "but we sell emetics too." At last he gets so that he does not smile any more at all, to the extreme disappointment of the narrator. He does not even smile when his old friend, "we sell emetics too,"

All manner of Brushes, Combs, Soaps, Perfumes, Knives, and Shaving Apparatus.

turns up in the J. G. original department of the advertiser. On the contrary, he puts it aside in his list of nuisances along with that triumphant pun of every newly arrived bucolic youth, "A meer sham pipe!" Drop in, and take a pill, any time.

J. H. HUBBARD, Harvard Square.

FINE

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Congress Gaiters, Button Boots, Balmorals, Button Shoes, made from BEST FRENCH LEATHER, at prices which defy competition, all of our own make.

Our Boots and Shoes are guaranteed to be of good workmanship, neat-fitting, and elegant. A good assortment of

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JAMES DOLLARD,

Brattle Square, opposite the University Press,

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A. MOLYNEAUX HEWLETT,

BRATTLE SQUARE, NEAR BRIGHTON STREET.

O J C

Clothing made, cleaned, repaired, altered, and dyed.

Highest Price paid for cast-off Clothing.

Gymnastic Shirts, Belts, Slippers, Boxing-Gloves, and
Gymnastic Apparatus.

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AUGUSTUS A. WHITNEY.

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F. WORCESTER.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., APRIL 14, 1871.

No. V.

PARDON POUR LA FRANCE!

ONCE more forgive her! There she lies,
Gashed by the victor's iron heel;
Oh! who from such a fall could rise,
And not some stings of frenzy feel?
Foolish and weak — yes, yes, we know;
The sin, the crime, the outrage see;
Rulers and mob alike, — but, O,
Encore une fois, pardonnez-lui!

Remember through what leaden night
She groped and stumbled for the way,
Misled by bursts of lurid light, —
The dawns of infernal day!
Yet blinded by that hellish glare,
How should her steps unfaltering be?
Pray that she reach a purer air,
And if she stray, *pardonnez-lui!*

Think what a line accursed have been
Her masters in the nations' school, —
Princes of shame and kings of sin,
The tyrant fostered by the fool!
Drilled by a thousand rods to serve,
Not one kind voice to say, "Be free!"
Wert thou so trained, would'st thou not swerve?
In all her grief, *pardonnez-lui!*

Speak not the blasted name of him,
Her last and worst of tyrants fled,
With poisonous breath the light to dim,
Resplendent from her starry head.
Rather return her sharpest woe,
Famine and fire and blood, than he!
Unshackled though she perish, — O,
Encore une fois, pardonnez-lui!

Think how her lavish hands of old
Set freedom's jewel on thy brow,
Columbia: be that love untold
With equal love requited now!
By cloud and fire she seeks her own,
O'er burning waste, through crimson sea:
O let her woes for crime atone!
Seigneur, notre Père, pardonnez-lui!

'59.

Wm E. . . .

DANIEL PRATT AGAIN.

THE REQUISITES TO HIGH POSITIONS (and other Essays). By DANIEL PRATT, the Great American Traveller, and Publisher of the Lineage of Peter C. Brooks. [—(?) 1867.]

The Wonderful Eventful Age: Elements, &c. By the Same. [Providence, 1871. Small 16mo.]

It is now some days since the latter of the above works came into our possession, but we have delayed an extended notice that we might give to it a careful perusal. It is, we infer, a selection from the more extended work, "The Pratt Intellectual Zenith," intended by the author for posthumous publication, as the rich result of a long and varied life. Few men are so well fitted for the task he has undertaken. It is indeed with no idle boasting that he says, in a note to an early essay, "God has favored me mentally and physically from my birth." Mr. Pratt has not allowed himself to rest on any inherited power of genius to accomplish great things, but has been an earnest worker as well as a diligent student of man and nature. His earlier years were spent in his native town, Prattville, a suburb of Chelsea, Mass., and named, by the way, after the great grandfather of our author, the Daniel Pratt with whom General Washington dined during his well-known "visit to Chelsea in 1770." Though "connected with many of the rich families of New England," young Daniel did not yield to the temptations of the fashionable life of those days, and consequently retains his magnificent physique in his later years almost unimpaired. The last thirty years of his life have been spent in extensive travels over almost all the civilized world. During this time he has visited over one hundred educational institutions, delivered

thousands of addresses to students and churches, and assisted in many of the great movements at home and abroad.

A talent for observation and great skill in generalization render the results of such a life extremely valuable. In these essays, which are modestly styled "circulars," we have, to make a quotation, "a few drops from his inexhaustible laboratory, the human mind;" but it is the human mind cultured by contact with the great and good, and ever filled with a desire to benefit mankind.

Mr. Pratt has entered all departments of knowledge, and is a master in each. Politics and Chemistry, Theology and Rhetoric, we are informed, have offered no impediments to his giant intellect. The unification of the universe is the aim of the essays in question. We often hear that Mr. Pratt,—or "General" Pratt as his services in raising several regiments for the late war have entitled him to be called,—we often hear, we say, though, to be sure, this is merely newspaper gossip, that the "General" aspires to be president of the United States. Evidently his calumniators have never understood, much less appreciated, the ideas of the man they so basely misrepresent.

Mr. Pratt believes in the great power of moral self-government and control. When asked some years ago by the writer, then a Freshman in college, to write his autograph, and add some sentiment of his own, he wrote in his terse and forcible manner, "The zenith of man is to become President of one's own intellectual faculties." This puts a new face upon the matter at once. Mr. Pratt wants every man to control himself; and in his speeches for that purpose he makes a neat and effective metaphor out of the ordinary, hackneyed political watch-words,— "President," "White House," and "1872." This use of language is natural enough, both as to a people interested in politics and as from a man who has himself taken no small part in political contests. We can but regret that space forbids our quoting at length the numerous passages we had marked. Many of his sentences are as full of thought as some nuts are full of meat. We should do an injustice in quoting detached por-

tions without the context so necessary to show the train of thought.

The style of these essays is admirable. We know of no better models for young writers desirous of acquiring a pure and idiomatic English style. There is no well-known writer who exactly resembles him. If we may be pardoned an allusion to a new and comparatively obscure, though a rising author, we would say that in terseness, depth of thought, and poetical imagery, the writer under consideration much resembles R. W. Emerson, who at present, we believe, resides in Concord.

And here we are reminded of what we had very nearly forgotten to mention; and that is, that Mr. Pratt is also a poet of no mean order. None of his poems have as yet been published, but he has often repeated them at his delightful *conversazioni*. They are true poetry, and their power depends not at all on the adventitious and puerile contrivances of rhyme and metre.

The name of the publisher does not appear in the volume which has given us occasion for this extended notice. We therefore do not know whom to thank for the admirable manner in which the work is issued, nor for the convenient size and the typographical beauty which much enhance the pleasure of the reader, of these essays. Boston publishers would do well to imitate their Providence brethren in providing such clear and firm paper and so well-cut type. A few errors have escaped the notice of the proof-reader, who has permitted such obsolete forms as "to" for "too," "want" for "were not," and "to" for "two;" but these errors are very few, and will not interfere with the great usefulness of the work.

O. J. E.

LOAFING.

A six months' experience in college life has changed many of the views we entertained when we came to Cambridge last fall. Then, so innocent were we, that our only object was to meet the requirements of the Faculty: we thought to be diligent in our work would secure us success, that to gain powers of mind and discipline

was our object, that college studies would fit us for after-life. But the very first attack on our conservatism was here. A Senior instructed us to pay attention to men, to study the character of our associates, to draw from them the ideas that they brought from so large a section of country; "and then," he said, "throw your Greek, your Latin, your mathematics to the winds: more real good will be derived from this study of humanity than from all your notes on Xenophon and Horace." We have seen many who tried this advice; and of the many pleasant phases of life here none more charmed us at the first. The gathering around the fire after supper, and while the smoke curled gracefully from the mouth of the skilful smokers, brilliant jests and shrewd replies delighted us. We admired the power over men which one classmate displayed, wondered at the meekness of another, and were puzzled by the contrasts we found in a third. Vulgarity would roll from the lips of one, but those same lips could speak pertinently on the topics of the day. The future men of the nation who would take their place in the senate and the cabinet, or in literature make themselves known, we thought we saw daily with us. But this loafing, — did we find it profitable? Did we ourselves gain power to influence other men? Did we equal our gods? Not at all. Those who had social talent were prominent in their proper place; but we, the mass, could only sit and listen. We were gaining nothing, and were losing our culture and ruining our taste. And then the question comes up, — is it better to forego such enjoyment, or to remain an unmarked man? Is it for us, who cannot hope to emulate in genius the world's great men, Goethe and Shakspeare and Milton, — is it for us to despair by patient application of reaching such a height as Harvard's distinguished sons, — Sumner, and before him Everett? It is said of Pericles that he was seen only on the street leading to the senate-house, during his whole administration, and that he never spent an evening at the house of a friend. Think you that Demosthenes by contact with his fellow-men could have attained the ability to sway them by a word! Conservatism has again gained a vic-

tory over us, and we express our views here, not because we are prejudiced, but because from our own experience we have had reason to conclude that there was need of more and broader culture in our college-trained men. And when we are, as a nation, so lacking in cultured statesmen and judicious legislators, we seem to see a necessity for application in college as well as afterwards. Therefore we put forward these remarks not as condemnatory, but as suggestive, and to call attention to a subject of universal interest.

FR.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

AFTER UHLAND.

OH! have you seen the castle, —
The castle by the sea, —
And the golden clouds of sunset
That float above so free?

Fain would it woo with kisses
The clear, bright flood below;
Fain would it mount and nestle
'Mid twilight's rosy glow.

"Yes: I have seen the castle,
That castle by the sea,
When the harvest moon was gilding
The mists upon the lea."

Did the wind and rippling waters
Their soft, sweet vespers sing?
From the castle's banquet-chamber
Came harp and viol's ring?

"The evening breeze and the wavelets
Lay in a calm profound;
But a mournful dirge from the castle
I heard, — a tearful sound."

And saw'st thou not, on the bastion,
The noble king and queen, —
The purple folds of his mantle,
The golden crown's bright sheen?

And saw'st thou their beauteous daughter,
Beside the royal pair,
Radiant as the sunlight, —
Her wealth of golden hair?

"I saw the noble parents
(Alas! no crown was there),
In black, funereal garments:
I saw no maiden fair."

S. O. L.

BASE BALL.

EVER since the last week in March, when the Nine had their first practice game with the Boston professionals, the ball has been kept in motion on Jarvis Field, except on those few bitter days which have occasionally intervened.

The prospects for the coming season are, thus far, favorable. With all its positions well manned, and having so strong a club for a neighbor with whom to practise, our Nine without doubt will be able in the coming season to maintain the stand it has hitherto taken.

As there has been some talk in college circles concerning the formation of "two Nines," it may be well to explain the matter here.

At a recent meeting of the club, it was resolved that hereafter all persons who have ever been members of Harvard University, and who are not playing in other clubs, shall be eligible to positions on the Nine, if they be found competent.

This action was taken to sanction a practice which has been long prevalent, that of playing men after they were graduated, and, besides, to make the so-called University Nine really such.

Also there will be a strictly collegiate Nine, formed for the purpose of playing the Nines of other colleges, and of this only undergraduates can be members.

We do not propose to answer herein the objections which may be offered to this plan, but simply will suggest again to those who would make them that it is one which practically has been in operation for a number of seasons.

Finally, we are authorized to announce that, with moderate success during the term, another trip will probably be undertaken at its close, covering nearly the same ground as that passed over last summer. And if this tour shall prove as successful as the former one, we think that no more can be asked.

THE GAMES ON THURSDAY.

THE morning opened like a Providence River oyster, auspiciously, cool, clear, and calm; and quite a numerous gathering was assembled on Jarvis, to witness the first game of the season

between the Lowell and Harvard Clubs. The frost of the night before made the grounds quite muddy, but this condition of affairs improved as the play progressed. The Lowells showed their new Nine for the first time, and displayed a marked change for the better from the loose play that damaged the club's record last season.

Contrary to expectation, the game was very close, interesting, and on the whole a first-class exponent of either side's ability. As was the case a year ago, the Harvards underrated their opponents' force, suffered them to out-play them at the commencement, and when defeat not only threatened, but seemed inevitable, rallied as they have so often done, and by dint of determination, and by the aid of their adversaries' partial demoralization, snatched victory from the fire. The pitching of Bush aided not slightly to this result. The catching of White, good fielding of Eustis, a fine stop of Goodwin at second, and another by Barker at first, were the only noticeable features of our Nine's play; while Rogers, Henderson, and Miller carried off the honors for the Lowells, a double play of the last mentioned player being noteworthy. The following gives the score, by which it will be seen several members of the Nine were absent, their places being well filled, however, by the substitutes:—

Harvard.

	O.	R.	I B.	T.B.
Eustis, r.	2	3	2	4
Tyler, c.	4	2	2	2
Annan, s.	1	5	1	1
Wing, m.	3	0	2	2
White, b.	2	0	2	2
Goodwin, p.	4	0	2	2
Easterbrook, l.	5	0	0	0
Barker, a.	5	1	1	1
Bush, h.	1	3	3	4
	27	14	15	18

Lowell.

	O.	R.	I B.	T.B.
Lovett, p.	4	0	2	5
Rogers, a.	3	1	2	2
Bradbury, h.	4	1	0	0
Dillingham, r.	4	1	2	2
Reed, s.	3	2	2	2
Conant, c.	2	1	0	0
Henderson, m.	3	1	1	1
Alline, l.	4	0	1	1
Miller, b.	0	2	1	1
	27	9	11	14

Innings.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Harvard . . .	1	0	2	0	1	3	0	4	3—14
Lowell . . .	0	4	1	0	2	1	0	1	0—9

Umpires, Messrs. G. Wright and Mason.
Scorers, W. D. Sanborn, G. B. Appleton.

In the afternoon, the largest crowd which ever attended a match in Boston assembled at the Union Grounds, to witness a game between the new professional club, the Bostons, and a picked Nine from the Lowell, Trimountain, and Harvard Clubs.

Of course the picked Nine were defeated, but not "of course" as badly as the result shows. Never was the fact made equally manifest that working together constitutes a club's strongest point. The men played each for himself, and the effect was a brilliant series of abortive efforts at even medium play. Bush, in his proper place as catcher or pitcher, is unapproachable, but at short stop is by no means a success. White played moderately well. Eustis and Goodwin in the field proved the truth of the adage, "Make muffs while the sun shines (full in your face and eyes)", the latter redeeming one dropped ball, by a brilliant catch after a long run.

Boston.

	O.	R.	I B.	T.B.
G. Wright, s b.	4	4	2	5
Barnes, s. s.	2	5	4	5
Cone, l. f.	4	3	2	2
McVey, c.	2	6	5	5
H. Wright, c. f.	3	4	2	2
Gould, l b.	4	4	4	4
Schafer, 3d b.	4	4	1	2
Jackson, r. f.	1	7	3	5
Spalding, p.	3	4	3	4
	27	41	26	34

Picked Nine.

	O.	R.	I B.	T.B.
Eustis, l. f.	3	1	2	2
Barrows, 3 b.	1	2	1	1
Lovett, p.	3	1	1	1
Bush, s. s.	4	1	0	0
Birdsall, r. f.	4	2	1	1
Goodwin, c. f.	3	1	2	2
Bradbury, c.	3	1	1	2
White, 2 b.	2	0	1	1
Rogers, l b.	4	1	3	3
	27	10	12	13

Innings.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Boston	0	10	3	11	1	6	1	7	2—41
Picked Nine	0	0	0	1	1	6	1	1	0—10

Umpire, Mr. George Rogers, Lowell Club.
Scorer, Mr. George B. Appleton.

SITTING FOR A PICTURE.

"Animum picturâ pascit inani." — VIRGIL.

NOWHERE does a man show his vanity more than when he is sitting for his photograph. We have an album before us now. One man, to avoid seeming too amiable, is trying hard to assume the air of Diogenes; while the next, to avoid Diogenes, presents a painfully distorted countenance. One has turned his head round, as if disgusted with the body; and another thrusts out his foot, as though to advertise the blacking. Arms and hands are disposed of in every conceivable posture, to create the desired effect.

But, after all, perhaps the sitter is only the "victim of circumstances," as no tyrant is more despotic in his sphere than the photographer. He turns you round in all directions, and views you in every position, as he would a horse for sale, till finally he settles on an attitude in which you never were before, and probably will never find yourself again. Then for surroundings, if you share the common fate, your head will be stuck on a red curtain; or you will be standing on a colonnade, with murky clouds overhead, as if you were patiently awaiting a clap of thunder. It has lately been quite the fashion to have a new hat and cane on a table adjoining, which shows, we suppose, that the person has the use of his legs, — a fact which otherwise might be a subject of doubt. Besides one's own defects, he must endure those of the artist. The nose is likely to have any length or twist but the one given by nature; while it is quite notorious that both eyes are rarely made of the same size. The artist, ignorant of phrenology, is apt to give one most horrible bumps, or a most lamentable expression. It is useless to remonstrate or to ask for a change from the regular formulæ.

"Non omnia possumus," is the settled rule of the profession; and any objection will probably be answered, as was the German landlord, who, unwilling to have the customary red lion painted on his sign-board, desired a white lamb instead, "You may have a white lamb if you wish, but it will be a great deal more like a red lion."

Yet, with all, we pity the photographer, who would, but cannot, flatter, who is utterly unable to put on those blandishments which can give grace to ugliness. Those who sit for their picture are a whimsical set, who shift their position whenever they please, at the critical moment, and then expect miracles in the way of beauty. We have often thought it would be a delightful plan for an artist to advertise that he would photograph no ugly persons; and then, with little skill, to get the reputation of being an artist of beauty, and make beauties of everybody. We once had the privilege of witnessing some of the trials of photography. A bilious-looking old man entered the saloon with a proof in his hand, and, presenting it to the artist, asked if he thought it resembled him. The artist blandly replied he thought it did. "Look again," said he, trying to assume a detestable grin of amiability. "I can see nothing wrong," said the artist. "Well, then, if I must tell you, I don't think you have given my *sweet expression about the eyes*."

Allow me to close with a word of advice. Unless you are prepared, my friend, to have every one of your features scrutinized by somebody, to hear your lips decried, your eyes thought deceitful, and a general verdict of ugliness passed on you, — in short, to have your picture, like the ghost in "Macbeth," ready to appear before and terrify any comer, — think twice before being photographed.

QUIS.

THE ART OF TEACHING.

AFTER a pause of five minutes, during which the Instructor looks fixedly into vacancy to collect his thoughts, and then retires vainly into his vocabulary to find words.

Instr. — "Mr. X., you may give an analysis of the lesson of to-day." Mr. X. rises, staggers, and falls.

The division maintains a death-like silence, broken only by rolling marbles and audible smiles.

Instr. — After another pause, "Mr. Y., when you look at an object, do you see first its whole and then its parts, or *vice versa*?"

Mr. Y. — "Yes, sir: I think so."

Instr. — "Yes, I — I think that might be so. Well, can you conceive, — can you imagine, a figure that has no color, or are extension and color inseparable?"

Mr. Y. — "Yes, sir: I think I can. A figure is the development of a mathematical point, and such a point has only position."

Instr. — "Yes, I — I think that may be so. No one can imagine a figure without color." *A pupil.* "How about a person born blind, sir, — can he not deal with figures?"

Instr. — "You may go on, Mr. Y."

Mr. Y. — "I had finished, sir." (*Laughter.*)

A prolonged and bashful silence, during which the Instructor appears to be trying to sharpen his pencil with his eye and mouth alternately. Cries of "Question!"

Instr. — "Mr. Z., when you look at that table, what is the logical and chronological — that is — what elements do you discriminate — what — what do you see?"

Mr. Z. — "The table, sir."

Instr. — "That was not my question. What evidence does the perception of the table give you of consciousness?"

Mr. Z. gazes fixedly at the table with a troubled look, but does not venture to utter his opinion.

Instr. — "Mr. Z., you evidently try hard, and give me good attention; and I will give you another chance."

Mr. Z. darts a furtive glance into his book, holding the same open behind the fellow in front of him, and tries hard.

Instr. — "Can you define — what is the distinctive — I should say, how do you distinguish between the doctrines of Fichte and Spinoza, and how can you refute them on their own grounds?"

Instr. looks relieved. Mr. Z. gives a fluent, but very distorted abstract of the page which he has just seen, which, however, is somewhat irrelevant, being a discussion of the nature of dreams.

Instr. — "Yes, I — I think that may be so."

Mr. Z. sits, and appears to take voluminous notes.

A long silence succeeds, during which the Instructor has evidently grappled an idea, but one too big for utterance: he is at a loss for adequate words. Finally his face shows that he has unwillingly abandoned his first idea, but he gets another, and, being desperate, trusts to luck for his words. The final evolution from his inner consciousness is murky and mysterious. Here a gentleman in the back row scrapes with his feet.

Instr. — "Mr. B., you may leave the room." Mr. B. fiercely denies the charge, and the Instructor lapses into a state of speechless bewilderment.

Watches begin to snap, and other signs of impatience appear.

Instr. — "In order to understand the next lesson you will be obliged to turn back to the forty-second page, and in order to understand that you must have a previous knowledge of the matter between the one hundred and twentieth and one hundred and thirtieth pages, which will be your next lesson."

After the division has endeavored to copy some hieroglyphics from the board, which the Instructor calls a question for next lesson, it is dismissed. All arise with alacrity, and the Instructor looks relieved.

"Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt."

PHILOPETRUS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST.

MESSRS. EDITORS, — Inasmuch as various reports are going the rounds with regard to the abandonment of the rank-list, and a change in the number of "prayers" requiring attendance, and inasmuch as some unfortunate individuals may come to grief through mere ignorance of the facts of the case, it may be well to state a few of these facts through the columns of the *Advocate*.

"High authority" says that the rank-list will be published the coming year in an *unaltered* form, all surmises to the contrary notwithstanding.

A large number of beguiled and misled youth have been laboring under the delusion that they can "cut" five recitations a term, without receiving any deductions therefor. No such privilege as this has been granted us, and we who have already "cut" four recitations shall have to be wary of the fifth.

No change is to be made until next year in the number of "prayers" one may be absent from. Sixty a year will then be allowed those who remain in Cambridge over Sunday; fifty to those who are away during the Sabbath; and forty to such of the latter class as cannot return until Monday morning. There is one restriction as to the time when the above-named absences may occur. Only *ten* "cuts" are allowed *before* the Christmas recess; the rest being scattered over the following six months.

A. B. C.

There seems to be a feeling prevalent among the different classes in college, that, if our summer vacation is to be shortened, it would be much preferable to remain in Cambridge a week or two longer in July rather than be called back earlier in September. The reasons seem self-evident. The boating-men will not have to wait as long as usual for the Worcester Regatta. The places of summer resort are not filled until late in July, and the month of September furnishes by far the best sport of the year to the lover of the woods. If any change should be contemplated by the Corporation, we think this feeling will have great weight in influencing their decision.

A. B. C.

THE following are the names of the Juniors who were elected members of the *Φ. B. K.* Society at its last regular meeting. The first eight have this year, as usual, been chosen according to rank: —

KEITH.	KIDDER.
SHELDON.	YOUNG.
WINN.	LINCOLN.
A. W. GOULD.	FROST.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at Crosby & Damrell's, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED. — Vol. III. Nos. 8 and 10; Vol. IV. No. 6, Vol. VI. No. 1; Vol. VIII. Nos. 1, 2, 9, and 10. Students having spare copies of any of the above numbers will confer a favor by leaving them at Mr. Richardson's store.

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THE "DARWINIAN THEORY."

A BEING who calls himself DARWIN has had the vile
cheek to assert,
That Man is not really the product of three buckets of
water and dirt;
But is sprung from the tree-climbing monkey, of divers-
sified colors and shapes, —
From horrible, grinning gorillas, Brazilian and Bar-
bary apes.

In regard to this momentous question, I'm sure that I
don't care a "hang"
If Darwin believes that his father was a man-slaking
ourang-outang;
Nor can I conceive of its making the least bit of differ-
ence to me,
If he thought that the whole "Darwin family" could
anciently run up a tree.

But let us consider a moment what had been our hor-
rible fate,
If Heaven had wished to consign us to an apish and
monkeyfied state;
And, taking away all adornments from the "fair sex"
as well as the males,
Had given us as an appendage those terrible tree-twin-
ing tails.

Those tails I'm afraid we would use in the way they're
by nature intended,
And, "aping" the monkeys in "joking," alas! would
be surely suspended;
But, although suspended a short time, we still to the
College would cling,
For "dropping," they say, among monkeys is quite an
impossible thing.

As monkeys possess no religion, "morning prayers"
would become a mere *form*.
Alas! what a "cutting" reflection! it would raise such
a horrible storm,
That all the D.D.'s in creation would collect from the
furthestmost pole,
To prove that beside a man's body the monkey pos-
sesses a *soul*.

As monkeys, too, how we would chatter! but in this
place let me not lose
An occasion for tenderly "sitting" on that chatterer
Thomas P. Hughes.
If he should be changed to a monkey, may Heaven pre-
serve Harvard then!
For he chatters about many matters that don't concern
parliament men.

Such, DARWIN, are some of the reasons, put forward to
prove to you why
Your crazy "Darwinian Theory" is pretty much all in
your eye;
Why your grandfather wasn't a monkey, of diversified
color and shape, —
A horrible, grinning gorilla, a Brazilian or Barbary
ape.

R. G. 1871.

THE H. U. B. C.

HAVING received from the proper authorities several interesting letters, relative to the action of the Executive Committee of our University Boat Club, we take the opportunity to give them to the readers of the *Advocate*. The committee were charged, at a recent meeting of the Club, with the consideration of the challenge received from Yale, and the management of other important business. They have had several meetings since the time of the last publication of boating matters, and have acted upon the task set them in such a way as will exert an excellent influence upon the future racing between the colleges. First of all, it was necessary to take immediate action in regard to rowing with Yale, especially as the daily papers have lately circulated the statement that Harvard had accepted without objections Yale's challenge to row a straight-away race. However noble this would seem to the minds of some, thus to let our troubles rest, or however inconsistent with all ideas of self-respect, it would appear to the majority, thus to silently acknowledge the imputations contained in the college organs regarding the fairness of the last race, the dailies are yet a little ahead of the facts of the case in making this statement. We therefore offer the following correspondence to set them right, and to show the work of the Executive Committee since the last meeting of the Club. We regret to state that we cannot give the exact wording of the first portion of the letter to Yale, but we can vouch for the correctness of its sense. The letter to Yale is as follows: —

CAMBRIDGE, March 27, 1871.

To I. H. FORD, Pres. Y. U. B. C.

DEAR SIR, — At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Harvard Boat Club, held in order to consider the challenge of the Yale Boat Club, it was decided that the H. U. B. C. is willing to meet the Y. U. B. C. in any race, where both parties will have fair play. In order to obtain this desirable end, you are requested to send two delegates to a Convention, to be held at the Massasoit House, Springfield, Mass., on Saturday, April —, 1871, for the purpose of establishing a Union regatta of American colleges. A notification of your intention to attend the Convention would greatly favor the undersigned.

G. H. GOULD, *President*.

H. S. MUDGE, *Sec. H. U. B. C.*

At the same time, notices similar to the above, so far as it relates to the Convention, were sent to all the principal colleges supposed to take an active interest in boating matters. Answers have been received from Yale, Amherst, and one or two others, showing a disposition to support the Convention. We give the reply of Yale in full: —

NEW HAVEN, April 5, 1871.

GENTLEMEN, — The letter of the Harvard Boat Club of March 27th was brought before the Yale Boat Club yesterday. The Club expressed its willingness to contribute all in its power to the end of securing a fair race. It was thought, however, that the existing challenge should be disposed of outside of Convention, except it be a Convention of the two clubs concerned.

Yours very respectfully,

I. H. FORD, *Pres. Y. U. B. C.*

To the H. U. B. C.

Thus stand our racing matters with Yale, according to the facts presented to us by the officers. But there is springing up in other quarters, on the part of amateur boat clubs, a strong desire to contend with our Harvard crew; and the Executive Committee have lately had under consideration a letter from the Atlanta Boat Club of New York. Owing to college duties, &c., it would be, of course, impossible for our crew to engage in a race at any distance from Cambridge; and the Executive Committee have written to the Atlanta Boat Club to this effect. At the same time, however, they have extended to them the privileges of the boat house, and suggested the middle of June as the time for a race, if they should feel disposed to come on to Cambridge. We sincerely hope they will consider it worth the trouble, that we may see our crew matched against a well-trained club before the summer regatta.

AT EVENING.

In through the open curtains fell,
With mellowed splendor, rich and warm,
Aslant, the rays from out the West;
In hush of sympathy, the elms
In silence drooped their naked boughs;
All sounds were hushed, save where, afar,
The wagon rumbled, market-bound.

The fire burned fitful, rose and fell,
 And, pensive, sung its minor strains.
 The lingering sun lit up the room,
 The nurse, the vials of pharmacy.
 Upon the pillow, wan and white,
 His large eyes open, thin his lip,
 There lay — no knight, nor he of whom
 Have poets sung, nor famed in deed —
 An earnest, thoughtful, boyish face;
 His sight turned where, on desk and shelf,
 Neglected lay the well-worn books,
 Of foreign tongue, or ancient scrip.
 O God! how hard it is to die,
 Away from mother, home, and friends!

PALETTE.

-10 *Feb 22*

BOOK NOTICES.

GAS-CONSUMER'S GUIDE. Boston: Alexander Moore. 1871.

This book explains many of the grievances to which gas-consumers are subject, and gives a number of very useful hints, which, for the most part, affect shop-keepers and manufacturers. It does not solve the enigma why one person should be charged *eleven* dollars for gas, while another who burns *less* gas should be charged *twenty-three* dollars; nor can it account for the paradox that two persons burn, in six months, only thirty-eight cents' worth of the inflammable material.

However, there is considerable information to be had from the work; and two or three hours spent in its perusal will give to the reader a practical knowledge on matters that will, one day, surely concern him.

A TEXT-BOOK OF ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY, THEORETICAL AND INORGANIC. By GEORGE F. BARKER, M.D. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. 1870.

The immense progress made by the science of Chemistry during the past few years has necessitated a corresponding change in the method of instruction, and the substitution of new books for those formerly in use. The discovery of Isomorphism and the law of Chemical Equivalence has revolutionized the principles of the science; and the attempt to embody the resultant conception of the constitution of the molecule in the form of its symbol has necessitated the adoption of a new notation.

The present work is intended to present the most recent conceptions of the theoretical part of the science, together with the elementary principles of Inorganic Chemistry, in a form suitable for beginners, with a view, in the words of the author, "of making the study disciplinary as well as instructive." This is unques-

tionably "a consummation devoutly to be wished;" for a single decided success in this would overthrow one of the strongest arguments in favor of the old classical education as opposed to the modern utilitarian system; but it is curious to see how, in the attempt to attain this end, the style of the first half of the book has become strongly suggestive of that respectable bugbear of our school-days, the Latin Grammar.

Unquestionably, however, Chemistry is as well adapted to the development of the mind as many of the studies now pursued with that object in schools; and we should welcome this book, if on no other account, as an avowed step toward a desirable end, and all the more, that it promises to be a successful one. The style is good, the illustrations are numerous, and the mistakes not very frequent for a first edition, being chiefly confined to such statements as that 'Manganese is a soft metal,' whereas it is extremely hard and brittle, and a few errors of a similar character.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Published by Hurd & Houghton, Riverside Press, Cambridge. For sale by Sever, Francis, & Co.

All those who have been delighted by the gentle genius of Hans Christian Andersen — and their name is legion — will take a peculiar pleasure in reading his autobiography. It is written in the simple, unaffected style which characterizes his stories, and is, as Andersen himself says, the "Wonder Story" of them all.

The author cordially invites us into his workshop, and shows us the material to which he has imparted such beautiful forms. He introduces us to some of the characters in real life, who have subsequently appeared in his stories.

He says, at the outset, "My life is a lovely story, happy, and full of incident;" and in this initial sentence one may see that his happiness and uniform success are due to the nature of the man himself. In the course of the narrative, the reader becomes acquainted with many distinguished men and women, who are now either dead or rapidly passing away; but the main interest of the story centres in the author himself, a man who unites to rare ability a childlike simplicity and purity of character.

This child-nature, which he seems never to have outgrown, not only puts him *en rapport* with children themselves, but has evidently won for him an easier access than is usual to the good-will of all whom he has wished to please. His genial, winning disposition seems to have smoothed many of the difficulties which every young author must overcome.

The story is quite a long one, including as it does a continuation from April, 1855, to December, 1867, addressed especially to the author's American readers, to accompany an American edition of Andersen's works, published by Hurd & Houghton; but through-

out its entire length one's interest cannot flag, nor can he tire of reading the story of a life which deserved to be, and has been, eminently successful.

The book is well printed and bound.

EXCHANGES.

ONE hundredth, one hundred and first, — and still they come. The *College World*, from Princeton College, and the *Orient*, from Bowdoin, — both neat, attractive, and readable. College papers are getting numerous, by the way.

Old and New for April comes out against athletic exercises in college carried to excess, — a point to which it fears we have already come at Harvard. It concludes that there is no reason to fear that any great number of our American students will become "bookworms."

More than one-third of the class about to be graduated at Williams will enter the ministry.

"The Yale Seniors have commenced their annual game of marbles. Pitching pennies will come next." — *Vidette*.

The *Vidette* is mistaken; for the Yale Seniors have quit playing marbles, and gone to pitching quoits. Will the *Vidette* please to pay more attention to its sporting news?

The *Dartmouth* has a long article entitled, "Was Cicero a Humbug?" After carefully reading the article, we conclude that he wasn't.

The friends of education will be gratified to learn that the Yale *Lit.* comes out strong in favor of the formation of a travelling dramatic club, composed exclusively of Yale undergraduates. It will not perform in Boston till *after* the French Fair.

The Faculty of Amherst will not allow the undergraduates to have an exhibition for the benefit of the Navy. Evidently they haven't a faculty for boating at Amherst.

"Would it not be a good idea," says the Yale *Lit.*, "to row Harvard a yearly single-sculd race? Care would of course have to be taken in our challenge, in order to give 'fair Harvard' the impression that she would be sure to win," &c. Not at all. Some things are to be taken for granted, and not expressed, you know.

The President of Yale has advised the *second* division of the Senior Class to be vaccinated. Why this partiality?

The New York *Times* thinks Harvard is the only true university we shall have in this country for at least a quarter of a century, and that Yale cannot rise to that level until she purges herself of the Puritanism of Connecticut theology.

"Scylla and Charybdis" is good, — always good, — but can't Yale literary men think of another dangerous place? It's tiresome to see it so often.

A certain college boasts of a Junior who has sent for a "pony" on the Greek Testament.

An Amherst Freshman, whose home is in the rural districts, puts on his overalls when he goes to recitation.

The Sophomores of Williams College put three hours on their translations, — two to do the translating, and one to enjoy the sentiment.

John Blue, a well-known oarsman, has received an application from the Boat Club of Brown University, Providence, R.I., to train the crew for the college.

An Illinois grave-digger, who buried a man named Button, sent a bill to his widow as follows: "To making one Button-hole, \$2.00."

A Freshman astonished a librarian the other day by calling for the works of *Ibid*, to which, in the course of his readings, he had found numerous references in footnotes.

Sappho is said to have been the first woman's-rights lecturer. Her price was one thousand drachms per night. With that many drams in one evening, her Greek must have been a little mixed.

Yale '71 is willing to leave the question of its imbecility to its history in the past and future.

According to the *Dartmouth*, a failure in recitation is called a "slump" at Harvard, a "smash" at Wesleyan, and a "stump" at Princeton. A perfect recitation receives the title of "rake" at Williams, "sail" at Bowdoin, "squirt" at Harvard, and "tear" at Princeton.

The small-pox, which was reported to have entered Yale, was only a case of first-class measles.

According to the *Cornell Era*, the students of Chinese will have a "soft thing" in examination. The characters represent so many different things, that a rendering diametrically opposite will be taken as merely a liberal translation.

The *Lit.*, to use the Yale dialect, "goes off on its ear" with boating matters, as follows: —

"The Harvard *Advocate* has a two-column explosion on 'Boating Matters.' The principal matter with boating seemed to be that 'the course pursued by Yale last summer had not been forgotten.' This stretch of memory on the part of Harvard undergraduates is highly commendable, and indicative of a truly Christian spirit under the rasping of 'Worcester Once More.' The letter given in the MEMORABILIA is also a specimen of the fairness and elegant manners which prevail among these injured innocents. The whole trouble lies in the fact that Harvard is unwilling to acknowledge

that *possibly* there may be two sides to this question. We have neither space nor inclination to rehearse what we believe to be the facts: the sentiment of Yale has been fully and freely expressed in this and other periodicals. But we are certain that there is a real desire on the part of Yale men to have a race; that they are willing to meet Harvard half way in any fair and reasonable plan; and that they will let bygones be bygones, unless Harvard shows a disposition to put on too many of those asinine airs for which she is noted."

"It is with great pleasure that we record that the Trustees of Dartmouth College have voted to print the next Triennial Catalogue in the English, and not, as heretofore, in the Latin language, or rather in that bastard kind of Latin which becomes necessary in turning modern names into the Roman tongue. Soon, perhaps, at Commencements, we shall have the Salutatory Addresses delivered in a language which the audience can understand, and not in one incomprehensible even to Masters of Arts of three years' standing. Follies like these, puerile and pedantic, have nothing to do with the question of the expediency of classical studies; and they rather than else tend to bring them into contempt."—*N. Y. Tribune, March 15.*

The way in which a number of our exchanges appropriate to their columns *Advocate* articles, both in prose and verse, without giving us credit for the same, is peculiar.

The *Cambridge Chronicle* and the *Cambridge Press* are not on the best of terms with each other. Baseness, meanness, cowardice, depravity, falsehood, poverty, and ignorance, constitute the ammunition in their editorial conflicts.

The *College Mercury* has among its recent local items the following, which sounds rather peculiar: "The Billiard-and-Smoking Room has undergone some necessary repairs, and presents a much-improved appearance." How high ish dat?

The *Courant* editor, who wrote his editorials with chalk on the soles of his shoes, and went barefoot while the printers set up the copy, has purchased a ream of second-hand envelopes, and engaged a girl to turn them inside-out.

"The Art of Punctuation" is one of the studies at Amherst. '73 has got far enough to find that they want to stop, and has petitioned the Faculty for a period.

The *Williams Review*, under the head of *Owl's Nest*, appropriates one of our best things. Where's the "exchange"? We find nothing in the *Review* worth taking. Probably the editorial conscience is satisfied by the maxim that "exchange is no robbery."

It was an invariable custom with the late Dr. Taylor, as all Andover students know, to inspire his pupils

with a fear of man as well as of God, every Saturday morning at prayers. Professor Carter, in some pleasing reminiscences of "Uncle Sam," in the *Williams Review*, tells the following story, that illustrates the point:—

"Among 'the following individuals requested to remain after prayers,' was one Gibson, who was in the habit of going out of town without permission. Obedient to the summons, he went to 'No. 9,' to meet the direful wrath of Uncle Sam. 'Gibson,' said Uncle, 'you were not in your room last night when I called to see you.' 'Please, sir,' said Gibson, 'did you call during study-hours?' 'Yes, sir,' growled Uncle. 'Well, Doctor, I never let any one come into my room in study-hours, as it disturbs my studying.' Uncle bowed, and Gibson departed."

A Junior at Amherst has given up the use of tobacco, with the exceptions of chewing and smoking; which, interpreted, means he will no longer "minister to the wants of others."

A certain lecturer quoted the Miltonic couplet, —

"But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,"

and had the pleasure of reading, next morning, the following stenographic transformation: —

"But came that goddess, fair and free,
In heaven she crept, and froze her knee."

ATOMS.

To those who are looking with anxiety for future material for the *Nine* when '71 graduates, it may be soothing to learn that in the present Freshman Class there is so much raw material, that it proposed to send out four Nines next summer to play simultaneously with Yale, Brown, Amherst, and Cornell.

WE would call the attention of students to the fact that Professor LAULER is prepared to give instruction in French at Cambridge to classes or single individuals. We should advise all those who desire an instructor who can *really teach* French to see Professor Lauler at once. Address 12 Akron Street, Boston Highlands.

Inquiring Freshman to Soph. Friend. — I say, Jack, why do they call the Latin you're reading Horace's *Satires*?

Soph. (patronizingly). — Why, Horace "sat on" unpopular men, just as we do now; only he sat higher (Satire) up!

(Funeral expenses, under head of "general repairs.")

FACT.

SCENE: Dining-room of a South-end boarding-house. TIME: Morning after the Turners' Ball.

Young Lady (boarder). — Well, —, did you have a nice time at the ball?

— (servant, pulchritudinally blessed). — Splendid! I didn't dance before they unmasked. *Danced with some of the Harvard students.*

THE habit of shouting and whistling out of windows at women who go through the college yard is very ill-mannered; and a little reflection will show to those who indulge in this habit that such conduct is not at all in conformity with the character of gentlemen.

A FATHER'S IDEA OF COLLEGE.

SCENE: Hall; student departing for Cambridge.
TIME: Sunday evening.

Student. — Well, I shall be home Friday instead of Saturday.

Father (anxiously). — How is that, my son?

Student. — Why, I have nothing Saturday now except prayers; and I shall cut them.

Father. — Well, you know best; but I advise you to ask permission of the President first.

WASHINGTON INEBRIATE REFORM ASSOCIATION. — Candidates for the above institution will be admitted on showing satisfactory evidence of habitual intoxication. Those who fail to pass may be admitted on passing a special examination in the liquors on which they failed in the first attempt.

Atom (who is fond of cards). — Do you ever play besique?

Young Lady. — No: I never play sacred music.

QUÆRE: Are John Reed and his son two types of the modern chevaliers (shovellers)?

1st Grind. — Oh dear me! there it is six o'clock already (*sighs deeply*).

2d Grind. — Oh dear, dear! (*sighs deeply*.) I suppose we must leave this sublime Greek and go to supper.

A MAN down East the other day joined the church, because he thought it would exempt him from military duty. Fact.

COURSE OF THE FIRST TERM.

SCENE: Restaurant. TIME: Between twelve and one.

Individual (looking at a very small chop which has been just placed before him). — Here, waiter!

Waiter (in a hurry). — *Wait a bit, sir.*

Individual. — *Waiter bit*, did he? Then he can finish it. *Exit.*

IF there is any call for boating men this summer, they can be found in the bot-ani-cal division!

SHOULD a student pass the evening with young men or young women, — in other words, should he go on a bat or go to a ball?

WHY will not the Glee Club sing in the Yard during the coming summer evenings, at least once a fortnight? They know not how much pleasure they can confer by so doing.

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CAMBRIDGE.

JOHN H. HUBBARD.—THE APOTHECARY.
HIS COLUMN.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for an individual to cut loose from the soda-machine that has served his turn (at the crank) for seven perspiring summers, and to bid a final farewell to that "fizz!—klink!—sh-h!" &c., which has made his soda-nym famous, and caused, as it were, an effervescence of scrip from the pockets of the public

All manner of fine Cigars.—Figaros, Designios, Cabanas, Paragas, Cabargas, Manillas, &c.

to his own,—under these circumstances, I remark, it becomes him to keep his ear wide open, and allow no interested soda machine maker to blow carbonic acid or other gas over him. Boston is the home of numerous of these parties. In fact, they rather run the thing into the ground there; but, then, "the cold, cold ground" would seem to be an appropriate place to run

Honradex, Astrea, and Prince of Wales Cigarettes.

it into. It is the openly expressed belief of each of these ingenious manufacturers that the merits of his apparatus are far beyond those of any other man's machine. This belief he is not by any means slow to communicate. I took a day off, and blandly remarked to each of these men: "Sir, I am by birth, education, and profession a vender of Effervescent Beverage,

A fine new lot of Meerschaum Pipes, Gambier Clays, Weixel Stems, and Amber Mouth-pieces.

Cigars, Pipes, Tobacco, and other kindred merchandise, too numerous to particularize here. I am open to conviction: do your worst. If your machines have any merits which men are bound to respect, do not hesitate to mention them." And they did not hesitate. In fact I am especially convinced that they did not omit one jot of what was commendable in their own apparatus or of what was undesirable in another man's.

Tobaccos.—Ryan's Green Seal, Cut Natural Leaf, St. James, Cavendish, Lone Jack, Durham, and others too numerous to mention. Gallito, Turkish, and Latakia for Cigarettes.

From the powers of persuasion of these men, and the magnificence of their prices, I am of the opinion that they are rapidly becoming opulent. But I braved them all, and I said to JOHN MATTHEWS of New York: "What can you say for your Fountain?" And when he had spoken, the scales of doubt fell from my eyes, and I said: "This is the machine for my money. Come now, let us dicker together." And we dickered. Will

All manner of Brushes, Combs, Soaps, Perfumes, Knives, and Shaving Apparatus.

not these Boston friends tear their hair (and eyes), and curse the name of HUBBARD, when they reflect on their wasted eloquence and his going back on them? Can I say more except that IT will be here this week, if all is well; that it is a novelty, a beauty, and draws pure, cold Soda; and that each and every one of you is invited to call and see it, buy a dozen tickets for a dollar, and drink your fill.

HARVARD SQUARE, April 10, 1871.

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May 15

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MAY 12, 1871.

No. VII.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

I KNEW by his looks what he'd come for : I plainly had
seen from the first
It must come to this sooner or later, and I'd made up
my mind for the worst.
So I hid myself under the curtains, where the loving
pair couldn't see me,
In order to watch their proceedings, and hear what he
said unto *she*.

I saw he was fearfully nervous, that in fact he was suf-
fering pain,
By the way that he fussed with his collar and poked
all the chairs with his cane ;
That he blushed ; that he wouldn't look at her, but
kept his eyes fixed on the floor,
And took the unusual precaution of taking his seat
near the door.

He began, "It is — er — er — fine weather — remark-
able weather for May."
"Do you think so?" said she, "it is raining." — "Oh,
so it is raining to-day.
I meant 'twill be pleasant to-morrow," he stammered :
"er — er — do you skate?"
"Oh, yes!" she replied, "at the season ; but isn't May
rather too late?"

The silence that followed was awful : he continued, "I
see a sweet dove"
('Twas only an innocent sparrow, but blind are the
eyes of true love), —
"A dove of most beautiful plumage on the top of that
wide-spreading tree,
Which reminds me," — she sighed, — "O sweet maiden!
which reminds me, dear angel, of thee."

Her countenance changed in a moment, there followed
a terrible pause :
I felt that the crisis was coming, and hastily dropped
on all fours,
In order to see the thing better. His face grew as
white as a sheet,
He gave one spasmodical effort, and lifelessly dropped
at her feet.

She said — what she said I won't tell you. She
raised the poor wretch from the ground.
I drew back my head for an instant. Good heavens !
Oh, what was that sound?
I eagerly peered through the darkness, — for twilight
had made the room dim, —
And plainly perceived it was kissing — and kissing not
all done by him.

I burst into loud fits of laughter : I know it was terri-
bly mean,
Still I couldn't resist the temptation to appear for
a while on the scene ;
But she viewed me with perfect composure, as she
kissed him again with a smile,
And remarked, 'twixt that kiss and the next one, that
"she'd known I was there all the while."

G.

42 and 73

ON A POPULAR FALLACY.

. . . . "And gazing in the fire
He sees a lurid picture of his life."

THERE is a certain class of writers who deal
professedly with the sentimental. This is dan-
gerous ground, and all indulgence should be
accorded to those who attempt to walk thereon.

We will suppose it evening. A person of
gentlemanly appearance is taking his ease be-
fore his glowing fire. The smoke of his cigar
curls around his head in a manner most approved
by writers, but most disagreeable to smokers.
A table with glasses, at his elbow. Surrounded
by all manner of creature comforts, but with a
look of high-bred melancholy upon his face,
betokening retrospection. This is the familiar
picture, and with all its faults, we must own it
an effective one. It does touch the "minor
chords" sometimes, if that is the proper expres-
sion in this case ; but with such a picture the occa-
sion is every thing. In the evening it finds us in

a congenial mood, and it awakens our sympathy, — but try it before breakfast!

Our friend before the fire is enjoying the luxury of melancholy, he is reviewing the scenes of his past life. He sees pictures of by-gones in the coals.

Now here is a fallacy at the outset. I hold it impossible for the liveliest imagination to see any thing in the coals, simply because no man's eyes are capable of gazing into bright coals of fire. It must have been a heated imagination which first invented the idea. Materialism? True, nevertheless! But assuming that this absurdity is permitted by poetic license, here is another. Our friend sees such incongruous things in these coals. He sees himself a child, entirely happy (he thinks now), he sees a tender mother, loving sisters. He recalls the long, idle summer days, the queer notions of people and things, all this in glowing, blistering coals, while his eyes are blinking with the glare. Think of it!

He recalls his wooing. A wanton April day. The air humid, as with the moisture of lips, —

“Such a day as when Love floats
Through the soft air, unseen.”

A willing and lovely maiden. The timid question, the unspoken answer. All this pictured in red-hot coals, and framed in tobacco smoke! Oh, horrible!

True, he must see many other things which coals, cinders, and ashes may more fitly portray, and which the fumes of tobacco may with more seemliness befoul with their snake-like coils; but let us not believe that all his past life is worthy of such a portraiture.

Let followers of Ik Marvel paint as many such pictures as they will, but let the pure sentiments, the chastened memories of joy and sorrow, come to our friend before his fire in spite of the glaring coals and the choking smoke, and not by means of them.

IN spite of the rain last Saturday, the Tufts College Nine were promptly on Jarvis Field. The other four members of the College staid in Somerville to get out their Latin for Monday.

THE NEW NOVELIST.

THE coming of a new novelist into the world of letters is an event of real importance in these novel-reading days, and especially in a community like ours, which consumes a good deal of this sort of pabulum. I call Macdonald a new novelist, because he is the latest of the tribe, and is comparatively unread as yet among us. He has, however, been before the public long enough to have produced in quite rapid succession some half dozen books, which I think really should win for him the first place among living novelists.

Most of us would be at first repelled from these stories, because they are essentially religious books. And we have good grounds for our mistrust in the generally wretched character of books so called. We have all of us at one time or another been the victims of some outrageous swindle in the shape of a book which we expected to find a good story, and which turns out to be only a gilded pill, filled inside with horrible doses of high morality. These frauds upon the innocent are the work of tenth-rate men and women, who have not art enough to put their medicines into vessels which are strong enough to stand usage by a strong man. So we throw their books away to the crows, and take our morals and stories both straight.

George Macdonald's books are by no means of this sort. They have their moral burden, it is true; but there is nothing sickly about it. The religion is that of strong, healthy men, who have lived on the chops and steaks of hard experience, instead of the milk and water of creeds and preaching. The great hero of them all, Robert Falconer, could rarely endure the inside of a church. The air there wouldn't do for sound lungs. The religious talk of the books is just what any one of us, who sets himself to thinking squarely on the subjects, must certainly pass through. We may differ from Mr. Macdonald's results, but the questionings and struggles are such as we have all known, or ought to have known if we have not.

But besides the moral lesson, which we would despise if it came to us badly dressed, we have for its garment a story of real excellence, and

over both a most becoming cloak in the shape of a charming English style. The stories would be worth reading on any of the three accounts. With them united we have a book of very great value.

I have been especially struck with the excellence of these new novels, by comparing them with the vile stuff which is now dribbling through one of our most respectable periodicals under the name of a novel, and which depends for its sole effect upon a chain of exciting incidents, bound together by a plan of which one cannot speak in decent company. It is easy to see, in comparing the two writers, the effects of a pure and of a perverted imagination. Macdonald's writing is imaginative in the extreme, but it is with an imagination which prefers to dwell on what is pure and decent, rather than to seek out the most revolting details, facts though they be, to feed his readers with unhealthy excitement. Yet his books are by no means without excitement: he is a man of power, and power is apt to excite us; but the excitement of the reader, like the imagination of the writer, is pure and wholesome, such as we may indulge with safety.

What gives these books a peculiar value to us is the fact that the foremost figures are generally young men like ourselves, and we can sympathize with them very heartily. If we would have a story of religion without twaddle, excitement without fever, and sentiment without weakness, these are the books for us. E.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!"

How they carry us hither and thither! How they pilfer from us our ideas, and return them to us distorted! They are the wicked fairies who make changelings of our thoughts at their birth. How we juggle with them, making specious falsehoods which deceive both ourselves and others! After all, and worse than all, how dependent we are upon them!

When that company of fallen angels sat apart, and "reasoned high" —

"Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost,"

can we not imagine their discourse?

"Come," says one, "here is Truth, whom we seek, lying in this deep well. Let us tie together long polysyllables, and thus we may reach her, and bring her out. Prepare your vocabularies, and spare not your sesquipedalian words. Last night I dreamed that I could fly. My wings were curiously wrought. The bones of them were hollow, like the bones of birds. The feathers were all sonorous words, and they were tufted besides with syllables and letters."

So they all began to talk, and worked themselves into a frenzy. They became like priestesses whom some god has inspired.

They were incoherent, and mumbled a strange jargon; invented strange new words, and were, in short, like men trying to fly.

One said, "The union of pure being and nothing constitutes becoming." Another said, "Let us rethink the thought of creation; let us make God; let us be God ourselves." A third, "Thought is the Creator. Our thought creates; then let us think what we please, and reason upon the product of such thought." Many of them talked as if a blind-mole had been burrowing in the dictionary, and had given them the words as he found them. The rest looked wistful, but their brows remained clouded.

But all their words brought them no nearer Truth. The longer they reasoned, the deeper grew the well; so they were tired, and said at last, "It is not Truth who lies in this well, it is Falsehood, else she would not evade us. Truth is above us, as far up as Heaven, but we shall reach her yet. Let us not use one language, but make many more; surely then our words shall find Truth."

So they made other languages, and they built a tower which should reach Heaven and Truth, and they called the tower "Babel." Some tried to begin at the top and build downwards, leaving the foundation until the last. Some bridged over difficult places with long words, which seemed stable, but were treacherous. Some only pulled down what others had built. There

were very few points of interrogation in the structure, but many of exclamation, and these were driven fast into the words, with little hammers called "dogmas."

But at last all were discouraged; for, with all their building, the tower rose no higher, and they had almost ceased to understand each other's speech. So they were silent, and their silence seemed to mean that Truth could not be found with words. And this, if they had but known it, *was* Truth. But they said, "Let us wait. Truth will endure, if there is any Truth, and there will always be words." "We will transmute," said one, "and in the far future my name shall be Schelling." "And mine," said another, "shall be Hegel." "And mine, Fichte." "And mine, Spinoza." "And mine, Herbart." Have they succeeded better since their transmigration?

F. S.

A CLOUD.

Out of the depths of the sunset
Rises a wild-tossed cloud,
Trailing with heavy fringes,
Drooping its folds like a shroud.

Leaving the world's long shadows,
Slowly it struggles higher;
Now in the sunlight of heaven,
Flushed with ethereal fire.

Fiercer the flame-wreaths enwrap it,
Deeper the red light glows;
Still, as with passionate longing,
Rising, it burns as it goes.

Lightly the breath of the night-wind
Scatters its ashes gray.
Coldly the glimmering starlight
Brightens, as dies the day.

NOTE-BOOKS.

Most students know what note-books are: few use them, many abuse them. Probably not one student in twenty-five ever used such a thing before he came to college. Yet see with what satisfaction the Freshman, at the beginning of

the term, counts up the number of note-books which he will require just to begin with. He finds that he must have one each for Geometry, Latin, Greek, French, Ethics, and Elocution, beside an extra nice one for general remarks at chapel and elsewhere. So he gets a dozen common and three superfine ones. But if he is diligent he will find his store exhausted before the term is half done. Determining next time to get enough to last him, he sends home for money, telling his parents that note-books and such little things count up, and that the last five dollars which was sent to him went very fast. The father responds with an X; and the delighted Freshman immediately spends it for "sundries," including two dozen note-books. These last our friend through the term. In the second term we find him at it again, but we grieve to notice that in some parts he scribbles words which have nothing to do with his lesson. We see, too, that there are semblances of words written on the margins of his text-books. As the Freshman ripens into the Sophomore, his notes become more voluminous, but less pointed. When the *Annals* come on, the diligent note-taker looks forward with exultation to the harvest which he is about to reap for his year's labor. Now he realizes that what he has already worked upon so hard is about to cost him an infinite amount more of labor before he is done with it. In his later *Annals* he has to neglect his notes entirely, but is occasionally cheered by the sight of a marginal note. In Sophomore year one note-book does duty for all his studies. To impress upon his mind the words of the tutor, the student tries to put down in his note-book the very expression of his face while explaining some favorite hobby. Such amusement seems harmless, while it affords entertainment to the author and his neighbors during an hour which might otherwise be dull. Before the end of his second year, our friend becomes remiss in his work, and does not even keep up a show of taking notes. The Freshman with fifty note-books becomes the Sophomore with one. As soon as he becomes a Junior, he determines to turn over a new leaf, and try to take a moderate proportion of notes and cribs. He finds that the

rule of the golden mean applies to note-books as well as other things. The Junior's notes are concise and pointed. He uses many devices for the sake of brevity. Thus if an instructor says that a certain passage in the text-book states what is not historically true, an adept will bracket the passage, and write on the margin "lie." But I have not space to give a vocabulary now. In this art each one must rely on his own ingenuity. Toward the end of Junior year the student of whom we speak begins to see that his habit of marking his books is financially a great mistake. He finds the lower classmen will buy his books only at a very reduced price.

After much consideration the Senior concludes that notes are useless. He finds that the remarks of the instructor are more easily and perfectly understood by word of mouth than by reading over notes which are necessarily crude and imperfect. I believe that too much note-taking prevents the student from getting more than half the information that he ought from his recitations.

W. Y. T.

RETROSPECT.

I AM a Senior now. When I look back upon the time spent here it seems very short; but if I attempt to fill in the intervening space with its events, I must confess that much has happened and many changes taken place. Before me lays a picture, — a smooth, boyish face: it was pronounced good of me four years ago. To day my mirror reflects the bearded features of a man. But if my external change is marked, how much more so my internal one, — ideas revolutionized, anticipations unrealized.

I came to college aspiring after academic honors, and determined to take a very high stand in my class. For this purpose I secured a room in a quiet quarter of the town, bought a student's lamp, a patent desk and book-holder, became an enthusiastic disciple of Todd, and kept an "Index Rerum." But this state of affairs was not destined to last long. My ardor gradually cooled, and with it my effort relaxed. I became an incipient devotee of pleasure; and from the

timid, Sophomore-dreading, first-term Freshman, I assumed the rakish, knowing look and swagger which I considered my proximity to the next year warranted me in putting on.

My Sophomore year was passed in a continual round of pleasure, — at first with a great deal of demonstration; but experience soon taught me that the *blasé roué* was the proper thing to affect, and so great was my assiduity in cultivating it that I at length gained almost complete mastery over the expression of my emotions. I also decried in severe terms the rank-list and clamored against the college government; was a frequent visitor at the Dean's office to receive censures; and finally, with an exceedingly narrow margin, passed the Annuals and the Rubicon of half my course. When I entered upon my Junior year, I had become tired of my former aimless life; at the same time such deep-rooted antipathies to the rank-list had fastened themselves in my mind as to deter me from working in that direction. I therefore determined to become literary, to write some and to read a great deal. This I did quite faithfully; and there are few sources in literature from which I did not taste, if not drink deep. But my work had been of an entirely desultory character, and not of a nature to strengthen and discipline my mind.

As a Senior I first saw the mistakes I had made. In the first of my Freshman year I had devoted myself so closely to study, to the exclusion of physical and mental relaxation, that I soon wearied of it, and paved the way to the violent reaction of my Sophomore year. My Junior year was alike faulty, being given up entirely to mental relaxation. I had then lacked system to combine together mental application with the relaxation of mind and body, each of which acting alone and independently had produced such disastrous results, but together would serve as a check the one to the other. Three years gone with any thing but satisfactory results! The fourth I determined should fare differently, and it has. My work and leisure has been so methodized that I find time for every thing, and am obliged to neglect nothing. And now as the time for my departure from these scenes draws near, as I approach that goal

towards which I have been so long pressing, I feel that if I have made many mistakes I have likewise learned many useful lessons.

THE SISTERS.

THE late lamented John Van Buren used to say that "a new terror had been added to death by the feeling that our acts and sayings might become the common property of some literary scavenger." Influenced by this dread, many excellent things written, said, or sung, have no doubt been suppressed by their authors, and thus lost for ever. My Uncle Nicholas himself was always tortured by this apprehension, and therefore never suffered any thing he wrote to appear in print. Still he was an intolerate scribbler! At times, when he was in the humor, he would use up more paper at a single sitting than would serve a theatre for a snow storm. He boasted that he gave only his *horæ subscrivæ* to literature. How he managed to accomplish all he did, amid the thousand and one distracting claims upon his time, was a mystery to every one who knew him! My aunt, his wife, used to say she thought he was always most busy when enjoying leisure time! An antithesis quite as plausible as that of the old Greek worthy, who declared he "was never less alone than when alone."

About a year or two before his death, my uncle, reminded by many physical infirmities that his days were numbered, began with cheerfulness to prepare for the great and solemn change. Like a happy and contented wayfarer who had travelled with his burdens all day, and even enjoyed the dusty road as he went, he now began to look forward with a pleasing hope to the end of his journey, when at sunset he could cast aside all his encumbrances and compose his weary limbs to rest. As one preparation, therefore, for his euthanasia, he ordered Cæsar, his faithful old body servant, to commit all his manuscripts and other papers he could find to the flames. An order, true enough, I found being carried out one day. When I asked Cæsar what he was about, he very promptly answered, with a grin of satisfaction, "I'm gittin' shut ub all ub massa's litter rubbishment fur him."

I snatched a package when Cæsar's back was turned from the devoted holocaust, felicitating myself with the thought that, even if all the rest had to be destroyed, what I had succeeded in rescuing, like the remnant of the Sibylline books, would be all the more appreciated.

Since therefore my uncle has passed away, without the superadded pang to death above alluded to, and with the comforting assurance, indeed, that all he wrote had "ended in smoke!" I think I may now put off these few originals I have saved as my own composition, since "a penny saved is a penny made."

So having none of that feeling which haunted my uncle, I don't hesitate to commit this *jeu d'esprit* to the mercy of that most voracious of all literary scavengers, — the printer's devil! Let me warn all who read to profit by the lesson it conveys, and remember the moral, —

"Between two stools we come to the ground."

CANTO FIRST.

Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand;
In thought and feeling firm allied,
Friends, in life or death, they stand.
One had black eyes, one had blue,
One was tall, and both were fair;
They were charming to the view,
With forms of grace and nut-brown hair.
One was playful; one was meek:
The first a maid as blithe as young;
Her sister blushed did she but speak,
Albeit her words were sweet as song.
Both had wisdom, one loved truth!
And one oft stooped her ear to praise.
Helen, contented, gleaned like Ruth
The flattery Juliette's arts would raise.
Both formed to love, as I to woo,
Each her separate charms possessed.
A week with them, what could I do?
Was't strange, *for both* love filled my breast?

CANTO SECOND.

No sooner seen than loved, — I vowed,
Like Major Dowler, I would win.
The plan devised, as time allowed,
At once the invasion did begin.
A glance at one, a whispered word;
To one a flower and half-drawn sigh;
For both a reverie, and was stirred
In either breast a passion high!

A flame that on Love's altar burned,
With steady and increasing ray,
That like revolving beacon turned,
Yet guided not a dubious way.

*One tête-à-tête, two morning calls;
Three games of euchre, played at noon;
Four homilies on fates and balls;
Five walks beneath "the new-born moon;"
Six full-blown compliments to looks;
Seven bows and smiles whene'er we met;
Eight loans of music, pamphlets, books;
Nine gifts on which their hearts were set;
Ten vows my love wounds ne'er would heal;
Eleven upbraidings ere good-by;
Twelve wishes for their future weal;
Thirteen resolves to "go and die!" —
Made up the numerical aggregation
Of this most exquisite flirtation!*

CANTO THIRD.

Sweet hours of intercourse were ours I ween,
Gayly then the moments passed.
Would that those hours prolonged had been!
But bliss e'en real doth never last!
Of joys and pleasures we partook:
How oft we stood upon the deck,
To look along the lake's blue deep,
And watch of land the first faint speck!
Sudden athwart the bows would break
In foaming wreaths the rustling spray,
Wetting the maids with feathery shake,
As dews wet flowers at break of day;
And then, all loving, hand in hand,
They'd bend to see, with shaded brow,
Their dancing naiad shadows stand
Inverted, in the wave below,
And laugh and sing, and merry shout.
Alas! for me, no more again
Those jovial peals will echo out,
Like wood notes from the leafy glen.

How brief my story! Hear it, Heaven!
Record it, ye who know my troth!
These two, to secret conference given,
Discoursed, and found — I favored *both*!
Each misconceiving motives good,
Jealous, suspecting, cold they grew.

We met, to part, in icy mood,
And parting took a last adieu! CANDIDUS.

THE WAIL OF THE LAW-PILL.

BY A LAW-PILL OF THE BETTER SORT.

UNDERGRADUATE, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the precincts of the college yard but with my life. Under these trees

where I have bent my youthful brow I will still pursue my studies. The place is mine! I understand not this new-fangled way of moving brick houses. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, and tempted the Corporation with gold, and asked if he might build a Hall. There was not room for us both, and my wigwam was rolled away. Soon I shall be driven out entirely. The undergraduate's dog barks at the Law-Pill's heels.

Soon must I climb the western hills, and read my doom in the setting suns; and then whither shall I fly? Whither shall the Law-Pill betake himself to hear of Torts and Contracts when he has returned from town, weary and weak from the war path, and too jaded to do aught but study? Shall he build his house anew in Boston? Lo, there a crowd of civic pleasures wait to allure him from his books. His attention will be absorbed by Young Men's Christian Associations, and his mind relax from arduous toil.

Shall he move across the street? The denizen of College House is his foe, men who use the nights for "grinding" and the days for "squirt-ing," men whose oaths are insipid in their mildness, whose only dissipation is going to their meals, and whose sins extend not beyond penny-ante. Shall he go to Mount Auburn Street? Lo, there the seductive operatrix of the University Press! I appeal to any undergraduate to say, if ever he entered the Law-Pill's cabin, and he gave him not drink. Were not all the scanty comforts of the Law-Pill at the stranger's disposal?

Thou hast taught me the arts of destruction. For that alone I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps. The Law-Pill is thy foe. He will entice you to his room, and fleece you at cards he will exhaust your purse, and then furnish you with clothes such as a Law-Pill wears, and henceforth men will disown you. He will give you the Law-Pill's drink, and the Law-Pill's cigar, and you will writhe in horrible convulsions. When you are walking with your friends, he will meet you and bow to you, and you will be ostracized for ever.

Undergraduate, there is eternal war between me and thee! FERGUSON.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at Crosby & Damrell's, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

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A LETTER.

WITH COMMENTS BY A READER.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — Yours received:

You say you want a nice, long letter,
And intimate the last was dull

By hoping this one will be better.

(The last one was four entire pages from the *Young Gentleman's Ready Letter-Writer*.)

I'll try, but then it's very hard
To find much leisure time for writing;
And then my life's a dull routine,
With very few events exciting.

(Extract from *Cambridge Weekly Ch* —: "A Harvard student was up before Judge — on Monday, for stealing the Bulletin-Board from the Post-office; but was dismissed on paying costs of prosecution.")

I have to study awful hard,
My eyes are all worn out by grinding;
And I've cut theatres, the light
They use at them is almost blinding.

(Extract from *Boston Daily P* —: "A Harvard student was put out of the G — Theatre, last night, for loud laughter and boisterous actions during the performance. His name was not learned.")

I wish I had some thicker clothes,
I really feel the need of flannel;
Tell father that my coal is out,
I hope he'll let me get some Cannel.

(Chorus, by residents of west entry —'s: "That Bill — hasn't bought a bit of coal this winter; just lived on ours. Bless him!")

I've got to get some more new books;
When one's in here, one in a vise is;
So send seven dollars; don't you think
They charge abominable prices?

(The writer *loquitur*, at commencement of year, to his chum: "I say, Bob, you get the books this year, and I will next; we won't need but one between us."

Bob: "All right.")

I'm pretty well, except my eyes;
I'm bathing them in garcile water;
It's quite expensive, send me, please,
About two dollars and a quarter.

(Prof. in next Chem. Lect.: "All those who have weak eyes had better not look at this experiment, as this beautiful red light is quite vivid." Mr. — [our hero] looks directly at it.)

I'm glad you all are well at home;
Write often, please, and send me papers.
I think I'd better leave off gas,
And take to burning pure wax-tapers.

(Solo by *Pater-familias*, becoming suspicious: "Pretty thin!")

So, send some money for them, please.
There goes that bell! and, willy-nilly,
I've got to run. Regards to Maud.
Good-by.

In haste,
Your loving Billy.

(At the moment when this was being written, enter chum: "Halloa, Bill! come down to the 'Port; there's a red-hot old fire.")

Bill: "All right! hold on a minute.")

P. S. — Ask father if he'll send
A little extra spending-money;
I want to get my old coat cleaned,
I've got it all besmeared with honey.

(Grand *Finale* by our hero: "There, I'm ready. I guess that will fix them; and if we don't just go in for a spree when the stamps come — ")

G. C. G.

Greenwin '72

BOATING.

At a meeting of the University Boat Club, on Saturday, April 29th, Mr. J. M. Olmstead was elected Vice-President, and Mr. Robert Grant Secretary of the Club, in place of the former officers who had resigned. After some other business, the Club adjourned to watch the "Scratch Races" which followed.

The day was beautiful; and the water of the course, which was the distance between the bridges and back, was in fine condition. In the first race for "double sculls" there were two entries: Alanson Tucker and R. S. Russell in a lap-streak, and G. H. Gould and H. St. John Smith in an English pair-oar shell. At the start the lap-streak shot ahead, and remained so throughout, taking the prize cups.

For the single-scull lap-streak race there were five entries; but only two, Arthur Rotch and E. L. Parks, took their places at the judges' boat. The former from the beginning took an easy lead, which was steadily increased till the end, winning a silver goblet. Mr. Parks, however, received the second prize, a pewter mug. For the single-scull shell race, again only two contestants appeared; however, greater interest was manifested in it, not alone for the fine rowing, but because the oarsmen were more evenly matched, and the issue was not a foregone conclusion from the beginning. When the boats passed the boat-house, Mr. Trowbridge was leading slightly; but, running foul of the stake-boat rope, he lost this advantage, and Mr. R. S. Russell rowed home the winner of the first prize.

It is perhaps the first time a member of the Faculty has entered one of our college races, and we gladly hail the precedent as a proof of the more genial relations springing up between the Faculty and the students, and as a means to help in disabusing the latter of the old school-boy feeling that their professors are their natural enemies, or at best an unsympathizing sort of encyclopædia.

The races closed with a six-oar race, in which the boat having Mr. Yznaga for stroke, and Mr. Smith for bow, beat its rival. No time was taken. Messrs. Sanger and Bass acted as judges.

The races on the whole were uninteresting from the paucity of the contestants, which is attributed to men not being in training so early in the season. The races are held in the early spring for the very reason that, as want of practice tends to reduce all to the same level, more men might be willing to enter than would after training had developed wide distinctions of skill and muscle. The origin of the Scratch and the Scrub races was to obtain fun rather than honor, and the more ridiculous the performance the better; therefore many men entered in the "six-oars" who had far more pluck than skill, causing sometimes very humorous catastrophes. If men have become shy about entering the races because they are not in their best training, the amusing character of the races disappears, and we had better have them at a later season, since if we do not have ludicrous, we may at least have skilful, rowing.

AN APPEAL.

MR. EDITOR, — Two years ago I entered Harvard College, full of joyful anticipations of the future. I was then healthy, rosy-cheeked, erect, and seemed destined for a long life. Alas! today, I am a mere shadow. Consumption has seized me, and the doctor says I cannot possibly live more than two months. What has wrought this change? Pedlers! Mr. Editor, pedlers! Let me explain. I am naturally free and open-hearted, cursed with the inability to say No,

from sheer lack of ability to refuse. I verily believe I should become the purchaser of a menagerie if it were offered to me. Even while in the village school I became the purchaser, at fabulous prices, of all the old broken jack-knives, and used to buy marbles of my sharper schoolmates at a hundred per cent advance on the regular price. As I grew up, this infirmity grew with me; and I became the victim of all the venders of small wares, and solicitors of petty charities, for miles around. My parents, fond souls, thought that, should I enter college, within its quiet walls I should be exempt from annoyance, and by association with the world I should correct my fault. Accordingly, I came to college and took a room in the yard. Now, thought I, for four years of ceaseless enjoyment. Alas! how was I to be deceived! The petty nuisances who swarm about the college, like vultures around a carcass, instinctively scented out my weakness, and henceforth my life was harassed and vexed by their constant presence. Upon hearing a step on the stair, did I lock my door and refuse admittance, sure of their victim, they quietly waited until I opened the door, when a grinning visage would thrust itself in, and the cry of "Soap, sir? soap?" would salute my ear. The old man of the sea clung not closer to Sinbad than did these pedlers to me. My room assumed the aspect of a pawnbroker's shop or a second-rate museum, and pocket change ran woefully short.

I was also invariably visited by all the solicitors of charity: numberless discharged soldiers and wrecked sailors have I helped on their way. I have had the pleasure of assisting to found colleges in Liberia, and Sunday schools in South Carolina. In sundry and divers ways did I get rid of my pocket money, and still they cried "Give!" "Give!" From this constant annoyance and vexation, my health began to fail; and my parents, insisting that I was studying too hard, were about to remove me from college. But at this time, a ray of hope broke in. Thayer was erected, and I secured a room in the highest part of that hall. Here I hoped for rest; surely, I thought, no pedler will dare to scale this dizzy height; here, at last, I am safe. I

was destined to be bitterly disappointed. Even here my tormentors found me out, and began their attacks. Not alone was I annoyed during the day, but at night, when I essayed to sleep, strange visions haunted me. I would dream of being suspended from patent folding hat-racks, "price only one dollar," while foul fiends pared the ends of my fingers with improved pencil sharpeners, and branded my body with red-hot stencil plates; and all night long the odious cry of "Soap, sir? soap?" rang through my ears. Flesh and blood could stand this no longer. I rapidly declined, and was brought to my present pitiable condition. And now, Mr. Editor, in the name of suffering humanity, I solemnly adjure you to use all your influence in abating this crying evil of pedlers, and, hereafter, let no youth, afflicted with my infirmity, fall a prey to these Ghouls.

Yours in grief,

VICTIM.

BOOK NOTICES.

MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN. BOSTON: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

This book is written on a plan which is, of late, becoming quite prevalent among authors, that of interspersing dialogues with anecdotes.

The dialogues, although they do not contain any thing that is especially interesting, nevertheless bring out well the characters in whose mouths they are placed, and some of the anecdotes are very entertaining.

The story is well written; and its plot is simple, and devoid of that sensationalism which characterizes many of the novels of our day.

THREE SUCCESSFUL GIRLS. JULIA CROUCH. Hurd & Houghton: Cambridge, Riverside Press. 1871.

The principles of woman's rights that have been agitating the public mind for several years past, but which are sneered at or contemptuously ignored by the "lords of creation," are very prettily set forth in the "Three Successful Girls," and any one who reads their story will find himself well repaid. Three sisters are beautifully pictured battling against hardship in the great metropolis of New York, and striving to raise themselves higher in the plane of intellectuality by their own undismayed efforts. There is a shade of improbability throughout the tale, but this fact rather gives it an additional charm than otherwise. Without the aid of love trash, the authoress has succeeded in giving us a story filled with elevating thoughts, and

one which will be a pleasant recreation to the mind when tired, without having the hurtful effects of more stimulating novels. We heartily congratulate her.

ENGLISH SYNONYMES. RICHARD SOULE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1871.

This valuable book will doubtless supply the need that has long been felt of a compact and comprehensive dictionary of the synonyms and idiomatic expressions of our language. It is more extensive in the matter it contains than Roget's Thesaurus, and unites the excellencies of that work and many others of the same kind to the knowledge which the author has acquired during a long period of observation and experience. The book is very prettily bound, and is for sale at Mr. Richardson's.

PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS. LEWIS B. MONROE. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1871.

"In this volume are thrown together choice specimens of wit and humor found in American and English literature, with an occasional dash from original sources." Some of the most excellent passages of a humorous nature that can be found among the productions of Shakespeare, Cowper, Hood, Dickens, J. G. Saxe, O. W. Holmes, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte go to make up this work, and this fact is, in itself, a recommendation sufficient to give it an enviable notoriety. We look forward with pleasure to the issue of the remaining volumes of this series.

NEW TESTAMENT TEXT BOOK. STEPHEN HAWES. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. 1871.

"This book is not designed as a commentary on the New Testament, but rather as an introduction to a careful study and proper understanding of the New Testament Scriptures." It contains an Historical Tabular View of the Gospels; Tables of the Parables, Discourses, and Miracles of Christ: Predictions in the Old Testament, with their fulfilment in the New; Classification of the books of the New Testament, with observations on each.

Students of Theology as well as casual examiners into Sacred History will find here all they may desire, in a work of ready reference, embracing as it does in a concise form all the records of the Bible, with Biographical Sketches of the characters contained therein, and Geographical Descriptions of all the countries in which events are recorded to have taken place. The book can be had at the bookstore of Messrs. Sever, Francis, & Co.

MUSIC.

Although the *Advocate* does not pretend to be a musical paper, yet we are always glad to receive music and endeavor to give it as fair a criticism as we can

under circumstances which render it rather difficult to get a just idea of the pieces sent to us, some of which require much more practice than we can give them to bring out all their beauty. We have received this week from Messrs. Ditson & Co. the following pieces:—

A Caprice, called "Butterflies and Flowers," by Eugene Ketterer: quite a lively piece, as caprices usually are, but somewhat monotonous as a whole, though containing some sparkling passages.

"Marche Hongroise," by Liszt: a fine piece, but almost as difficult as this composer's works for the most part are, and hardly a piece which one would select to play for mere pleasure.

"Road to Luck," by Charles Wels: a very successful attempt at a pretty galop, but containing, where the piece changes from the key of *A flat* to *D flat*, rather a poor passage, making an awkward interruption in the general spirit of the piece, which is sometimes so perplexing to the dancer.

Of Songs we have only a ballad, "I am Content," to notice. This song, by Sainton, is a very pretty, sweet thing, within easy compass, and the sentiment of the poetry is by no means bad.

EXCHANGES.

THE long-expected day has at length arrived, and brought with it the first of Mr. Bret Harte's contributions to *Every Saturday*. The rivalry between this paper and *Harper's Weekly* has as yet resulted only in making both papers infinitely better than they ever were before entering upon the same field.

"Two College Friends," by Fred. W. Loring, is continued in the May number of *Old and New*. Mr. Hale's magazine has taken a high place among our periodicals; and, as an inducement to increasing the subscription list, the publishers offer to send their magazine to any address for four months, as a trial subscription, on receipt of \$1.00.

Good Health, the name of which magazine tells its object, has been received. It is filled with entertaining as well as didactic reading matter.

The Meteor, edited by the students of Rugby School, has been received. It is devoted to the sporting interests of the students. Foot-ball, cricket, The Rifle Corps, running, jumping, walking, and swimming constitute the subject-matter of the sheet.

The Cadet, a monthly magazine, edited by the students of the University of Nashville, has come to us. Its general appearance speaks better for it than do its frequent allusions to the progress made by the students there in the study of "latin."

The *Amherst Student* appears much improved in a new dress. It is severe on the Trustees of Amherst for voting that with the year commencing September, 1871, and thereafter, the term-bills shall be \$30, instead of \$25 per term, as now charged.

Two students constitute the democratic party at Amherst.

The students of Princeton have been granted three weeks of absence from college, because the small-pox has appeared at that institution.

The Sophomores of Vassar College have been hazing the Freshmen. They have to come down with cigarettes and lemonade or be put to bed.

A professor in Union College was recently confounded out of \$175 by a young man who had passed the requisite examinations and entered the college.

Professors Dana and Marsh of Yale think the Cardiff Giant is first cousin to a humbug.

Brown is blessed with concrete pavements instead of fancy mud walks.

The *Trinity Tablet* is rather severe upon the National Boating Association. The *Tablet* thinks it was somewhat self-assuming for the delegates from a few colleges to assemble and style themselves a "National Association." Infinitely small quantities may be neglected, you know.

At the coming Commencement at Amherst the semi-centennial is to be celebrated.

The University of Michigan has decided that, in the future, students will be admitted without an examination, provided they show a diploma from a first-class preparatory school.

"Brothers, will you go with us?" is the closing ode of a female literary society.

According to the *Cornell Era*, Professor Corson's buggy has been washed.

Professor Goldwin Smith has presented a fine stone seat to Cornell University, to be placed in the Campus. The *Era* thinks it sees something appropriate in the inscription upon it, "Above all Nations is Humanity." A cushion would be more acceptable to us, *à posteriori*.

The story of a lazy school-boy, who spelled Andrew Jackson & dru Jaxon, has been equalled by a Yale student who wished to mark a half-dozen new shirts. He marked the first "John Jones," and the rest "do."

Cornell is agitating the boating question. Its President, one of the San Domingo Commissioners, has volunteered to give a lecture on San Domingo for the benefit of the Boat Club. \$1500 is the amount called for to place the enterprise on a firm footing.

One of our exchanges, in speaking of the comparative merits of the Yale *Lit.* and the Nassau *Lit.*, says that, "typographically, the Nassau *Lit.* is the most superior." We congratulate the Nassau *Lit.* on its typographical-most-superiousness.

"COLLEGE SHODDY.—The *Harvard Advocate*, in one of its features, betrays what is very common among the college papers,—a disposition to make Freshmen the butt of every foolish or brutal joke. The Seniors, or members of higher classes, exhibit in this particular

a kind of aristocratic feeling, which is nothing less than the *genuine* shoddy. They *attempt* to institute what were once foreign practices, but which the civilization of the times has driven from educational institutions of the old country to a more impregnable hiding-place,—our American colleges." — *National Normal*.

We've noticed that.

"Will the coming man smoke?" If he is to be college bred, statistics seem to indicate that at least one-half of him will. Out of the seventy-six men who were graduated at Michigan University last year, thirty-one smoked and nine chewed. Out of the one hundred and thirteen graduated at Yale, fifty-six smoked and eight chewed.

"Seniors at Harvard have free access to the library. We think the custom might be employed here with advantage." — *College Argus*.

A Junior has been made an instructor at Cornell. It's funny how they do it, but they do.

The students of Cornell, desiring to found a society for the purpose of cultivating "the noble arts of composition, elocution, and logical disputation," wrote to James Russell Lowell to ask permission to take his name as a name for the society. The following is a portion of his letter in reply:—

CAMBRIDGE, 10th March, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I am not only willing that your society should take the name proposed, but deeply touched and gratified that they should have chosen it. Sympathy is always delightful, and that of the young most of all, for it has a fresher and sweeter flavor. I shall hope to do nothing to forfeit the preference you have shown.

I beg you to convey my sincere thanks to the young gentlemen for their partiality. I remain, sir, very cordially, your and their friend,

J. R. LOWELL.

A Princeton Sophomore, who was caught with jokers on his cuffs, got off on the plea that he had bought the shirt of a suspended Junior, and that his washerwoman had tried in vain to remove the objectionable hieroglyphics.

The story is told of an ancient Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, that when sitting on the stage at the Commencement exercises he kept bowing his head. He subsequently confessed, by way of explanation, that he didn't know Latin; and, although instructed beforehand to bow when he heard the words "*Vice-Gubernator*," he had forgotten the title, and concluded that if he kept bowing all the time he would be apt to hit the proper mark.

The *Michigan Chronicle* has the following bit of mysterious information:—

"The Seniors are doing well. A day or two since one of them, together with his wife and oldest boy, was in the Logic class."

"The University has lately received an acquisition to its numbers in the shape of the entire Freshman and Sophomore Classes from Kalamazoo College, and thus the Freshman Class is augmented by one man."—*Chronicle*.

Williams is anxious to go into boating.

ATOMS.

THE name of Mr. J. B. SMITH, 13 Bulfinch Street, has come down from class to class in College, until his reputation for getting up Class-Day "spreads" has become traditionary. His "style," and clever way of relieving one from much natural anxiety about one's spread, are familiar by report, and will, doubtless, to many Seniors, become familiar by experience.

Instructor (beginning to expound).—So you see—*Student* (interrupting).—Ah—ah—ha—

Instructor (continues).—So you see, that from preceding principles, as I have before remarked, you may justly say that the former conclusion was unavoidable. Now, Mr. V., what did you wish to say?

Student (gasps).—Ah—ah—that's what I was going to say, sir.

It happened the other day that a certain instructor called the roll of his division at the close instead of the opening of recitation. On arriving at the name of Mr. X., he was a little surprised when that gentleman, instead of answering "Here!" rose slowly in his place, and winking sleepily, remarked, "I don't remember exactly where the other man left off, sir."

Is it fair to allow the Scientists to play ball in their school-yard at recess-time, if the same privilege is denied to undergraduates?

ATOM has been whittling in recitation-time. He had no idea that the college benches were made of such precious materials. He was mulcted as follows at the Dean's office:—

For initials alone	\$2.00
For name and initials	\$4.00
For date and class, additional	\$1.00,

General remarks at the discretion of the authorities. N. B.—No distinction is made between a long name and a short one.

FROM A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

I see the jaunty hat,—the plume
Wave bird-like through the joyous gale;
The cheeks lit up by burning bloom,
The bright eyes flashing through the veil.

The hot breath parts her laughing lips,
Her white neck shines through tossing curls;
Her vesture gently sways and dips,
As on she swoops, in *shell-like whirls*.

Men stop, and laugh to see her go,
And gaze on her in pleased surprise:
They ask her name, and strive to show
A silent friendship in their eyes.

AN enamoured swain thus apostrophizes his sweetheart:—

Thy heart is like a frozen lake,
On whose cold brink I stand;
Oh! buckle on my spirit's skate,
And take me by the hand;
And lead, thou loving saint, the way
To where the ice is thin,
That it may break beneath my feet
And let a lover in.

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This is not an old stock carried on from last year, but made this winter, and therefore strong and good, and will be sold low.

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Early in April, we shall publish an *Illustrated Catalogue for 1871*, which, in addition to containing fine Wood-cuts of our Boats and our latest improved models, will give a *complete list of the Boat, Rowing, and Sporting Clubs in the United States and Canada*, besides much other information of value to Oarsmen.

Parties intending to purchase Boats the coming season should have a copy.

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CAMBRIDGE.

JOHN H. HUBBARD.—THE APOTHECARY.

HIS COLUMN.

PROHIBITORY NOTES.—This is going to be a good season for soda water. People must drink something, and there is no beer. . . . The Lowell Felting Company has received from the State a large order for whiskey proof filters. Every man must wear one of them on his mouth. . . . The *Chronicle* was rather victimized last week with a strong Temperance poem, the acrostic of which was "Let's take a drink"! . . . Even if a man wants a gallon of whiskey for a legitimate mechanical purpose, like moving a barn, he can't get it. . . . The Legislators acknowledge that in some cases ale is necessary as a tonic; Lager, however, they find to be *Teutonic*. (The convalescent Senior is responsible for this joke.)

With shame and confusion I confess that the announcement of new Soda fountain was premature; but, in the words of the famous Bloodgood, "It's got to come!" When it will come is about as uncertain as whether you can get a drink on a given day at a given place.

It has occurred to me that people are not buying as much *Ryan's Green Seal Tobacco* as formerly. Why is this? It is the best strong tobacco in use, and the extra cost is not great. However, if you will have something cheaper,

Try my CUT NATURAL LEAF at \$1.50.

Fresh Honradex and Prince of Wales Cigarettes

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May 27.

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MAY 26, 1871.

NO. VIII.

HAPPINESS.

MAIDEN mine, with lips of cherry,
Cheeks of rose, and teeth of snow,
Eyes as blue as heaven above us,
Laughing eyes, that cry, "Come, love us,"
And a smile so bright and merry
Sunshine in it seems to flow, —

Tell me, maiden, I implore thee,
Where doth happiness reside?
In the dance's throbbing measure?
Or, when seeking thy heart's treasure,
Some one whispers, bending o'er thee,
What no ear shall list beside?

Then the maiden, laughing lightly,
(Blushes on her cheeks 'gan play),
"Happiness?" made answer shyly,
Casting glances at me slyly,
"Tis when — you've divined arightly —
When 'he loves me,' I can say."

Matron mine, whose pure face seemeth
Such a look of heaven to wear,
As I picture angels having
When, some ransomed sinner saving,
Bliss from every feature beameth,
Shedding soul-smiles everywhere, —

Tell me, matron, I entreat thee,
Where can happiness be found?
When thy husband's arm is round thee?
Or when other ties have bound thee,
And thy infant's wailing greet thee,
Bearing heaven in the sound?

Then the matron's heart outspeaking
Answer gave, nor sought delay:
"Happiness? 'tis in the knowing
(Which his every act is showing)
That my child my love is seeking, —
When 'he loves me,' I can say."

Old man mine, whose forehead beareth
Marks the steps of years have traced,
Whose bent form and trembling fingers,
Hair on which the age-frost lingers,
Show that in Death's face thou stareth, —
Death who e'en now calls, "Make haste," —

Tell me, old man, tell, I pray thee,
Where does happiness exist?
In that thou shalt lose all sorrow,
Nor look forward to a morrow,
With its troubles to dismay thee,
When Death's lips thy lips have kissed?

Then the old man answered slowly,
Pointing up to realms of day,
"I am happy," and emotion
Shook his frame like wave of ocean,
And his face shone pure and holy,
"When 'He loves me,' I can say."

And so on?

CONSERVATISM OF STUDENTS.

THE only conservative body connected with the University is the students.

The progressive spirit of the Faculty is seen in the late revision of the College Regulations. There is manifested a growing disposition to brand as untrue a well-worn maxim of Freshman year, that the Faculty is the natural enemy of the students.

Instructors are striving to understand both the best methods of instruction and the traits of individual students, so that they may more successfully teach.

A new life and vigor has been infused into all departments. Reforms are earnestly pushed forward, and little attention is given to old ways of doing things. The college yard begins to show the design both of the architect and gardener. Thayer Hall, the position of which was almost

that he is studying by gazing apathetically at a book, it is not very much worse than loafing, not to speak of the delightfully virtuous feeling it gives one.

Another feature of this expectation period are the "notices" of furniture for sale, which are posted everywhere in the yard by the Seniors. Some of these would reflect no discredit on the ingenious individual who composes the advertisements for "Fenno, in Dock Square," or even on the great "S. T. 1860 X" man himself. When we read such masterpieces as, "What are the wild waves saying? why, they are saying go to such a number and buy a stove," we cannot but feel regret at the thought that the author thereof never wrote for the *Advocate*, and now probably never will. The list of articles offered for sale is sometimes a little amusing, and usually rather heterogeneous, to use a "dictionary word," in its nature. We remember one that ran somewhat as follows: 1 miscellaneous hair-brush, 1 bath-tub *nearly new* (this circumstance probably arose from the difficulty of carrying water up four or five flights of stairs), 1 second-hand stocking, 1 piece of yellow soap, 1 razor-strop case, 1 "blower," 1 grate, 1 sleeping apparatus (not farther defined), 1 map U. S., etc., etc. When we read such lists as this, we always say to ourselves, "Oh, that we were 'flush' at the end, and not at the beginning, of the term!"

Some hopeful spirits, men with sanguine minds who believe that their meerschauts will eventually color, are able to look beyond the *Annals* and into the approaching vacation; but, though the large majority of the College believe that they will come safe into that happy land "some way or other," they do not say much about it, but prefer in public to take a despondent tone, and descant on the certainty of being conditioned, in order, I suppose, that they may in the end be happily disappointed; and that we may all be so disappointed is the fervent wish of the *Advocate*.

EHEU FUGACES!

THEY are going to have Music as an elective study next year, and I am very glad of it. I

want to learn what a fugue really is, and how to understand it. I tried to do that by simply listening to one a little while ago, and the attempt was the best failure of a life which has had some very pretty failures in it indeed. When I first tasted caviare and tomatoes and olives, I did not like them a bit. My first cigar made me very sick, and my first glass of wine got me a jolly old spanking; yet I have since learned to like all these things; and when I have a cold I am even rather fond of those little lumps of decayed soap, which come done up in tin foil, and which they dignify with the name of cheese. Those things which I disliked most at first, I believe I like best now; so there is a strong chance of my becoming extravagantly fond of fugues, but of course not without somebody to help me. So I am glad that music is going to be an elective study. Perhaps the circumstances under which I heard the fugue may have been unfavorable. It was in a beautiful church filled with exquisite light, and it was played on a large and stately organ. So, when I entered, I was disposed for a most soothing time; but the organist's seat was so arranged that I could see him all the time when he was playing. Then the organist himself: he was a man with a moustache, and a metaphysical, infinite look on his face; his body was large, and looked capable of giving malt liquors a benefit. He was evidently one of those people who are in so much doubt where their fatherland is, and by and by get so bewildered by the question, that they conclude that it is every place. He began by pulling out a stop. These organ-plugs are so called for this reason: In the dark ages, when they used to play nothing but fugues on organs, although everybody was in good training, being professional fighters, yet they didn't want more than three or four fugues at once; so they had a tendency to go out after the third nervous tonic. The priests, to stop this, had ropes of tow (Lat., *stupa*) connecting with each door and the organ, and by these means they could STOP the people from going out. But when old Unit discovered Unitarianism, the people got independent, and wouldn't stand this; so they devoted the tow (*stupa*) to in-

ternal improvements in the organ. When the exterminator of Cæsarism, and cosmopolitan disseminator of civilization, had pulled out this stop, seemingly the harshest one in the instrument, he commenced to play a hoppy kind of tune with one finger. When he thought the audience had got as much as they would stand, he pulled out a little louder stop, and — really, he played the same tune over again with another finger! playing another tune altogether with his first-employed finger, just as I have been told Professor O'Reardon does at the "Howard;" only the Professor whistles a third tune, and then his are regular tunes, *Hail Columbia*, &c. I am going to restrain my feelings in this faithful description, for otherwise words would fail me; but I pledge you my word, that, after he had played through the first tune with his second finger, he played it through with every finger on each hand, adding a louder stop each time. What followed is so incredible that I risk my reputation in telling it: but not satisfied with the torture he had already inflicted with his hands alone, I really believe that he had taken off his shoes and stockings, and he played that same wretched tune over with each toe on both feet. Such a stamping and pulling and pushing, and swaying from side to side, and bouncing off of his seat, — well, it was perfectly dreadful to see! And all the time this terrible noise was growing louder and louder, and that same tune was either roaring away from the lowest depths, or squeaking away from the shrillest heights, the whole while. I actually think that gulf in the hop and rosin markets enjoyed it, though it threw him into such a perspiration that he would be in danger of catching cold on the hottest day in midsummer. As for its effect on the audience, I will only mention one poor lady sitting near me, whose mind was so confused by the airy battle, that she convulsively grasped the arm of her husband, and hoarsely whispered, "Isn't that grand?" Her husband, seeing her condition, no doubt, at a glance, was too prudent not fully to humor her temporary mental disorder with a cordial assent. For myself, I took a Turkish bath and had my head shampooed, and now I have fully recovered my wits, as this

writing shows; but I shall want to study fugues a bit before I hear another one. So I am glad music is elective next year.

A CALL.

ABOUT a week ago, a young lady, whose acquaintance I had made this last winter at one of the Germans I had attended and led, sent through a friend an invitation to call upon her, and I went; and my call was so remarkable, that I deem it a duty to give it publicity, substituting, of course, fictitious names.

I was to go at eight, so I began to get ready at six; I thought two hours would be ample time in which to get myself up, but I was mistaken. I had to shave. I cut a piece out of my chin big enough to broil; and, with minor slices and gashes, my face looked like a Sioux warrior in his war paint. I plastered myself up, and essayed my clothes. Rip went the button off the first one; and, in endeavoring to get my head through without unbuttoning the second, rip went the bosom of that. The third had a large spot of iron rust on the front; and the fourth being in the wash, the fifth on my chum's person, and the sixth on my own, I was nonplussed. I sewed a button on No. 1. I took one too large, and discovered my error only when I attempted to button my shirt. Ripped it off, sewed on another, and on putting on the shirt found my chum had borrowed my best scarf, and I must wear one which would conceal the bosom of my shirt; so, as the one which was ripped in front had a stiffer collar, I took off the one I had on and put the torn one on. By this time I was a little vexed at my misfortunes with my shirts, and I rammed that shirt on so hard that, forgetting the cuffs were buttoned, I rammed one off. Now I began to get frantic. I tore that shirt off, and sewed the cuff on with black thread, and put it on.

I never was so mad in my life. Here it was half-past seven, and in an hour and a half I had managed to shave, and such a shave! and to put on a shirt, and such a shirt! But I won't go on enumerating my mishaps ere I started.

Imagine me at the steps of my destination at twenty minutes of nine, remembering for the first time that my gloves were torn, and my handkerchief had holes, and altogether as uncomfortable as if I had been going to the station-house, instead of to the house of a young lady.

I rang the bell: being nervous, I rang it easy; no one came. I rang it harder; apparently some catch gave way, for about fourteen feet of wire came up and out, and coiled around me and the door-steps like a pet anaconda.

I was leaning on the double door's stationary side, I thought; but when the domestic answered my summons, and opened the door, I plunged in headlong, knocking the servant down, and fell flat in the entry. This, of course, was mortifying. I picked myself up, the servant picked up my hat, upon which I had fallen (and a nice-looking hat that was!), and I was shown to the parlor. I gave him my card, and in his absence I ruin a fragile chair, and knock a costly and delicate vase from the mantel. Servant comes back with card: "Miss Maria don't know no such person!" and he glares savagely at me. I am in despair; what can have occasioned this insulting denial? As I stand pondering, and the servant impatiently waits my departure, I glance at the card I had taken from him. Horrors! I read, "Levy, Dealer in Second Hand and Cast Off Clothing. Fullest satisfaction given to Ladies and Gentlemen." I remember picking that card up from under my door that morning. I send up my own by the servant, although he displays much reluctance to leave me alone with the piano. Servant comes back again, and says Miss Maria will be down soon. I wait. She does not come soon. I think I will take the broken vase away, and get a new one in its stead. I put it in my pocket, and as I do so I see the servant look in as he goes by the door. I get quite red in the face when Miss Maria enters. I apologize for my mistake of the card, for my delay, and she accepts my excuses gracefully. I see she is looking with surprise at my face, shirt, and in fact at all my numerous *points d'appui*; but I struggle on, and try to be cheerful. I ask after her mother's health during the late warm weather. She has been dead four

years. I remember hearing a brother spoken of somewhere, and I bring him in. I find he ran away from home a year ago, and has gone to the dogs since. I feel more and more nervous. I take my handkerchief out, and get two fingers through a large hole in it, and can't get them out before she sees me. I ask her if she remembers that dreadfully homely girl at our German, dressed in such horrid taste,—the laughing-stock of the room. I describe her, and she does immediately: it was her cousin. This was, of course, embarrassing. I change the conversation; I ask her if I may take her to ride next Monday afternoon, and she consents. I immediately remember two important engagements that afternoon (one with the Dean), but I don't say so. We talk a little more, and I rise to go. I tip my chair over, and knock the top off. She says it's no matter. She asks me to call again soon; I say I will; I lie. I trip on the fourth stair, and go down head-foremost, just as the servant opens the door. I shoot on down the front steps, knock an elderly man ascending them into the street, and fall on him. It is her father. I get up and apologize. I hear her laugh. I get about two blocks away, and discover I have left my cane. No matter. I remember my chum said he must have it to-morrow. I go back. The servant is half inclined to slam the door in my face, but finally hunts for it. After a ten minutes' hunt, I recollect I did not bring it. I apologize to the servant and leave. I get home; find my door locked. Key in other clothes. I kick and holloa to arouse my chum. After ten minutes of this noise, I do arouse him; also the proctor in the entry above, who, coming to the head of the stairs, says I shall hear of this to-morrow. I endeavor to apologize. He tells me that I'm drunk, and that if I don't go to bed he'll be down there in a minute. I do go to bed. Chum asks if I had a nice time. What do you suppose I told him?

LAKE.

G. L. 73

THE Advertiser thinks that the Harvard Boat Club has taken a position which can afford the Yalensians no reason or excuse for persisting in their refusal to row a race with Harvard.

THE END OF THE SESSION.

THE meeting was called to order by the chairman, who, in a few brief and pointed remarks, reminded the assembled councillors that this was the final meeting of the session, and that they were to be congratulated on the uniform good order which had been maintained throughout the session, and the diligence which had characterized their course. The chairman also reminded them that their exertions for the good of the State had been duly appreciated and acknowledged by the citizens, as shown in the numerous pyrotechnic displays made in honor of the council, to say nothing of the numerous other explosions of sentiment on the part of the *οἱ πολλοί*. In conclusion, he added that he hoped this final meeting would prove to be the crowning glory of them all, and that all unfinished business would be summarily disposed of. (Applause.)

An honorable councillor moved that in view of the fact that a certain citizen is suspected of having plotted against the safety of the State, and has neglected to perform his numerous duties as a citizen of the State, that the said citizen be exiled for an indefinite period of time. Another councillor moved that the words "six months" be substituted in place of "an indefinite period of time." In support of which alteration, he produced a monstrous and musty volume, and read at length about the intrigues of a certain mediæval countess who lived in the early part of the twelfth century. All this he thought had an important bearing on the subject, as the literature of that period abounded in good things. He for one believed in making arrangements whereby a loafer might enjoy the blessings and privileges of the State with none to molest or make him afraid. Here another councillor meekly interposed. He remarked that he did not wish to dogmatize there, but that it was needless for him to say that he thought that to neglect the performance of one's duties to the State was, *ipso facto*, a misdemeanor. He remarked that he would be glad to be corrected *quoad* the facts, but he knew he was right. He would, however, consult the *Nation* and the *Advertiser* on the subject, and make known his sentiments at some

future time. This councillor then disappeared in a green bag. The chairman here arose, and ruled that the cleaning of finger-nails in the presence of the board was out of order. (Applause.) A youthful councillor attempted to reply to the last speaker. His impassioned style and furious nonsense were taking their due course, when a motion to adjourn was carried unanimously.

PUBLIC MEETING.

THE Everett Athenæum held a public meeting at Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, May 31st. A large audience was present, and the exercises showed that the Society has been doing solid work during the past year.

The meeting opened with a trio for flute, violin, and piano, which did great credit to the performers, Messrs. Richardson, Raymond, and Lincoln. An excellent declamation, on "The Duty of Literary Men to their Country," was then given by J. Lyman. "Father Phil's Collection" was most effectively read by O. H. Everett. The question, "Is city life more favorable to health and morality than country life?" having been debated at considerable length, the audience was favored with a flute solo by M. H. Richardson, which rightly received a most hearty *encore*. Next came an essay on "Aaron Burr" by E. A. Angell, who had a thorough grasp of his subject, and handled it with ability. The oration, "Thoughts of the Future," by E. Young, was clear and impressive in style, forcible and eloquent in delivery. The singing of an ode, composed by J. L. Laughlin, closed the exercises.

The meeting passed off with great success; but perhaps its effectiveness would have been greater if the question for debate had been more interesting and the speeches shorter. A few select voices to lead in the singing of the ode would also have been a desirable addition.

The only thing which occurred to mar the pleasure of the evening was the noise in the gallery, which came from a party of small boys, who, probably never before having been at any other public gathering than a circus, came with

their pockets filled with peanuts, which they ate with apparent relish to themselves, but to the disgust of those who had formerly supposed them patterns of good breeding.

LITERARY HISTORY.

THE chronological history of literature resembles a desert. There are long dreary wastes offering to the sight little but barrenness; and there are a few oases, often wide apart, each glorying in its cluster of beauties. Great geniuses seem to have flourished in groups, leaving long periods in chronology in literary obscurity.

In running the eye down the columns of a chronological chart, we first meet with the literary epoch known as the age of Pericles, which, though the earliest to be found in history was one of the most brilliant that has ever been recorded. Within a space of thirty years flourished the dramatists Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; the historians Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon; and the philosophers Socrates and Plato. To describe these three decades is to give almost the whole literary history of Greece.

Three hundred years later, we find Cicero and his literary contemporaries, Cæsar, Lucretius, Sallust, and Catullus, of whom either of the first three would alone have made his age famous. This cluster was a forerunner by but a few years of perhaps the most glorious epoch the history of literature can boast,—the age of Mæcenas, the names of whose literary heroes are familiar to every one. It was a comet-like age, illuminating history for one or two generations only, when the world again relapsed into almost total literary obscurity.

This lasted eleven centuries, towards the end of which the combined light of Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio in Italy, and of Chaucer, Gower, and Mandeville in England, betokened the dawn of modern literature. Still it is quite two hundred years after Chaucer before we meet with the first of modern literary constellations; that of which Shakspeare was the centre, and which knew Spenser, Bacon, Raleigh, Jonson, and

other scarcely less gifted geniuses, as his companions.

Owing to the great fertility of modern literature, and the difficulty in distinguishing between gold and dross, on account of its nearness to us, it is not at all easy to trace the clustering of authors in it; but that they so gather into clusters as remarkably as in earlier times will be seen by any one who examines into the subject closely.

And yet there are indisputably two which stand alone even amidst the confusion of modern literary history: one, that group which gave to Weimar the title of "the modern Athens," and included the two greatest authors Germany ever had, Goethe and Schiller; and the other, the remarkable brotherhood of poets which flourished in England during the early part of this century,—Byron, Scott, Rogers, Moore, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Campbell.

It is noteworthy also that a large proportion of the great masters of painting appeared at the same period: the age of Michel Angelo, and that of the three greatest German composers of music, were contemporaneous. So there seems to be present in some periods and at some places an inspiring genius, impelling men of talent to work; and, fortunate as we students are in our literary surroundings, we can perhaps see something more than fancy in that *quasi* proverb, "Boston people take in literature with their air."

Such curious facts in the history of literature as I have enumerated above must of course have some cause. At present, with but slight knowledge of the subject, I can do little more than guess what it is. Just now I am inclined to think that it is owing in a great measure to what might be called the force of personal influence. For example, English fiction dates from the success of Sir Walter Scott. Not a novelist who preceded him is worthy to stand by any one of a hundred of his successors, although the great master has not been dead forty years. In Garrick's day, Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Colman vied with each other in producing brilliant comedies. It is long since their time, and to-day we have no great play-writer. Probably should

Bulwer write a soul-stirring drama, next year he would be followed by worthy rivals.

Great success in any department of talent seems to arouse the ambition and energy of many men of genius, who would otherwise allow their powers to remain unused; and those who have studied elsewhere the great literary epochs I have indicated above will see that, in each one of the greatest, geniuses had obtained success before any of the others became known.

If a little moralizing is permissible, let me say that I think literary ambition ought never to be discouraged; for, however selfish it may be, should success be obtained, the world gains even more than the author. Most of our intellectual progress is owing to great writers, while there is nothing to fear from mediocre talent. s. c.

In Memoriam.

INTELLIGENCE has reached us of the death of EDWARD E. SPRING, of Portland, Maine.

Mr. Spring was formerly a member of the Sophomore Class, and had terminated his connection with Harvard only a few months ago, to the regret of his many friends in college.

He died on the 28th day of March, of yellow fever, at Buenos Ayres.

Beloved by all his associates, the simple announcement of his decease has sent a wave of sorrow over the breasts of all who knew him.

With the intelligence of his death came also assurances that he died consistently, as he had lived bravely and honorably. The same courage and generosity which had ever characterized his actions displayed themselves all the more conspicuously as emergencies arose. Obeying the impulses of his intrepid nature, and undismayed by the scenes around him, he devoted himself to the care of the sick and the dying. Nor did his spirit falter before the humane task he had undertaken, until he himself fell a victim to the same destroyer which had levelled so many before him. Truly, —

"The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man."

We dedicate this brief notice to the memory of our departed classmate; for it comes from what he prized above all other earthly things, — the heart and hand of a friend!

BASE BALL.

THE edict of the Faculty having gone forth that the Nine shall not play any games except on Saturdays, fewer matches have been played in the past two weeks than would otherwise have been played; the only game in fact being that with the White Stockings last Saturday. This game promised to be one of particular interest, from the fact that the Harvards defeated the Chicago Club in their tour last summer; and if the result was somewhat different from what we expected, still the playing of the Harvards in the field was much better than in their last game with the Olympics, and some of it is worthy of special notice. Annan deserves great credit for the swift flies he took straight from the bat in the sixth and eighth innings, and for his double-play in the sixth, besides a foul caught with one hand by him after running some distance. Reynolds also was as active as usual, and succeeded in catching all the fly balls that went anywhere near him. Reed did well on the second base, and in our opinion will justly deserve a permanent position on the Nine. It will be borne in mind that Goodwin was absent, thus preventing any change of pitchers, which has sometimes been so effective; but Bush's pitching evidently troubled the Professionals, and kept the score quite low. The result was as follows. —

White Stockings.				R.	I B.	T.B.
McAtee, 1 b.	.	.	.	0	0	0
King, c.	.	.	.	0	2	2
Hodes, c. f.	.	.	.	1	1	1
Wood, 2 b.	.	.	.	4	2	2
Simmons, r. f.	.	.	.	4	4	6
Treacey, l. f.	.	.	.	2	2	2
Duffy, s. s.	.	.	.	0	1	1
Foley, 3 b.	.	.	.	0	2	2
Zettlein, p.	.	.	.	1	1	1
				12	15	17

Harvard.				R.	I B.	T.B.
Bush, p.	.	.	.	0	2	3
Eustis, r. f.	.	.	.	0	0	0
Reynolds, l. f.	.	.	.	1	1	1
White, c.	.	.	.	1	0	0
Reed, 2 b.	.	.	.	0	1	1
Wells, c. f.	.	.	.	0	1	2
Austin, s. s.	.	.	.	0	1	1
Annan, 3 b.	.	.	.	0	0	0
Tyler, 1 b.	.	.	.	0	0	0

Innings.				1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
White Stockings	.	0	1	1	3	2	0	0	0	3	2	— 12
Harvard	.	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 2

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at Crosby & Damrell's, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

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THE MOONBEAM'S SONG.

FLOATING o'er the river,
The dark, rolling river,
We silver its rippling wave;
Sporting with the pebbles,
The bright, merry pebbles,
We kiss all the wavelets lave.

Hurrying to the forest,
The green, loving forest,
We gladden its rustling leaves;
Dancing through its branches,
Its wide, spreading branches,
We laugh at the vows it breathes.

Reaching last the mountains,
The grand, solemn mountains,
We cease from our evening play;
Sinking in their darkness,
Their deep, friendly darkness,
We sleep all the live-long day.

KINTY.

THE BOATING IMBROGLIO.

THE correspondence between Harvard and Yale on boating matters, which was lately published in the *Advertiser*, comprehends so much that is new as well as what is old, that it ought not to be allowed to pass without notice. The old story of the race last summer has again been resurrected by the industrious *Courant*, and "the foul" dwelt upon with peculiar stress. But it need not be noticed here at this late day. We only wish to call attention to the new question which has arisen out of the correspondence in regard to Yale's challenge. Without entering too fully into the details of the subject, let us endeavor to free ourselves from the charge of endeavoring to evade the question arising from Yale's challenge to Harvard.

As if to anticipate any action that might be taken by the H. U. B. C., Yale, early in December, sent a challenge to Harvard to row a race, the time and manner of which it took the liberty to specify. Disregarding the fact that as the challenging party Yale had no right to do this, and that the challenge itself was premature, attention should be called to the fact that the union college regatta idea was an offset to the whole matter. Colleges all around us were beginning to take a lively interest in boating. Brown and Amherst, that did so well last year, had signified their wish to take part in the coming college regatta. Knowing, as we did, that Yale had complained last year because of the admission of other colleges as participants in the contest, it was thought best to establish matters on a firm basis, and see beforehand if some arrangement could not be made by which all colleges which chose to might be allowed to participate in the regatta agreeably to the wishes of all parties concerned. To this end we in-

formed Yale that a convention would be held at Springfield for the purpose of establishing a union college regatta, and requested that Yale should send delegates who should meet those of other colleges and arrange for the coming regatta. This we did, not out of any wish to evade Yale's question, but as seeming to us the only possible solution of the question which the increased interest with all colleges in boating proposed. Yale did not accept this proposal, but chose rather to view it as a refusal on our part to accept her challenge. The request of Yale that a straight-away course should be chosen, and the to her fatal Quinsig. given up, had been complied with in the union regatta arrangement. There seems, then, to be no reason why she should not take part in the race. Was it a desire to meet her rival alone? It makes no material difference whether two or four boats engage in the contest. There is room enough and work enough for all. If Yale is able to vanquish her rival in a contest when no others participate, then she is also able to vanquish her when others participate. It is pure selfishness and arrogance, which Yale's position by no means allows her to assume, to thus condemn the claims of other colleges to a recognition. They are all foemen worthy of her steel.

The question of having a union college regatta might as well be settled now as at any other time. There is not a college near us that has not some boating aspirations. Indeed, when we see the interest which the officers of our colleges, as well as the students, take in boating, we do not see why it does not bid fair to become a part of the regular college curriculum; and for Yale to endeavor to maintain an aristocracy of muscle, by refusing to recognize this association, is as foolish as it is ridiculous.

It was for these reasons that we answered Yale's challenge by inviting her to take part in the union regatta. But in order to free ourselves from charges of pusillanimity, the offer was made by us to row Yale any kind of race, at any time and place, and for any distance she might name. By Yale's answer to this challenge we shall probably be able to discover

whether Yale wishes to meet us or not; whether principle or policy is the ruling idea in New Haven.

THE JUNE RACES.

THE annual Class Races for the Beacon cup took place on Saturday, June 3, at 11:30 A.M., on the Charles River course. The water was perfectly smooth, and the weather decidedly warm; and those who were patriotic enough to endure the heat of the day deserved to be better rewarded by the races than they were. No actual race took place between first crews, owing to the illness of one of the Junior Crew. They desired to put Tucker, of the University, in his place; but to this the Freshmen objected, and, it seems to us, rather unjustly; for it is but fair that every class should be allowed to enter its best men in the first crew, or how else can it be called the first crew? If two, three, or even four men from one class are on the University, so much more to the credit of the class; but as the rule now stands, it puts the class under a disadvantage in being compelled to really fit out its second crew. We see no reason why, on the same ground, those men who play on the University Nine should not be prohibited from playing on the class Nine. We would suggest to the Boat Club the careful consideration of the rule that bars University men from class crews. But to the race. The first contest was between second crews from the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshmen Classes. George Bass acted as judge and starter; and James R. Morris, stake-judge. The Juniors drew the inside, Freshmen next, and the Sophomores outside. The boats came into line, and, through the oversight of the judge, were too close together; there was plenty of room for three crews had they been put farther apart. At the word "Go!" the Sophomores took the water first, and drew ahead; but, when not more than a hundred yards off, they swerved towards the Freshmen, evidently from bad steering, and ran directly in front of their boat, at the same time striking the stern of the Junior boat. The Juniors gained a lead by this, because the

Sophomores had to pull out to one side ; but they lost it before the half-mile post, and at the stake the Sophomores showed a lead of a length of clear water. While turning, the Juniors came up, and endeavored to turn inside of them, thereby causing another foul, and breaking an oar in each boat. After turning, the three boats started home, with the Freshmen a little behind, and the Sophomores, with five oars, ahead ; the latter coming in in 14:55, Juniors next, with their *bow* filled with water owing to the foul at the stake, in 15:10, and Freshmen in 15:20.

Everybody was eager to know who had won the cups, and at first it was reported that the Freshmen had because they did not foul. The Juniors objected to that, and claimed that their foul with the Sophomores at the stake did not count, because the Sophomores were previously out of the race, owing to the foul at the start. The judge withheld his decision until he could see a copy of the rules ; and finding therein that any boat swerving from its course to impede another boat was ruled out of the race, he allowed the claim, and awarded the silver cups to the Juniors, and the pewter cups to the Freshmen.

The following is the summary :—

Charles River course, June 3. Race open to second crews, distance 2 miles, 1st prize six silver cups, 2d prize 6 pewter mugs.

Junior,—F. R. Hall, stroke ; C. C. Felton, A. S. Bird, P. C. Severance, G. A. Gibson, E. Gray, bow ; time, 15 min. 10 sec.

Sophomore,—T. Daland, stroke ; R. Dickey, F. P. Jones, D. L. Pickman, J. M. Olmstead, W. Miller, bow ; time, 14 min. 55 sec.

Freshmen,—W. Goodwin, stroke ; G. Silsbee, J. Lawrence, R. Mills, D. Sears, H. S. Mudge, bow ; time, 15 min. 20 sec.

The Freshmen first crew then pulled over the three-mile course for the cup and tankards, and they made the distance in 22 min. 5 sec. They made a fine appearance, and it was regretted that they had no opponents to give them a chance to exert themselves. The crew was as follows : R. H. Dana, 3d, stroke ; W. C. Sanger, H. L. Morse, C. E. Low, G. W. White, A. L. Devens, bow.

OUR MUSIC.

As the term rapidly approaches its end and Commencement draws near, marking the separation from us of those who have participated in our pleasures and pains, and who have, in one way at least, worshipped the Muses, we the survivors naturally turn our attention to the classes remaining, to examine the material therein, and pick out recruits to fill the ranks which will be so shockingly reduced when '71 graduates.

It is well known that a large proportion of the members in both the Glee Club and Pierian is drawn from the Senior Class. It is also a safe assertion that in both societies these members occupy the most important places. Why is this so? Is it that in '71 there is more musical ability than in other classes ; or is it that more interest has been taken in musical matters, and the ambition of the members raised to a higher pitch, that they have brought the two societies to their present prosperous condition? In either case it is the duty of those men in the other three classes, who are possessed of musical talent, to manifest it ; and step forward boldly to uphold the standard of these time-honored societies. I called it a duty : I might add, a pleasure ; for I am sure that they will find duty a pleasure, in this case at least, if they do as I advise. As for myself, I can safely assert that I have spent some of the pleasantest evenings of my college course in listening to the sweet strains of my companions, and contributing my share to the full harmony. In my opinion, one makes a great mistake who neglects the opportunities for a musical education which lie open to him at college.

Rarely does one have so good an opportunity to learn part singing, and to cultivate the taste for good music, as in the Glee Club ; and rarely does an instrumental performer, unless he be a professional, have a chance to play in an orchestra, and learn how the effects are produced and what combinations of instruments are essential in producing such effects, as he has in a society like the Pierian. It is a very different thing, I can assure you, playing with others from what it is playing alone, or even with a piano, as most amateurs are compelled to do. If college is a

place to learn, here is an opportunity to obtain quite a good musical education. If it is a place to enjoy one's self, these societies will furnish us many happy hours while we are spending our four years here, — hours which we shall look back upon with pleasure in after years. Let all the three lower classes then bestir themselves and rally to the call; rack their brains for whatever musical talent lies there concealed, and bring it forth to light.

MUSICUS.

BOOK NOTICES.

CULTURE AND RELIGION IN SOME OF THEIR RELATIONS.
By J. C. SHAIRP. Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press. Cambridge.

This is a collection of five lectures delivered before the students of the United College of which the author is principal.

Dr. Shairp attempts to show that the true relation of culture to religion is one of subordination, and that it is not the end, of which religion is only an important means. He is not an acute reasoner, and therefore his attacks on the scientific and the literary theories of culture, of which Professor Huxley and Matthew Arnold are the exponents, are not peculiarly successful; but his fourth lecture, on "Hindrances to Spiritual Growth," showing where both these theories fail in their application to religion, of itself entitles the book to the highest praise. Lecture five, giving the author's theory of the proper combination of Religion and Culture, though somewhat diffuse, is also admirable.

The effect of the book is much injured by Dr. Shairp's unfortunately disjointed and confused style; but with this exception it is one to be heartily recommended for its earnestness, charitableness, and good sense. The book is for sale by Sever & Francis.

We acknowledge with thanks from Lee and Shepard *Desk and Debit* by Oliver Optic, the third volume of the Upward and Onward Series.

BRAGELONNE The Son of Athos. Alexander Dumas.
KNIGHTS OF GWYNNE. Charles Lever. BASIL, or the Crossed Path. Wilkie Collins.

We have received cheap editions of the above works from Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers of Philadelphia. Typographical errors and blurs predominate in them to a disagreeable extent, and the print is very fine. Of the authors nothing need be said. They have established reputations which will outlive many generations to come, and their novels will ever be a source of genuine pleasure.

HANDBOOK OF THE ADMINISTRATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES. EDWARD G. TILESTON. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York. Lee, Shepard, Dillingham. 1871.

This work contains extracts from the speeches and messages to Congress of all our Presidents, and a synopsis of the principal events during their respective terms of office. It is at once instructing and very interesting, and in point of usefulness is invaluable. For sale at Sever, Francis, & Co.'s bookstore.

EXCHANGES.

Appleton's Journal has created for itself a peculiar and prominent place among our periodicals. Its varied and pleasant reading is extremely creditable to its management. The "Table Talk" in this journal is quite like the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine*, — always appropriate, chatty, and sensible.

The *Chronicle* judges that the Freshman Class in Michigan University will next year contain not far from fifty ladies.

The "barber to the University" at Williams has vamoosed, taking with him a lot of the students' razors.

The Yale Seniors have reversed the usual order of things; and, instead of the Freshmen, have themselves voted to wear a "uniform," consisting of a white beaver hat and a rattan cane.

One of the editors lately elected on the Cornell *Era* acts as a waiter in one of the college dining-halls.

Numerous presidents of colleges are having a war of words about the propriety of allowing secret societies to exist in colleges.

The Class of '71, at Yale, lately lost one of its best men by death, — the first and only death that has occurred in the Class since entering.

Professor Goldwin Smith is going to lecture for the benefit of the Cornell Boat Club. Horace Greeley will go and do likewise. President White is one of the most active members of the Club, though 'tis understood he refuses to row.

The Atalanta race with the Yale University Crew is off, owing to the let-up on training by the latter crew.

The Amherst Senior, who hired the only public hall in Amherst for the ostensible purpose of giving a lecture, but really to prevent his classmates from having a dance on Commencement night, has been euehred by the proprietor of the hall, who says that the lecture must close at 9:30 o'clock, according to regulations.

The Cornell *Era* attributes its financial success to the fact that a fair and talented young lady hands the papers over the counter at the news-stand.

A Senior in the University at Lewisburg says that a lecture, which one of the professors delivered, was about a poem, entitled "The Holy Gruel."

The Amherst *Student* says that the President hereafter proposes to make the *College Laws* a regular text-book for study and examination for the Freshman Class, and suggests that it first be introduced among the Faculty.

John Trimble, Jr., is at Washington College, St. Louis, preparing to enter Harvard next fall.

Two Freshmen, at Princeton, engaged in an old-fashioned duel a short time ago. No doubt somebody would have been hurt, instead of scared, if the seconds had not, as usual, privily drawn out the balls beforehand.

The Princeton College Nine will start, June 28th, on an extended tour, going direct to Washington. Returning, they will play the principal professional Nines of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston; and the Yale, Harvard, Amherst, and Brown University Nines; and will play their last games with the New York Clubs.

The Amherst *Student* translates at length from *Faust* the Devil's advice to the student. It is followed here without the need of translation.

In his summary of expenses for last term, a student at the Ohio Wesleyan University inserted, "Washing, fifteen cents."

The Senior Class at Amherst graduates with 58 members; of whom 27 smoke, 48 play cards, 19 play billiards, and 13 roll ten-pins. The greatest amount of money expended annually by any student was \$1200; the smallest, \$300.

The late Dr. S. H. Taylor, of Andover, left an unfinished Greek Grammar, which will be completed by his son.

It is said that some of the homely men in the Senior Class at Yale are dissatisfied with the Class photographer.

The Yale student who was assaulted by a policeman, sometime since, has recovered — fifty dollars and an apology.

The *Courant* advises the Yale *Lit.* in regard to its poetry to follow the example set by the *Advocate*. This is a mere matter of taste with the *Lit.*, — perhaps.

The *Athenaeum* says that, at Cambridge, "the knowledge of the Greek letters, and of one of Mr. Bohn's translations, sometimes constitutes the undergraduate's sole claim to be accounted a Greek scholar."

This is quite incomprehensible, until it is understood that the *Athenaeum* refers to Cambridge, England.

Josh Ward is going to train the Amherst Agricultural College Boat Crew. The students there evidently hope to win, by gosh!

A Connecticut democrat, whose name begins with B, objected to his son's being obliged to sit next to the colored man, Bochet, at Yale. The Faculty informed him that the difficulty had been obviated, as the class to which they belong has been divided into divisions according to scholarship, — the colored man having been assigned to the first division, and the son to the fourth.

"Now, gentlemen, how much am I offered for this beautiful Madonna?" said a New-Haven auctioneer, when he offered for sale a statuette of the "Greek Slave."

General Chamberlain is said to be the coming man for the presidency of Bowdoin.

That Freshman was not so slow when he defined the thermometer as "a thing to regulate the weather."

The Cornell *Era* tells of a Sophomore, who pondered long over a base-ball score, trying to make out how it was that the number of outs on each side was the same.

They think it shows genius for a Professor to get out a hard examination-paper at Princeton College.

"Because the Juniors in their botanical studies have attained to a considerable knowledge of the bud, it does not follow that they are Buddhists." — *Orient*.

At Michigan, a Professor defined "a dead-beat escapement," by referring to the case of a Junior who left class after having answered to his name.

Yale wants another periodical.

"How delightfully pleasant it will be, now that hot weather has come, to don our light, cool, military cap, and taking our light musket, devote the afternoon to walking around the Campus, trying to keep step with some one else." — *Cornell Era*.

It cost Yale twenty-three hundred dollars to do what it did at Worcester last summer. Dear enough!

The *University Press* reports that Xenia girls have a pleasing habit of kissing strangers on the street, and then wildly exclaiming, "O my! I thought it was Cousin Charley."

The newly elected editors of the Cornell *Era* are inclined to be pugnacious. They announce that "If that chap with a 'Cleveland kitten,' or 'tin hen,' as it is variously termed, don't stop annoying one of the Eds., he will become notorious in no very complimentary style."

"Our own Boat Club is progressing quite satisfactorily, Crews having been out for practice on every available opportunity; the style of rowing being a decided improvement upon our first efforts. We hope in a short time to have upon the water a six-oared paper shell of the very best quality, in which the University six may row in impending college matches this fall." — *Princeton College World*.

Mumps, measles, and whooping-cough, is what's the matter with the students of Albion College.

ATOMS.

Every Saturday will enlarge on its attempt of last year to sketch the scenes in the Yard on Class Day. The buildings, as well as the more transitory scenes, will be included in the sketches.

AN anxious father, after hearing his son's description of his room and the occupants thereof, in Stoughton Hall, inquired if that was where all the *big bugs* came from that graduated at Harvard.

ATOM, in a confidential way, relates to his intimate friend, Molecule, the following conversation, overheard by him between a member of the Sophomore and of the Freshman Ball Nines:—

Haughty Sophomore.—Of course, your Nine will beat us.

Modest Freshman (with infinite condescension).—Well, there will be no ill feeling about it, I hope.

WHAT are we coming to? The following question was debated and decided in the affirmative by one of our principal literary societies:—

Resolved, with Darwin, that if we *ascend* man's genealogical tree far enough we shall find a monkey at the top.

ON Friday evening, June 2d, a company of students from the Class of '71 entered J. L. Haddow's shop in Harvard Square, and presented him with a very elegant gold-headed cane, as a token of their esteem and high appreciation of his tonsorial services for the last four years.

YALE, by a vote of 120 to 90, refuses to accept our liberal challenge, on the ground that our answer to their challenge was "ambiguous." We learn from good authority that the Yale Seniors are the only men who oppose having any kind of a race, the under-class men, including most of the boating men, being eager for a fray. The *Conrant* did not find any "ambiguity" in Harvard's last letter to Yale; it only calls it "a refreshingly impudent piece of braggadocio."

MR. WARREN has photographed the plans of Memorial Hall and the two new dormitories. Messrs. Sever & Francis have the photographs for sale.

ATOM says he will back us up if we will publish the following fact:—

Polite Senior.—Professor, it would—ah—give me great pleasure to see you round at my room on Class Day.

Prof.—Well, sir, I very seldom go around much on that day, and so—

Senior.—Well, sir, I hope,—ah—if you are unable to come, at least Mrs. ——— will do so.

Prof.—I am sorry to say that Mrs. ——— is too much of an invalid to accept your—

Senior.—Indeed, sir, I am very sorry to hear that—ah—very sorry. By the way, Professor, my own health is rather delicate now, and my physician recommends me not to study too hard. Do you think it would be possible for me to pass my examination on my *general knowledge*?

Prof.—I don't think it would, sir. *Exit Senior.*

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References.—Prof. H. W. Longfellow; Prof. F. J. Child; Prof. E. W. Gurney; N. Silsbee, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard University; Chas. E. Norton, Esq.; C. C. Read, Esq.; A. G. Sedgwick, Esq., Cambridge.

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Early in April, we shall publish an *Illustrated Catalogue for 1871*, which, in addition to containing fine Wood-cuts of our Boats and our latest improved models, will give a *complete list of the Boat, Rowing, and Sporting Clubs in the United States and Canada*, besides much other information of value to Oarsmen.

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tioned branches for the especial benefit of the Students
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Students forming themselves into classes of four can
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Concerts, Lectures, classes for reading at sight, etc.,
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JOHN H. HUBBARD.—THE APOTHECARY.
HIS COLUMN.

How weak and ineffective are even the highest triumphs of Wisdom and Science. Across the street is the Temple of Law,—great is its fame; yet it cannot radiate enough of its essence to keep my signs from being stolen, or cause *all* my little bills to be paid over the way!

The Stipendiary Buggist is a zoölogist of great function. He can determine the mackerel from the pickerel, and the ichthyocolus from any other fish, and put a Latin label on it afterward. The curve of a fish-tail gas-burner being given, he will straightway construct you a plan of the gasometer drawn to scale; yet the merest wharf-loafer will catch more cunnners in an hour than the other in a week, and the Buggist shall return bitten of mosquitoes to the end of his scientific nose.

The Astronomer will at midnight truthfully describe the aspect of a star millions of miles away; yet, when in the illumination of noonday I show him my little bill, he cannot see it in that light at all.

The Theolog. is to us the personification of early piety and excellent principles; yet, if we look in the commercial agency, we may not find his name in the list of those who are "good."

Who sells Ryan's Green Seal Tobacco?

"	"	Bonne Bouche	"
"	"	Lone Jack	"
"	"	St. James	"
"	"	Picadura	"
"	"	Turkish	"
"	"	Persian	"
"	"	Fruits and Flowers, Durham,	"

And others, too numerous to mention?

Answer:
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In arranging rooms for Class-Day, don't forget Cologne, Bay Rum, Combs and Brushes, and other little toilet conveniences.

And so, '71, you are soon to leave us; we shall miss you. As I close my Class-Day labors and go home, I always have a feeling of sadness, as if I had parted with good friends whom I shall never meet again, or if we do meet, it will not be as before. When sometimes in the future you turn up in Cambridge, and find all about you strange faces where once was your home, I hope you will see in the old place one who *will* know you, and he is

Yours truly,

J. H. HUBBARD.

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(Under the superintendence of Mr. HEALD, late of Boynton and Heald), and

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER 13, 1871.

No. I.

AN EPISODE.

It was the plump conductor,
On the Friday-night last car,
Who told the tale I now rehearse,
When proffered a cigar.

But I must first premise that he
Used language rather queer,
Which I have changed, as best I could,
And keep his meaning clear: —

"One night, as we were driving in,
A youngish student fellow
Got on my car, dressed up to kill, —
Hat, new; tie, blue; gloves, yellow.

Another chap got on with him;
They both took seats together,
And rattled on about the night,
Which threatened nasty weather.

Discussed the Bostons' latest match,
Touched on the Mystic races;
Lydia's burlesque troupe criticised,
Praised various pretty faces.

And, after they'd exhausted all
Their stock of sporting knowledge,
The swell one he began to tell
About his life at College.

Good gracious! what yarns he did spin
About his various actions;
Two maiden ladies near him turned
To virtuous petrifications.

He said he'd cut six times that week;
And, in one recitation,
Thrown pebbles at the tutor, to
The students' delectation.

He said (he was a Sophomore),
The night before, out hazing,
He'd held a Freshman o'er a grate,
In which a fire was blazing.

He told about a ballet-girl
To whom he'd sent a letter,
Likewise a bang-up old bouquet,
For which he was a debtor.

'T had cost him fifteen dollars, but
He'd just write home and say it
Was spent for books, and his old man
Would pony up and pay it.

And then he was a gushing on
About a punch he'd given,
Where, just to see who'd drink the most
They all of them had striven;

And how they'd had a jolly row,
Black eyes, ensanguined noses;
And how (to use his language, sir)
He got as tight as Moses.

When a man who had sat next to him
(His face was rather hidden),
And in the shade had listened to
These stories all unbidden,

Now slowly turned round in his seat,
And caught this student's vision,
And gave him just one look that was
Half rage and half derision.

You should have seen that student's face:
Weren't he astonished? rather!
The man who'd heard each word he'd said,
Just think, sir, was *his father*!

I heard as how that student caught,
When he got home that night,
The most all-fired — Here we are!
Mind the last step! All right!"

The car went on, we'd reached the Square;
I walked off to my room:
And still that festive student's fate
To me is wrapped in gloom.

G. C. G.

EDITORIAL.

It is fair to assume that by this time the College is really in running order. Every one is "settled," with perhaps the exception of a late arrival or so, or it may be of a luckless Freshman whose life has been made a burden to him by intrusive Sophomores or procrastinating tradesmen.

Muscular-looking women no longer pervade our entries, armed with mops, pails, brushes, and other formidable implements, for the ostensible service of the virtue which is next to Godliness; and gentlemen in the furniture-moving business have ceased to blockade our staircases. We have a substitute for these last, however, in the coal-carriers who just now come toiling up stairs at all hours of the day, bringing with them huge baskets of coal and faint suggestions of perspiration and tobacco. The new text-books are becoming accustomed to being knocked about, and the new pipes are now fairly "broken in." The floating population of express and furniture wagons, which at the opening of the term enlivened the yard, has disappeared; and even to the Sophomore hazing has become rather tiresome, owing to the plentiful supply of material on which to operate.

Under these circumstances, we may at least hope that the mind collegiate, or at worst the literary part of it, has been eagerly anticipating the issue of the first number of the *Advocate*, with perhaps something the same interest which the newspapers suppose the popular mind to feel in the appearance of Encke's Comet which is invisible to the naked eye. The *Advocate*, too, we may venture to liken to the Comet in the respect that it has a "short period," — *i.e.*, it comes around often, and is extremely brilliant (*vide* the newspapers aforesaid), — but after this, however, the analogy of course fails, as the Comet is mainly composed of gas.

The departure of the Class of '71 has deprived us of several of our most valued contributors; but we feel sure that the deficiency will be fully made up by '74, from which class we have as yet heard very little, but from which we are specially anxious to receive contributions during

the present half-year with reference to the choice of editors at its end.

In conclusion, we wish to bid a hearty welcome to all the old and new faces around us, sincerely wishing by the way that in this connection faces and subscribers were more nearly synonymous terms; and to inform our readers, what they probably already know, that with this paper we present for their kind consideration the first number of Volume XII.

CHANGES.

DURING the long vacation which has just closed, so many and such important changes have taken place in the appearance of the various "College Buildings" that it seems to be almost imperative to devote a short space here to the present aspect of the yard. The most striking change is of course made by the two new halls, Weld and Matthews, the former of which gives great promise of an imposing appearance in the future, when the scaffolds which now surround it shall have been removed; while the latter completely dwarfs by comparison the adjacent Law School and Massachusetts Hall.

All the older buildings are doing penance under a glaring coating of red paint, beneath which they are strikingly suggestive of those elderly females with "fronts" of false red hair whom we must all of us have somewhere seen. Hitherto the old buildings with their weather-beaten walls have been the tokens of a college antiquity of which we have all been proud, but in their new dress they seem to say that both we and they are ashamed of the age which they still so plainly show, and appear to be trying with very indifferent success to delude people into the belief that *all* things have become new. Why this painting was done seems rather a doubtful question. The wildest conjecture does not go so far as to suppose it was intended to be ornamental, and so we are driven to conclude, either that red paint is a preventative of decay in bricks, the more certain the more hideous its hue; or else, and we are very reluctant to suggest this latter alternative, some influential indi-

vidual in the college world must have a cousin in the red-paint business.

Continuing our survey, we find Memorial Hall struggling toward completion; Boylston Hall greatly improved by the addition of that all powerful means of converting old buildings into new ones,—the French roof; and the Holyoke House finished and occupied, to the sore grief of various boarding-house keepers.

Perhaps after all, however, the greatest change is to be observed among the students themselves, but it is a yearly and therefore a familiar one; and the annual transition of Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors, into Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, presents this year no new features. We have as usual lost a Senior Class and acquired a Freshman one, and whether the acquisition will prove a gain or not is yet to be decided. To the Freshmen, however, we beg leave to offer a word of advice; viz., subscribe immediately for the *Advocate*, and always listen with respectful attention to any stories which may be told you beginning either "One year ago," "Two years ago," or "Three years ago, when I was a Freshman," as by this course you will infallibly gain the good-will of all your acquaintances in the classes above you, and acquire at the same time much valuable information.

CLASS DAY.

THE task of writing a description of Class Day at a time when it has so long been a thing of the past is by no means an easy one, and it is usually undertaken less for the information of our present readers, than as one of the few tributes of respect which we are able to pay to a class which has finished its course and finally passed from the undergraduate world. The Class of '71 is moreover peculiarly deserving of the grateful remembrance of those who have had the good fortune to be their fellow-students. In number the largest Class that ever graduated from Harvard, in all the various scenes and pursuits of college life its members stood foremost and almost unrivalled. Their departure has left in our college world a blank which will not

soon be filled. Everywhere they will long be missed, and remembered in the places which they once occupied, and which are now taken, but for us not yet filled, by strangers.

The day itself was every thing that could be wished: like the porridge of the "little wee wee bear" of nursery renown, it was "neither too hot nor too cold, but just right." For the last time and at an hour somewhat later than usual, the Class attended "morning prayers," after which they proceeded to a most pleasant breakfast given them in Massachusetts Hall by Professor F. Bowen. After breakfast, between cheering crowds of their fellow-students and through a yard which was already dotted by the bright dresses and pretty faces of ladies, the Class marched to

THE CHURCH.

And for the exercises here, it is enough to say that they were worthy of the Class of '71. The Oration did not suffer by comparison with the two remarkable orations by which it was preceded in '70 and '69, while the Poem was pronounced to be one of the best, if not the best, ever delivered before a graduating class. From the church to

THE SPREADS

is the usual and generally the welcome transition of Class Day; for human nature is weak, and the change from the crowd and heated atmosphere of the church to cool rooms and tables temptingly set forth with bright flowers, and sparkling glass and silver, not to speak of their more substantial adornments, can scarcely fail to be an agreeable one. And so, for an hour, from all the buildings were heard low murmurs of conversation, mingled with the pleasant clink of spoons and glasses, and the rustle of silks and muslins.

THE DANCING

was carried on in Massachusetts and in Lyceum Halls; and with the promenading in the yard, and pleasant talks in the always open rooms, filled up the afternoon, until the Class again assembled, and after the usual preliminaries of planting the class ivy, cheering the Buildings, etc., etc., proceeded to

THE TREE,

where in the midst of a throng of pretty and interested faces, and surrounded by sympathizing fellow-students, they sang their Class Song, and went through with those parting ceremonies which under a burlesque outside always cover so much real feeling. From the tree, students and guests dispersed to the Teas which have now become such a pleasant feature of the day; a breathing space which prepares one better to enjoy

THE EVENING.

The enchantments of a Class Day evening, long anticipated and long remembered, have been often described by far more worthy pens than mine; and for this one I can say no more than that it was a beautiful and a fitting closing to a day which was throughout fair and perfect.

The care of the committee, felt all day rather than seen in the almost perfect arrangements, was nowhere better rewarded than in the evening. The illuminations in the yard and in Hollis; the clear moonlight of the calcium light on Hollis; the throngs and throngs of bright faces and pretty dresses, now appearing in the broad belt of light and now lost in the shadows of the trees; the music of the Band and the college songs of the Glee Club,—all combined to form a scene which no one can hope to realize from mere description. And so our fellow-students and friends of '71 left us, going out as became a class who have done honor to themselves and to Harvard, taking with them our best wishes for their future, and leaving to us such regret for their loss as few classes have been able to leave behind them.

BASE BALL.

THE Nine have no imposing list of games and victories to offer as a record of this year's work; yet they have retained their pre-eminence in amateur contests, moderately seasoned by "professional" victory.

That the number of games—and, consequently, victories—has not been larger is owing

to the edict of the Faculty confining ball matches to Saturday, with no provision in case of bad weather. The last four games played have not found their way to the *Advocate*; two of them occurring just at the end of the term, and the others after Commencement.

The loss of the Eckford game must not be attributed to the noted "slows" of Martin; for, properly supported, the Harvard pitching would have been much more effective, the latter making fifteen (15) base hits to the Eckfords ten (10).

The Rose Hill game was quite a surprise to the visiting club, their evident intention of cancelling the previous year's defeat meeting with unexpected opposition.

Monday, July 3, found the Harvards in New Haven, awaiting with their weakened Nine, but characteristic confidence, the coming Yale game.

The Mansfield game was a little gentle exercise, indulged in preparatory to the great match of Wednesday; and some very good playing was the result.

The game of Wednesday is regarded by some as the result of Harvard discipline, and by others as a fair specimen of "Yale luck." It is rather difficult to determine what this last expression signifies, but with regard to the former we can speak more understandingly.

An observer must have been struck by the entire absence of nervousness which characterized the Harvard fielding, in comparison with her formidable opponents. Yale did the heaviest batting, and her telling hits called forth all the "play" the "Magenta" fielders were capable of showing. Eustis and Annan were sorely missed at the bat, and great credit is due to the Nine that the absence of these players from the field did not prove disastrous.

Goodwin never pitched better; and Bush supported him in style, not having a passed ball. Austin was the same old short stop of '70, and that is high praise. Reynolds and Tyler seemed perfectly at home although playing out of position. The out-field had little to do; but that little was well done, Wells taking a difficult fly at centre, and Allen closing the last innings for Yale by a fine catch at left.

White far surpassed the others at the bat, securing no less than five first base hits and eight totals. The thanks of the Nine are due to some half-dozen Harvard men, whose modest display of Magenta, and encouraging cheers were fully appreciated.

New players will be seen in the Nine this Fall with a reputation yet to win, and the best wish we can have for them is, that they may worthily fill the places of those who went before them.

The present efficient Captain has the good wishes of the "departed," and we have no doubt he will show the Yale men they were in error, when they made the assertion that "the Harvard Nine will be more easily beaten when Bush ceases to be Captain."

Below are given the averages, with a list of the games played the present season:—

SCORES IN GAMES PLAYED.

Opponents.	Harvard.	Opponents.
*Lowell, of Boston	14	9
Boston, of Boston	4	13
Tufts College, of Medford	32	9
Brown University, of Providence	42	10
Haymakers, of Troy, New York	15	8
Athletic, of Philadelphia	6	14
Olympic, of Washington	5	17
Chicago, of Chicago	2	12
Brown University, of Providence	34	15
Eckford, of Williamsburg, New York	9	15
Rose Hill, St. John's College, Fordham, N.Y.	20	5
Mansfield, of Middletown, Conn.	18	4
Yale College, of New Haven	22	19
Total Runs	223	150

	Games.	Outs.	Av. Outs.		Runs.	Av. Runs.
1. Annan	8	18	2.25	Bush	32	2.66
2. Wells	12	30	2.50	Wells	30	2.50
3. Bush	12	33	2.75	Annan	18	2.22
4. Goodwin	10	28	2.80	Austin	13	2.17
5. Reynolds	11	33	3.00	Reynolds	21	1.91
6. Austin	6	18	3.00	White	22	1.83
7. Eustis	7	22	3.14	Eustis	12	1.71
8. Tyler	11	35	3.18	Goodwin	16	1.60
9. White	12	41	3.42	Tyler	17	1.55
10. Reed	4	15	3.75	Reed	6	1.50
11. Barnes	8	32	4.00	Barnes	7	.875

* Practice Game.

	Strikes.	1st. Bases.	Av. 1st. B.		T. B.	Av. T. B.
Annan	44	20	.455	Bush	48	.666
Bush	72	32	.444	Goodwin	29	.547
Reynolds	63	25	.397	Eustis	19	.500
Wells	69	26	.377	Wells	33	.478
Goodwin	53	20	.377	Annan	21	.477
Austin	34	12	.353	Reynolds	28	.444
Eustis	38	13	.342	White	31	.443
White	70	21	.300	Austin	13	.382
Reed	21	6	.286	Tyler	17	.298
Barnes	44	11	.250	Reed	9	.286
Tyler	57	13	.238	Barnes	11	.250

THE SPRINGFIELD REGATTA.

A DRIVE of six miles or so from Springfield brings one in view of the course selected by the Committee for the Inter-Collegiate Regatta of 1871. It was glowingly described during the winter as a straight course for two miles and a half, with a slight turn on the last half-mile; with pretty banks on either side, which were not so high as to make the wind, if any there were, flawy and strong; while the stream was wide enough for six boats to start abreast. The course was so straight for the first two miles and a half that the boat-houses, which were opposite the starting-line, were hidden behind the bank before half the course was rowed, and from there to the "finish" the course was very nearly in the shape of a semi-circle. The water in some parts was scarcely six inches deep, and in no part more than four feet, which made the boats "drag" perceptibly. There were large islands of floating grass scattered over the course. The banks were for the most part very high and steep, and covered with low trees and underbrush, so thick that it was a matter of the greatest difficulty to get a sight of the course, the only accommodations for spectators being on a high hill which overlooked the river, but at such a distance that it was very difficult, even with a glass, to distinguish the several crews; and from no point could both the "start" and "finish" be seen. As the prevailing winds were from the south, and the river runs in directly the opposite direction, a choppy, irregular sea was the usual result.

The first race was between the Atalanta crew of New York and the Harvard University. The Atalanta crew were strong, hardy men: they arrived but a week before the race, having beaten the '73 Class crew of Yale, five of whom, by the way, were in the University crew when it was so unfortunately broken up last spring.

The composition of the Harvard Crew, as we found it at Springfield, requires some words of explanation. Early in May a crew was formed which promised well; and, as we watched it go from the boat-houses for the first time, we felt that it well deserved the name of the Harvard University crew. That very night Jones sprained his ankle: as the class crews were then in training for the June races, it was impossible to fill his place; and the crew had to practise as a four-oar with Read as coxswain, or as a six with some chance oarsman who was not in a class crew. By the first of July, Jones's ankle allowed him to take short rows of a mile or so; and the prospects of the crew began to seem more favorable, though only three weeks remained before the race. Rice, one of the best men in the boat, was taken sick with the measles on the 4th of July, and Loring was put on the crew. July 5th the crew went to Springfield: four of them were in good training, two had been in training but four days, and the six had rowed together only three days. July 10th the crew, starting down the river, had not rowed half a mile when they collided with the Brown Freshmen: the bow of the Brown boat struck Read's outrigger, and was cut clean in two; and one part passing upward between Jones's arm and body struck Tucker in the back, making a wound about four inches long and laying the muscles bare. Tucker was not able to row till Friday afternoon, when the crew took a gentle paddle, and on Saturday again rowed together for the fourth day: this gave the crew four days to practise before the college race, and one before the Atalanta. On Tuesday, the day appointed for the race, a heavy south wind made such a choppy sea that the race was necessarily postponed until the next day. On Wednesday the river was smooth, a light south wind rippling the water round the many corners of the *straight-away* course. The Harvards drew the inside;

at the word "go," the Atalantas, taking the water first, started on a spurt of 45 strokes to the minute, rowing a long sliding stroke in remarkably good time. The Harvards' rowing at the "start" was a little flurried, and the time was poor; in fact, it looked as if the 46 strokes per minute which they rowed were too many for them. As clear water began to show itself between the two boats, the Atalantas settled down to 42 to the minute, still keeping good time, feathering high, sliding well forward, and getting a good "catch" in the beginning. The Harvard boat followed with 41 to the minute, splashing and rolling badly in the Atalantas' "swash:" there were no signs of the snap and style generally seen in the Harvard "University;" even the "catch on the beginning" so long identified with Harvard was gone. The Atalantas steadily increased their lead for the first mile and a half, when Harvard put in three more strokes to the minute, and began to row more steadily and in much better time. Both crews came in with 44 to the minute, the Atalantas twenty lengths ahead. Time: Atalantas 18 m. 19 1-2 s., Harvards 19 m. 22 s.

On Friday the water was as calm as could be wished. The first race of the day was between the Freshmen crews of Brown and Harvard. The Brown crew were short stocky men; their stroke was not very long, nor was it clean enough on the finish, though with a good snap and catch on the beginning; the time was good, but the style throughout the boat was not uniform. The Harvards were longer, thinner, and more wiry men than the Browns; their stroke was excellent, and was excellently followed; time and style being both very good.

The Harvards started with 44 to the minute, the Browns close behind with 46. This position they kept for a mile or so, when Brown spurted up even, but Harvard rowing steadily again drew away from them: twice more Brown spurted, and the result looked doubtful; but on the third mile Harvard putting in a little more strength walked right away from their opponents, beating them by about nine boat-lengths. Time: Harvard 20 m. 18 s., Brown 20 m. 45 s.

As soon as the judges' steamer, which had followed the boats, returned, the boats for the University race were called. The Brown crew had been at Ingleside for three weeks, were wiry, tough-looking men, and in fine condition. They were trained by John Blue of New York, and rowed a new boat built by Elliot of Greenpoint.

The Massachusetts Agricultural crew were stronger and older men than either of their opponents. They had been training at Ingleside for two weeks, and rowed in the boat in which the Amherst Freshmen pulled in '70. Josh Ward, their trainer, taught them that effective stroke which they pulled so successfully.

Brown drew the inside, and the Massachusetts Agricultural the outside. Brown and Harvard started very evenly, the Massachusetts Agricultural having a lead of half a length when the word was given. The Agricultural crew, going off with a spurt of 49 to the minute, rowed in remarkably good time, and steadily drew away from their opponents; they rowed a long, powerful stroke, well together, and without splashing. Brown followed, with 46 to the minute: their stroke was shorter than that of the Agricultural, with more of a catch on the beginning, and less on the end; not so clean, but with more "snap." The Harvards did not spurt on the "start," but settled down immediately to 43 to the minute; the crew deserve much praise for the marked improvement which was made in the interval between the two races. The stroke was longer and more decided; the time was better, and the boat was "lifted" much better on the beginning; the feathering, too, was much cleaner, and the style wonderfully improved.

The excitement of the race was centred on Brown and Harvard, the Agricultural crew having increased the lead which they took on the start. Brown after the first spurt fell a little behind, but again spurted and drew away; not being able to hold the pace, she again fell behind, but only to make another plucky spurt; till, on the beginning of the third mile, the Harvards, who rowed 43 strokes to the minute from the "start" to the "finish," lengthening out a little, gained a boat-length, which they gradually increased to five or six.

The Agricultural had meanwhile been steadily gaining on the other crews, and putting on a fine spurt during the last half-mile came swinging in some fifteen boat-lengths ahead in 17 m. 47 1-2 s., followed by Harvard in 18 m. 30 s., and Brown in 18 m. 49 3-4 s.

VICTORY IN DEFEAT.

THE result of the University Race at Springfield, while it was a bitter pill for us to swallow, will, it is to be hoped, prove a wholesome medicine, not only for all who take part in boating, but also for the whole College. There were, without doubt, ample excuses for the poor show we made there, — excuses which would have justified the withdrawal of our boat from the contest; but the blind confidence which we all have in what we call "our style" rendered any such action altogether out of the question. Yale, the only foeman which we were wont to consider worthy of our steel, was not to appear in the contest; and sublime carelessness, on our part, was the result, — one man off, two men disabled, and one of the very best oarsmen in College not rowing. All these circumstances were not considered as having any weight, when we were to have such a "sure thing" of it.

The different character of the course, the absence of the stake-boat, and other peculiarities, render it simply impossible to make an accurate comparison between the time made by the crew of this year and that made by those of former years; but we do not believe that we ought to have been beaten, taking into consideration what we might have done.

There are reasons for congratulation upon the fact that we were beaten, however; for it is to be hoped that, in the future, we shall set about training, with the conviction in our minds that we are not invincible, and that we can become so only by assiduous toil, — putting our faith in muscle and training, and not unreservedly and alone in the "Magenta," the "Rah, rah, rah," the "two to one on Harvard," and "those elegant bare brown backs." If we profit by the lesson taught us by our bucolic cousins, our defeat will prove a victory; for it will subdue our mightiest enemy, — over-confidence.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at Crosby & Damrell's, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

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YOUNG CHARLIE.

ARRAYED in her silk and her satin,
Bewitchingly lovely was Sue,
As fresh from his Greek and his Latin,
Young Charlie came over to woo.

Alas! he was only a tutor,
And poor as a beggar was he.
But she had full many a suitor,
For lovely and charming was she.

He thought in his heart, "I will win her:
I know it is learning that takes.
And then I'm the luckiest sinner
That lives 'twixt the gulf and the lakes."

But vainly he thought thus, and vainly
He asked her to love him and wed.
The reason she would not was plainly
His wealth lay alone in his head.

He told how his heart was in anguish,
And owned it was Cupid's fell shaft
(To see with what grace he could languish
Heraclitus himself would have laughed).

With looks hardly loving or sunny,
But more like the sky when it rains,
She said she would rather have money
Than all of his wisdom and brains.

'Twas making it somewhat precarious
To trust to his learning for bread;
And so, as her reasons were various,
She'd rather not marry, she said.

'Twas sad if harsh Cupid had hurt him;
She wished she could help him, — but then,
She hoped it would not disconcert him;
Perhaps he might see her again.

He vowed he would leave on that very
Same night all his papers and books,
And seek, while his learning he'd bury,
For diamonds and things in the brooks.

He borrowed a spade and a pitcher,
He purchased a pick and a hoe;
He thought that no man would be richer
Than he in a fortnight or so.

He wrote, in a note to the lady,
"I've gone to get money for you.
Now often remember me," prayed he,
"And be my own dear little Sue."

He waited in vain for a letter,
In answer to that which he sent;
Each morning more hopeful and better,
Till two or three months had been spent.

The post-man at home saw that many
A letter came postmarked the same;
But noticed that never on any
Returning was found such a name.

But Charlie, like many a lover,
Has found that his love is all past;
Is glad that the fever is over,
And he can breathe freely at last.

His pick he has sold, and his shovel
Returned to the owner again;
Determined no longer to grovel,
He lives like a man among men.

FR.

[We have received the following communication, with such strong indorsements from one of the upper classes, that we think it only right to give it a place in our columns, as expressing the feeling of no inconsiderable number of students; yet at the same time we would not be understood as subscribing unreservedly to the sentiments of the article, which we cannot but wish had at least been couched in more temperate language. — EDS.]

AN OUTRAGE.

WE have long felt at Cambridge the want of a good bookstore, and have fully realized the imperfections of the present establishment. We have even suffered ourselves for the last two or three years to be miserably imposed upon by this institution, which has doubtless realized a handsome profit from the sale of college text-books. We have indeed remonstrated; but our remonstrances have produced smiles at the time, and higher prices the next time we came. Nevertheless, generally speaking, up to this period we have been silent victims, willing to pay a little black mail for the privilege of having a bookstore so near the College. Now, instead of a privilege, it has become a species of outrage, — or better, wholesale imposition; and it is the students who have been imposed upon.

At the beginning of last year the proprietors of the establishment, not contented with pocketing a good round sum annually at the expense of our purses and good-nature, conceived the idea, together with the College Wharf coal-company and other establishments, that the students were not trustworthy. Accordingly every bill started at this model bookstore had to be sanctioned by a letter from our fathers. This accomplished, these gentlemen still thought that they incurred great risk in charging books to the students, and we were gulled into paying 25 or 30 per cent extra for risk on every book thus charged; this tax being increased in proportion to the size of the books. Our bills came in: we paid them, and the 25 per cent these gentlemen charged for safety was not refunded when we settled our bills, their principle being this: they calculate that about two out of every three

students will pay their bills without loss to them, and they make it their object to charge the two honest ones enough to repay them for what they may lose by the third. If the third man pays, which he does in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, so much the better for them! The plan is doubtless delightfully lucrative, and we wonder that more of the Cambridge dealers have not adopted it.

The former firm has lately been dissolved; and the students of Harvard College having, it is to be presumed, made the retiring members comfortable for life, are naturally incensed at having to pay the new firm still more exorbitant prices for text-books. To give an example: it is an actual fact that these gentlemen require students to pay \$4.50 C.O.D. for Adler's German Lexicon, but if charged on our bills it is \$6.00. Now this is simply atrocious; for any man can buy the book in Boston, charged or not charged, for \$4.00. It is a profit of \$2.00 on a single book. All students appreciate the advantages of having a bookstore near the College, and are always willing to pass over any little failings on the part of the proprietors; but when it comes to ruinous prices and unfair dealing, these are things that cannot and ought not to be overlooked. Many students have already ceased to purchase their books in Cambridge, and the number is daily increasing. The instance cited above is only a solitary example of the system of this establishment, and if the students would agree to buy their text-books in Boston, where they can be obtained for reasonable prices, and where they can have them charged without paying extra, the object of this article would be accomplished. The dissatisfaction has been increasing so much of late that it is only right to warn the younger classes with regard to it. It will be for their own interests, as well as serve to do away with an outrage that is daily becoming more unbearable, if students will consider this.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

A CARD.

ALL undergraduates interested or proficient in instrumental music, who may be desirous of obtaining information regarding the *Pierian*

Sodality, may do so by calling at No. 2 Grays. Numerous vacancies have been made in the Society by the graduation of the Class of '71, and it is very desirable that these should be filled as soon as possible. No one need be deterred from application through fear of incompetency or bashfulness, and as to most undergraduates this Society offers the only opportunity which will ever be afforded them of forming one of an Orchestra, its practical advantages can scarcely be over-estimated.

LIST OF FRESHMEN.

THE following is a list of the names and rooms of the Freshman Class according to the present lists in the Dean's office:—

A. B. Alger H'y. 22	W. W. Dewhurst C. 19
W. H. Annan D. 39	J. B. Draper . Mr. J. W. Draper's
A. Anthony . Mrs. Weinschenk's	Damascus
F. R. Appleton T. 47	C. H. Dyer G. 3
G. S. Appleton G. 32	E. Earle T. 11
J. H. Appleton . . 45 Dana Street	Eaton
W. H. Atkinson . 10 Appian Way	W. D. Ellet 60 Mt. Auburn Street
G. Bacon 54 Brattle Street	E. P. Elliott Somerville
J. E. Bacon C. 3	A. B. Ellis T. 8
J. E. Badger 7 Little's Block	E. A. Emerson C. 4
E. D. Baldwin H. 19	W. C. Emerson C. 20
W. S. Barnum T. 51	Emilio
A. H. Barrington C. 3	S. F. Farrar G. 41
F. C. S. Bartlett H. 17	G. P. Faucon 64 Mt. Auburn Street
J. N. Baxter T. 17	T. C. Felton Miss M. S. Felton's
A. W. Beard H'y. 23	W. S. Fenollosa G. 33
G. H. Bird Somerville	J. W. Fewkes C. 50
V. Y. Bowditch T. 4	F. P. Fish Rev. L. J. Livermore's
D. G. Briggs . 21 Hancock Street	A. Fiske 42 Brattle Street
Le B. R. Briggs 6r Kirkland Street	A. S. Flint C. 33
H. W. Broughton S. 19	W. E. Flint G. 7
G. W. Brown	W. R. Foster Mr. R. Richardson's
H. G. Browne T. 50	F. P. Foulks 9 Mt. Auburn Street
W. N. Bullard T. 34	N. L. Frothingham 42 Brattle Street
S. W. Burgess 78 Mt. Auburn Street	J. W. Gaff H'y. 12
W. Burnett . 16 Winthrop Street	G. G. Gammons C. 52
P. Butler H'y. 22	F. S. Gerrish C. 32
W. T. Campbell 26 Mt. Auburn St.	N. H. Gibbs . 52 Brattle Street
G. F. Canfield 100 Mt. Auburn St.	F. S. Gould T. 60
E. L. Carney . 39 Brattle Street	R. Gray T. 34
F. Carter C. 9	Green
S. C. Chandler H'y. 23	W. Griswold C. 23
L. W. Clark T. 38	F. J. Ham H'y. 10
C. W. Coffin G. 34	A. S. Hancox S. 18
F. R. Comee H'y. 1	J. F. Harris . 410 Harvard Street
C. W. Copeland Mt. Auburn Street	N. S. Hart T. 14
Conlan	W. Hartwell H'y. 12
J. W. Craig . 16 Garden Street	E. T. Hastings C. 18
S. G. Crowell . 19 Ash Street	A. Hemenway . 1 Garden Street
H. E. Crowell T. 14	E. E. Hobart C. 26
S. Cunningham . . Mr. Pike's	G. B. Hobart T. 41
B. R. Curtis . 52 Brattle Street	J. A. Hodge H. 3
W. S. Cutler T. 31	J. C. Holman Mr. J. Holman's
James Dana S. 1	W. H. Holman T. 51
C. Davison . . 3 Little's Block	Hotchkiss

W. S. Hunnewell 52 Brattle Street	M. A. Raymond Mr. Wm. Richardson's
J. O. S. Huntington G. 48	W. A. Reed G. 3
T. G. Iasigi . 52 Brattle Street	E. J. Richards Mr. J. H. Barbour's
W. A. Jeffries 16 Winthrop Street	H. B. Richardson . Rev. J. W. Hank's
W. L. Jeffries 16 Winthrop Street	F. P. B. Riggs Mr. J. H. Barbour's
C. R. Johnson . 39 Brattle Street	G. R. R. Rivers G. 40
L. C. Josephs Mrs. J. M. Wood's	F. R. Rix C. 31
C. R. Judson Mrs. M. A. Warland's	D. W. Ross . Mr. J. L. Ross's
J. H. Kennealy G. 71	S. Sargent . . Mr. E. Brown's
J. F. Kent C. 11	A. F. Sears T. 31
Keyou	F. R. Sears . . 1 Garden St.
G. E. Kimball	F. Shaw 1 Garden St.
W. L. Kimball C. 20	A. B. Silsbee Mr. F. F. Fogg's
W. F. Kimball H'e. 23	Sleeper
R. Kidner S. 19	H. S. Smith S. 1
L. H. Kileski S. 17	F. W. Stone Somerville
E. A. King Mr. C. W. Homer's	N. H. Stone T. 21
F. G. King	C. E. Stowe . Mrs. M. Bond's
J. G. King G. 14	F. S. Sturgis . Mr. E. Brown's
E. M. Kingsbury C. 10	W. E. Sutliff . 5 Kirkland St.
H. D. Kingsbury H. 19	N. Taylor . 100 Mt. Auburn St.
I. C. Lane . 10 Appian Way	T. F. Taylor . 4 Mt. Auburn St.
A. Lawrence . 9 Linden Street	A. S. Thayer T. 11
F. W. Lee G. 44	H. Thayer . C. W. Hildreth's
C. F. Lighthipe H'e. 7	P. S. Tobey . 16 Winthrop St.
J. P. Livermore Rev. L. J. Livermore's	C. A. Tomes G. 32
C. C. Lord C. 50	W. W. Townsend C. 38
C. E. Low . 2 Garden St.	H. S. Van Duzen Mrs. S. Humphreys
W. Lowery . Mr. A. Morgan's	W. H. Wadsworth . 11 Bow St.
A. Matthews . 52 Brattle St.	G. L. Walton C. 30
J. L. Merrill Mr. C. A. Cutter's	F. P. Ward . 52 Brattle St.
W. H. Melville C. 40	J. M. Ward . Mr. E. Brown's
R. A. Mercur T. 17	S. G. Ward . 23 Little's Block
H. S. Milton H'y. 1	E. F. Warner
C. Mitchell T. 64	E. B. Warren
G. H. Monks T. 38	S. D. Warren . 19 Little's Block
R. Montague C. 49	E. P. Watson . 44 Mt. Auburn St.
S. D. Morgan 414 Harvard St.	F. S. Watson T. 4
O. D. Myrick H'y. 10	M. F. Weber S. 18
G. H. Norcross 10 Appian Way	Welles
J. S. O'Callaghan C. 19	H. B. Wenzell 9 Concord Ave.
E. Q. S. Osgood C. 46	C. W. Wetmore 39 Brattle Street
H. Parker H'e. 38	A. Whiting Mr. C. W. Homer's
S. H. Parker . 10 Appian Way	Wilby
W. H. Parsons 373 Harvard St.	M. L. Willard T. 43
T. C. Pease H. 3	H. Williams T. 43
E. M. Perry G. 13	W. H. Williamson S. 4
Phelps	W. P. Wilson Mr. S. Buckland's
C. A. Place G. 40	E. R. Wilson C. 33
L. H. Plimpton C. 49	H. Winter 60 Brattle St.
C. W. Plummer T. 21	C. S. Wood C. 11
W. L. Porter . 414 Harvard St.	W. Woodman Mr. C. Woodman's
M. G. Post . 14 Little's Block	S. K. Woodward 44 Mt. Auburn St.
E. Poultney . 9 Little's Block	I. Worcester T. 64
H. Preble 62 Brattle St.	G. F. Young S. 17
W. P. Preble . 62 Brattle St.	
M. H. Prince T. 8	

MUSIC.

DURING the vacation, we have been the recipients of several songs and pieces of music from the firm of Messrs. Ditson & Co., which we take this first opportunity to notice. The only noticeable feature in the general character of the songs is that there is less of that sentimental style which has always been rather common

in the poetry of what would otherwise be pleasing productions. But as the tender passion, with its attendant feelings, has always been inseparably connected with music, we can hardly expect that it will cease to find utterance through the same channel for time to come. And among the many poor songs of this sort published, we must be satisfied that there are some really good additions to the popular music of the times. Such an addition is a song entitled, *If Doughty Deeds my Lady please*, by Arthur J. Sullivan, whose songs have already become deservedly popular, and some of them we have had the pleasure of hearing at the Glee Club Concerts. A duet by F. Abt, called *The Day is slowly ending*, both very pretty and by no means difficult. Among other songs for male voices, there is *The King and I*, by Henriette, for a baritone, quite a lively piece, which we think might be rendered very effective; also *Only to Love*, by Charles Santley, which, however sentimental, is nevertheless very pretty and not difficult, being within easy compass for a baritone; a Scotch song, *The Man o' Airlie*, sung, as we are told, "with great applause by Mr. Barrett." Longfellow's *Rainy Day* has again been set to music, in the form of a duet, by John Blockley; but hardly with the same success as in the solo of the same. Of the more difficult songs, there is Mignon's song, *Hast thou e'er seen the Land?* sung by M'lle Nilsson in the opera of *Hamlet*, which we may soon have an opportunity of hearing.

Of instrumental music, there is a fantasia, *Visions of a Dream*, by Lumbye, for the piano; and an *Air Tyrolien*, for piano and guitar, by Neuland.

EXCHANGES.

OUR college exchanges, like our friends, return to us renewed in vigor and appearance after their long vacation. Like our friends, too, they wear fresh countenances, a lively air, and of course have "experiences" to relate of infinite variety. They bear witness to renewed interest in every thing that pertains to college life, — base-ball, boating, Society matters, the new classes, — with now and then a faint allusion to matters of educational interest. Every thing promises well; and we cordially welcome back our exchanges, wishing that they may live long and prosper.

The *Nation* is a paper which every student should read. Its freedom from rant and partisan prejudices, the culture and ability displayed in its columns, make it second to none in point of real value to intelligent readers, and commend it to the attention of all.

The *Atlantic* has never attained so high a degree of excellence as now. With Mr. Howells at its head, with himself and an equally popular corps as contributors, it is safe to say that it is first among the foremost of our magazines.

Appleton's Journal has been enlarging its field of operations in numerous particulars. In addition to its stories and essays, it is publishing sketches of travel which, with its miscellaneous matter, make it an exceedingly lively and entertaining weekly magazine.

Some bewildered pamphleteer has seen fit to publish a full account of Yale and Harvard Boat Racing. It contains: The Worcester Races of 1870; The *Advocate-Courant* Controversy; Official Correspondence; The Rowing Association of American Colleges; Yale's Time in the Race of 1865; Historical Outline of the Past; Proposed System for the Future. We shall doubtless have occasion to refer to it hereafter.

The Freshman Class at Cornell numbers 225, including members in all departments; at Yale, 140; at Dartmouth, 75; at Amherst, 61; at Bowdoin, 53; at Princeton, 72. Cornell graduated last year 40; Yale, 103; Amherst, 59; Bowdoin, 14; Dartmouth, 68; Princeton, 78.

The Yale *Courant* regrets that "matters were in such a state that Yale was unable to row a race with the Harvards this year, and another with the Amherst farmers." Perhaps the regret was mutual.

The *University Press* says, "The Freshman Class numbers about 70, mostly boys and girls." Query: What or who are the exceptions? The same paper gets off the following: "The student who took the thread of life to sew up the rent of his room is inventing a patent point for cross-eyed needles."

An Amherst Sophomore has devised a new way of telling bad news. He writes home to his father, "I came near losing thirty-seven dollars last week." Anxious parent writes back that he is thankful the money was *not* lost, and wants to know "how near." By return mail, "Came within one of it, — lost thirty-six."

"Appleton Chapel, Harvard College, is to have an open timber ceiling, ornamented columns, and galleries capable of seating 400 more students. The whole interior is to be redecorated, to have new gas fixtures and screen work about the pulpit, and the glass is to be stained." — *Courant*.

The retiring president of the Base-Ball Club at Yale congratulated the Club on the fact that, though it was not out of the woods, it was out of the *Bush*.

They have a queer way down at Yale of getting out the College Catalogue in the early part of the college year. Shoddy! We wait five or six months.

Trinity College has been whitewashed.

President Porter, of Yale, was inaugurated last Wednesday.

A "School of Journalism" is to be established at Yale, with Ex-President Woolsey at its head.

One of the effects of Prohibition. — President White advised against students reading immoral novels, like Charles Reade's *Terrible Temptation*. The following day the demand for that novel at the bookstore was so great that the supply was exhausted, and the bookseller has ordered another edition. Who wouldn't advertise?

"Hanibal," the "Glue" of Yale, is thus reported: —

Student. — Why didn't the gentleman give you pants like your coat, Hanibal?

Hanibal (meekly). — My legs were too short. They're about the size o' yours, sir.

An explosion is reported at Yale. Gas, and nobody hurt.

A lustful Turk has packed his worldly goods, consisting of a pound of opium, a meerscham pipe, and a scimitar, and started for the Amherst Agricultural College.

The *Courant* feels obliged to enter into a long proof to show that it is a college paper. Stick to it!

Mr. Flagg, formerly Tutor of Greek at Harvard, is now Professor of Greek at Cornell University.

Baths at the Yale Gymnasium twenty cents.

Fifty students of Calculus in the Class of '73 at Yale! "Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me!"

"To arms, if necessary!" cries the *Trinity Tablet*, provoked by Hartford's native Ku-Klux.

The *Courant* advocates the adoption by Yale of the proposition made by Harvard that the base-ball contests be thrown open to the whole University.

Accounts of "Rushes" abound in the columns of our exchanges. Here is an extract from one in the *Trinity Tablet*: —

"Again the word was given: with the best men in front, the columns moved slowly towards each other. In a moment came the collision. The ranks were firm and solid. The night was dark; only a star, here and there, peeped out upon the scene, but quickly concealed itself again behind the moving clouds, to avoid the sight of the silent struggle. 'Push, Sophs!' 'This way, you Freshmen!' In the centre of the fight, above the heads of the combatants, was seen a large form. 'What's that?' 'How did it get there?' Surely the Greek gods of whom students dream so often have not interfered. 'Go it, '75!' 'Hurrah for '74!' 'Now's the time, Sophs!' 'Your last chance, Freshmen! look out for the "Lemon Squeezer"!"

Though this be madness, there seems to be method in it.

ATOMS.

THE examinations for "making up conditions," although most lugubrious in themselves, have been the cause of one or two amusing incidents. Here are a couple of specimens: —

First Student (conditioned in Metaphysics). — Can you define a sensation?

Second Student (conditioned in History). — Well, no: the fact is, I haven't got up the map yet.

Another student, who was "tutoring" for the dreaded ordeal, was heard to speak thus to a companion, on leaving the rooms of the gentleman for whose instruction he was paying at the rate of two dollars per hour: "Did you notice how Dash complimented me to-day? He said I'd be sure to get through. I got a fearful 'rag' on him though, for I had my book open under the table the whole time."

AN ingenuous Freshman, on his way to breakfast, after having conscientiously attended (and attended to) his first college exercise, was asked by a Senior that standard question, "How do you like the College?" "Well, sir," he replied, "if every thing goes off as well as the prayers did this morning, I think I shall like first-rate."

ATOM accidentally intruded upon an about-to-be happy couple at a seaside resort this summer, when the following conversation took place after, of course, a hasty change of position: —

Young Gentleman (very rapidly and fumbling in his pockets). — Halloa A. I got a cigar? No, no, I mean got a match?

Young Lady (blushing vividly, but with great presence of mind). — How quickly this sea air does burn one up. Don't you think so, Mr. Atom?

UNDER the head of special notices, the *Post* publishes the following: —

VERY BEST BRANDY.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

University Lectures begin as follows, &c.

We shall not continue the quotation, because we do not wish to advertise establishments of the sort, and thus lose the support of our temperance readers. If the programme is rigidly adhered to, however, we think we may venture to prophesy a larger attendance upon the various courses than ever before.

WE have received the advance sheets of the new *Advertising Tabular View*, which is soon to be distributed throughout the College. It is both more durable and more ornamental than the official document, and we understand that its publication is to be repeated.

ATOM, while in the Dean's office, overheard a conversation that rather startled him. A Freshman inquired — not of the Dean, by the way — when he would have a chance to make up his condition in the metres of Horace. "The examination in Greek takes place at nine o'clock," was the answer. "But," pleaded the Freshman, "I want to find out about the metres of Horace." "Did I not tell you," frowned the person addressed, "that the examination in Greek of every description took place at nine o'clock?"

TABLE BOARD. — Six Law or Scientific students can be accommodated with table board at MRS. ALLEN'S, 69 Brattle Street.

T. S. McCOY,
Harvard Hair-Dressing Saloon,
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(UP STAIRS),
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DANCING.
Mme. and Mlles. GRAVIER will resume their Classes at the Hall
753 Tremont Street, October 18.
Classes for Misses and Masters every Wednesday and Saturday, at 3 P.M. Evening Classes for Gentlemen. Private Lessons also given. For particulars, apply at 753 TREMONT STREET.

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SHELL BOAT-BUILDER,
And Spoon-Oar Maker to the University.
HARVARD BOAT HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

WILLIAM TUFTS,
Caterer for Class-Day,

737 WASHINGTON STREET,
Corner of Indiana Place, BOSTON.

Constantly on hand, the best Ice Cream, Plum Cakes, Fancy Cakes, Pastry, and Confectionery. Parties supplied, in addition to the above articles, with Frozen Sherbet, Jelly, Blanc Mange, and Table Ornaments of every description, at the shortest notice, and with punctuality.

J. A. RUGGLI,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT & SHOE MAKER,
HARVARD ROW, CAMBRIDGE,
GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES FOR SALE.
All kinds of Repairing done.

A. E. A. GODEFRIN,
TEACHER OF FRENCH,
58 STUDIO BUILDING,
Corner Tremont and Bromfield Streets, BOSTON.

References. — Prof. H. W. Longfellow; Prof. F. J. Child; Prof. E. W. Gurney; N. Silsbee, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard University; Chas. E. Norton, Esq.; C. C. Read, Esq.; A. G. Sedgwick, Esq., Cambridge.

JOHN G. CALROW,
TAILOR AND OUTFITTER,
85 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

The largest and most complete assortment of Goods adapted to the season is now ready for inspection.

It is well known that our prices are full 25 per cent less than any other first-class house in the city. The style of our cutting is particularly admired by our young Trade. We have a fine assortment of ties and scarfs unsurpassed for beauty and colors. All kinds of fancy goods for young gents' wear; gloves of the most delicate shades; scarf-pins and rings, sleeve-buttons, studs, at one-half the price to be had elsewhere.

Our whole stock is unsurpassed in extent and variety. If you do not wish to buy now, please call and see, so that you will know the best place.

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All the Novelties of the Season for
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SUITS,

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PANTALOONS,

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The attention of the Students of Cambridge is respectfully called to the superior stock of Smokers' Articles to be obtained in this establishment, among which will be found the finest quality of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CIGARS,

CIGARETTES, TOBACCOS,

MEERSCHAUM AND BRIER PIPES, PIPE STEMS,

And every article in the Smoker's line.

Two Billiard Tables are attached to the Establishment.

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 CLASSES LIMITED TO FOUR PUPILS ONLY. 

Evening Classes are opened in all the above-mentioned branches for the especial benefit of the Students of Harvard College.

Students forming themselves into classes of four can choose their own hours, either day or evening.

The large new Pipe Organ is now ready for the use of the Organ Classes.

Concerts, Lectures, classes for reading at sight, etc., are free to pupils.

Send for circulars, or apply for particulars to the Director,

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GUITAR, FLUTE, PIANO.

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Price \$9.00.

THE FINEST AND LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF IMPORTED

FOUVIN'S KID GLOVES,

CANES,

NATURAL STICKS,

SILK UMBRELLAS, NOBBY SOFT HATS,

HAMMOCKS,

HAT BRUSHES, &c.

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CONFORMATEUR.

JACKSON & CO.,

ALBION BUILDING,

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TAILORING GOODS,

Just received per late Steamers, selected in the European
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which enables them, notwithstanding the advance in
the raw material, to offer special inducements in regard
to price.

*English and French Sample Garments open
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AND WALKING MEN.

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Brattle Square, opposite the University Press,

CAMBRIDGE.

J. H. HUBBARD.—THE APOTHECARY.
HIS COLUMN.

Alas for the vanity of human expectations! This first advertisement of the term was to have been a warm one. Copious pencilled memoranda of extremely witty jokes, new and amusing conceits, and observations of vacation travel were inscribed on slips of card, and stowed away in an inside vest pocket in that gray suit in which daily the urbane, &c., proprietor of the Harvard Pharmacy may be observed preparing his medicinal mixtures or displaying his elegant fancy articles, or perhaps fitting to a critical customer an outfit of things necessary and convenient to the act of smoking. Well, to cut it short, to-day he goes to that repository, intending to draw from it rich matter for the *Advocate* column, when, to his unlimited disgust, he finds the whole memoranda one blurred, illegible mess. In one or two places he finds what is evidently the point of some excellent joke, but which, without the preliminary explanations, would neither edify nor interest the average reader. He does, however, find the fragment of a poem or an ode, as one may say, as follows:—

Greek was a bully old language,
Most of us know it by sight,—
Hunkidos Dorithy Esquimaux
Toskimos damit all right!—
But gone is the glory of Athens,
Departed its prestige and name.
Now why did it go up entirely,
And lose its once prevalent fame?
Of wine and good beef they had plenty;
Of science and muscle, no lack,—
Something was shockingly wanting to
Keep their old State on the track.
But we shall remain high and mighty,
Our size and position shall stay;
We've found the *Elixir de Vite*,—
'Tis TOBACCO, my boy,—so they say.

But to business. For the information of those who have not called in within the past two or three weeks, I would incidentally remark that never before has there been shown in Cambridge such an excellent variety of all manner of

DRUGGIST'S GOODS,

Such as

SOAPS, COMBS AND BRUSHES, PERFUMES AND COSMETICS, SPONGES, RAZORS, AND OTHER SHAVING MATERIALS, MATCHES OF ALL KINDS, PLAYING CARDS AND COUNTERS.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER 27, 1871.

No. II.

A ROMANCE.

PLEASANT Portland steamer, — very little motion :
Placid moon a-shining on the tranquil ocean ;
Passengers from Mount Desert, *la crème* of the nation,
Tête-à-tête upon the deck, — charming recreation.

Dignified male parent, sitting with his daughter ;
Mother sick in cabin, doesn't like the water ;
Nobby-looking student, humming some new tune,
Gazing very pensively at the rising moon.

Dignified male parent, inclined to be prudent,
Seeing his fair daughter glancing at the student,
Full of grave suspicion, anxiously remarks
That there may be danger from the falling sparks.

Daughter doesn't think so, daughter has her way ;
Parent, fond of slumber, quickly drops away ;
Student, very cautious, takes a little peep, —
Pretty maiden's father pretty fast asleep.

Maiden smiles a little, — student smiles a lot ;
From her coal-black orbits maiden sends a shot ;
Rapturous, the student smiles a little more ;
Maiden, coyly blushing, gazes on the floor.

Student draws up nearer, maiden does not stir ;
Student, waxing bolder, speaks at last to her :
Awkward, blushing silence, — pleasant little talk, —
Student then proposes just a little walk.

Hand in hand, on tiptoe, maid and student steal,
For a little *tête-à-tête* near the paddle-wheel :
Sounds of smothered laughter, — happy little scream, —
Some one very busily gobbling ice-cream.

Maiden, very curious, — that and nothing more, —
Wants to see the paddle-wheel ; student opes the door.
Blinding are the spray-drops, terrible the din ;
Student, dizzy, reeling, tumbles headlong in !

Short but awful silence, — then a noise like thunder !
Student's limbs a-flying, body torn asunder !
Maiden, wailing, screaming, madly tears her hair, —
Runs, with tresses streaming, shrieking for her *père*.

Dignified male parents, ere they will awaken
From their peaceful slumbers, need to be well shaken ;
And the one in question, wakened by the row,
Blandly asks his daughter, " What's the matter now ? "

Sorrow-stricken maiden, o'ercome by emotion,
Leaps into the bosom of the tranquil ocean.
Horrible *dénouement* of this tale of slaughter, —
Pretty little maiden gone to heaven by water !

MORAL.

Male parents, a short moral I'll add unto my tale :
If e'er you wish to take a nap by water or by rail,
Don't leave your pretty daughters, — they are most
deceitful things, —
But tie them very firmly to their mother's apron-strings.

G.
Quaintly

WHO IS TO BLAME ?

THE article in the last *Advocate* entitled *An Outrage*, though a step in the right direction, was yet a one-sided view of the question. Instead of exhausting all our indignation on the worthy gentlemen who are so industriously laying up treasure for themselves, — not in heaven, I fear, — it would be well to consider how far we ourselves are to blame in this affair.

I honestly believe that, for patient endurance of a systematic course of cheating, we students can fairly be awarded the palm ; in fact, I believe the average student takes a heap of comfort in being outrageously " jewed," and considers he has done quite the gentlemanly thing when he has paid twice as much as he ought for an article. There are, however, some persons who recognize the injustice of the prices charged, and inwardly rebel against them ; yet, disliking to dicker with the man, pay his price without a word. Now here we are to blame ; and every time we pay a man more than the worth of an article, we are heaping precedent on precedent,

and assisting to establish the man more firmly in his iniquitous course. We owe it, therefore, not only to ourselves, but to our fellow-students, to sink any petty scruples of our own, and always to refuse to pay more than the market-price for any article. We surely cannot blame a man for his high prices, when he knows we will pay just what he asks: we ourselves are to blame for submitting to his extortions.

So constantly have we allowed ourselves to be cheated that the tradesmen, when one expostulates with them on their high prices, excuse themselves by saying, "Why, that is what the students always pay: they never have made any trouble about it."

Now the only way to put a stop to this is, not to inveigh fiercely against the avarice and trickery of the tradesmen, but when we find a man displays a tendency to cheat us drop him altogether. We are not obliged to trade at any one place; and I think it is hardly fair to talk about a man's cheating, while we keep right on patronizing him.

So if a man charges you \$2.00 more for a book than it's worth, or a venerable old fraud charges you \$20.00 to haul a wheelbarrow load of furniture from one entry to another of the same hall, if you pay it, there is nobody to blame but yourself.

SMOKING IN THE COLLEGE YARD.

A JUDICIOUS revision of the Bible seems to many to be much needed at the present time. The antique spelling and quaint phraseology of our present version, although considerably altered from the original translation of James II., nevertheless serves to keep alive much that is now considered bad English. Now we wise men of College have much less to complain of in the text of our college bible; and yet, despite the revision of last year, it has seemed good to some of us to suggest one or more slight changes that might be made with great advantage. And first, the doctrine of smoking in the college yard, with its attendant penance and retribution, seems to us by far the sternest and most unnecessary in our otherwise liberal college creed. Why should

the simple matter of carrying a lighted cigar through the college yard be classed among the offences. We are permitted to light and smoke our cigars through the streets of Cambridge, can with impunity puff our meerschaums to the very fence which encloses the sacred precinct, but when once our feet are in the college yard, peculiarly the home of the student, smoking or even keeping alive the spark of life in our tobacco becomes a misdemeanor. The faintest wreath of smoke, if it escape the sensitive nostrils of the officer in charge of college conduct, will be sure to smart the eyes of some of the hundred proctors, that like stars look out from behind tree and corner. Now this distinction between the whole of Cambridge, between both our own rooms and those of our instructors where it has been our good fortune to enjoy many a social smoke, and the college yard, seems to us both unnecessary and absurd. Are we to allow a cigar to go out if after dinner we have lighted one, simply because we have to walk through the college yard to reach our rooms? Is it so ungentlemanly and disorderly an act to walk from Holworthy to Thayer Hall with a pipe in our hands, that it must be punished with a parietal by the officer, who from his window at the same time may both sweep the yard and enjoy his cigar. Is it not rather one of those relics of former narrowness which proscribed dancing during term-time and going in town without permission? Why should we be almost the only college to cling to a regulation, which, although once existing, has been abolished from nearly all our principal universities,—as Yale, Amherst, and Brown. Is it because we are more conservative than they? or because there is some good reason in the minds of our Faculty? The only reason we can imagine is, that if this regulation were removed there would be a greater temptation and opportunity for lounging in crowds about the college grounds. And this we by no means allow. What we want is not to be allowed to lie under the trees in groups of smokers, but simply the same liberty we are allowed at home, which some officers of the University are allowed, which is reasonable and proper, unless we say that smoking itself is

wrong. We for our part do not like to conceal our cigars behind our backs, or recklessly thrust our burning pipes into our pockets, simply because a proctor is in sight, when just outside the fence we may have been talking with our fathers or respected friends without any such childish deceit. Why thrust it upon us? Why not accord to us every liberty and privilege which is granted to gentlemen everywhere? Why make these fine and inconvenient distinctions in place when nothing is said about principle?

GETMAN.

Finck 73

SHORT LETTERS HOME.

BY A FRESHMAN.

[By an arrangement with a certain letter-carrier in a neighboring city, we are enabled, at great expense, to publish a series of letters from a Freshman simultaneously with, or previous to, their being read at home.]

FIRST WEEK.

DEAR FOLKS,—I am beautiful! I never saw so many boys together in my life. We all go to a big church in the morning, and Mr. Peabody reads and prays. Then we all sing together. The singing is grand. There is a fellow in the Junior Class who is *facile princeps*, as Virgil says, in the matter of singing tenor. Oh, he's immense! I think critics call it a French voice. About the hazing which you said you were afraid I should have to encounter,—it's all a fraud. A boy came into the room the other day, and said to chum and me, "Be you Freshmuns?" and I said we were. Then he said something about our catching something. He swears. I asked him who he was, and he said his name was Kernan, though all the Sophomores call him Glue. My room is in Gray's Hall, on the north side. Chum and I have been suffering with bad colds ever since we've been here. I board at the Thayer Club. We have beautiful times there. We howl and stamp and fling bread and crackers, and do just as we've a mind to. So do the Sophomores. The food is poor, but digestible,—exceedingly so sometimes. I have said nothing about my

studies, which I suppose you most desire to hear about. Well, I haven't much to say about them. I went to recitation for the first time Thursday; and on the way I caught up with a fellow, who, in answer to my inquiry, said he was going to the same recitation I was. It seemed queer that so young a boy could have entered college. He asked me if I'd looked at my lesson, and I said "No," with a laugh. He laughed too. When the recitation began, I noticed that the same fellow was conducting the recitation. He called me up, and I purposely began at the wrong place. That's the way we do when we don't know the lesson. But enough for the present, as there is a boating meeting to-night, and a full attendance is requested.

Yours affectionately, * * *

P. S. — Tell the painter to get a narrow strip of black board, about three inches wide, and paint my name in white letters on it. I notice quite a number of the fellows have them. Send me a couple of boxes of red sealing wax too. All the fellows cover a sheet of white paper with it, and frame it.

SECOND WEEK.

DEAR FOLKS,—I am horrid! I never saw such a disgraceful set of fellows as the Sophomores are. Besides being avaricious, they are disrespectful. You know that elegant tidy which Aspasia made for me, with a "'75" worked on it? Well, I saw a Sophomore take it and put it in his pocket. I told him it was the gift of my dearest lady friend; but he only laughed,—a regular horse-laugh it was too. . . . A brick has just smashed my ink-bottle. I must close.

Your affectionate * * *

THIRD WEEK.

I am middling. The Sophomores are getting more circumspect. I am going to try and be what they call a "popular man." Students, in the real signification of the term, don't amount to much. Why, a fellow in my class told me that a fellow told him about a fellow who was the valedictorian of his class a few years ago, but who was now driving a baggage-wagon in St. Louis; while the fellow who stood at the foot of that class was a prominent candidate for

Congress in Mr. Morrissey's district in New York. What do you think of that, now?

I went to President Eliot the other day, and asked him to let me call a meeting of students to take action on getting up a subscription for the Chicago sufferers. He thought a minute, and then said no. I asked him why, and he said that whatever the students gave would not be real, but the gifts of their parents. I told him I didn't see it; but he said he did, and bowed. I am running for Director of my class at the Thayer Club. I came within two votes of an election as Secretary of the Boat Club, and within three of an election as Treasurer of the Base Ball Club. Such things tell. I send you a copy of the *Advocate*. It is a paper published by the students here. Don't you think it's printed on nice paper? I have subscribed for four copies.

Yours affectionately, * * *

P. S.—You needn't send the black board with my name painted on it.

A HINT.

THE students have lately been informed that the citizens of Cambridge regard them as their guests, with the implication that they also expect them to behave as such. Now, although the relations of hosts and guests are not strictly observed on either side, yet the analogy to a certain extent seems true. Our position as guests arises from the fact that we no longer pay for the advantages we enjoy from the city, the University being exempt from all city tax. However few these advantages are, and notwithstanding the benefit the city derives from the University to counterbalance them, still this does not make it any the less our duty to be grateful for them, and to receive them with good grace at least. But it seems that our worthy hosts are at length indignant at some of our acts, and are moved to such an extent as to speak. And surely no one can blame them when he considers the subject which thus excites their indignation.

What there is in breaking glass, which has such an attraction for the youthful student, it

would be difficult to say; but certain it is that there is an irresistible charm in it which overcomes his better reason. If it is the mere sound of crashing glass, why attack that which contributes so much to the accommodation of us all, and which the city provides not wholly for the use of its citizens, but which is really more for our benefit than theirs? If students cannot live without breaking glass every once in a while, cannot they be generous enough to confine themselves to that glass which they can contribute to pay for? How much more noble it would be to break some poor Freshman's windows, leaving only him to shiver under the draughts of air thus admitted, than to break the glass which protects the common lights of us all, and thereby causing us to grope about in the dark; although even this way of giving vent to a superfluity of spirits might be objected to. To call the practice of breaking street lamps ungentlemanly is to apply a very mild term to what is really a petty meanness. But, even applying this mild term to it, which everybody would admit it deserves, then it is certainly unbecoming any gentleman to pursue the practice. We have been politely requested to abstain from it, and when a request is so politely made it ought to meet with a corresponding response. The few remarks recently made before a good part of the students were probably given with the idea that a word to the wise would be sufficient, and it is our sincere hope that it may prove so.

GAS.

SOME surprise has been manifested lately that the gas in the entries of the various buildings is no longer lighted as formerly by the College. It was thought that this might be owing to the difficulty of finding any one willing to perform the service for the small pittance usually allotted for this purpose; but, instead of this, it is because the College authorities are unwilling to pay even this for a duty they can rid themselves of.

It has been remarked "that the University was nothing but a charity school, and the students the objects of charity," and in this position it is no doubt unbecoming in us to complain;

but, however this may have been formerly, it does seem that since the cost of tuition has been raised one-half, and the rents of many of the rooms doubled, that this position must be somewhat changed. The students are certainly now justified in thinking that they pay a fair price for what they receive, and ought to be allowed to complain if not satisfied. It is of course gratifying to them, as it must be to every well-wisher of the College, that its funds are carefully appropriated and nothing wasted.

Doubtless the ceasing to light the gas is but one act of a reform, which looks towards securing the greatest economy in the college expenses. But does it not seem a little penurious to refuse to some needy student the trifle which pays for lighting the gas? To be sure, the College may save some gas also, for it is not to be supposed that every one carries matches in his pocket, and as "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," the gas may not always get lighted. The students might perhaps in time get used to finding their way through the dark entries; but to strangers, — for it is to be supposed that strangers do sometimes visit the College by night, — who find some difficulty in exploring our buildings even by day, the darkness must be extremely embarrassing.

After the gas is lighted, however, the College is willing to put it out, and this is done by the watchman of the yard, though we hope he is charitable enough not to charge any thing extra for it.

AUTUMN.

Now, as when unto the sweet-faced maid,
Whose golden locks the orange favors show
Upon her bridal morn; and rich arrayed,
With all the art that nimble fingers know,
In costliest raiment wealth can e'er bestow;
While yet she smiles, with tearful, modest grace,
Death sudden comes, and breathes upon her face:

Or, as some grand old king, within whose ear
The fell destroyer's challenge sharp doth ring,
In haste commands his esquires to appear,
His brightest shield and richest armor bring,
That even in death he still may look the *king*, —
Even so to me, in different mood always,
It seems the Year dies, in late autumn days.

GOOD TASTE.

MORE than any other class in the community students are judged mildly. Men expect to see us "sow our wild oats;" they know that it is natural for youth in the full vigor of manly health and strength to be gay and light-hearted, and therefore many pranks, which would be sternly frowned down when committed by the young roughs of the town, are winked at and inwardly laughed over, because they are the work of students. Yet we must preserve moderation in our fun. We should never allow ourselves to do any thing of which good taste plainly disapproves. If there will be any reasonable ground for belief in a malicious design, if the proposed act can be construed to be an unlawful proceeding, then most certainly it should never be attempted.

Some unknown parties recently smeared the pillars and steps of the College Chapel with paint and oil. No one would assert that this was done with any other purpose than that of perpetrating what seemed to them a good joke, and the idea of sacrilege would not be entertained for a moment. But the majority of students countenance no such proceeding as this. Even if they have no personal regard or reverence for the house of God, their home training has been such that they can but respect it, and an act of this kind will be sure to offend them. Consequently, though we reject the grosser accusation and refuse to charge the perpetrators with criminal guilt, we yet feel that they manifested an utter disregard for the dictates of good taste, in violating thus the universal sense of propriety.

We may say the same of the disturbance that is frequently made during the prayer in the chapel service. If a few are disposed to regard "prayers" in the same light as any other college exercise, and to act accordingly, is it in good taste for them to pay no respect to the very different opinion of the majority? A man's religious feelings are the deepest that he can experience, and even his religious sentiments are not to be trifled with or ridiculed.

But we do not propose to act the part of censor or cynic. We desire only to bring to remem-

brance this valuable criterion of propriety. The nice sense of fitness that good taste imparts is very desirable, and it is for our advantage to cultivate it while we are here. How can we develop it better than by consulting it before we yield to our whims, and by heeding its dictates?

W.

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BASE BALL.

THE Nine have been quite actively at work thus far this fall, and have shown that, in spite of their losses, there is still material left in the College which only needs to be worked up to make as efficient a Nine as we have ever had. On the fourteenth of the present month a game was played with the Bostons, the result being of course favorable to that club. The score was 16 to 8. The Nine did some very good batting in the game, and in the eighth inning the score was even. On Saturday last a game was played on Jarvis Field with the Tufts College Club, whom the Nine found little difficulty in beating. We give the score below, more to show who are at present playing on the Nine, than because it was in any way remarkable:—

Tufts College.

	O.	R.
Stetson, H.	3	2
Benn, S.	3	2
Woodbridge, L.	2	2
Knowlton, C.	1	2
Knight, M.	3	0
Tuft, B.	3	1
White, A.	4	0
Farnsworth, R.	5	0
Davis, P.	3	2
	<u>27</u>	<u>11</u>

Harvards.

	O.	R.
Eustis, R.	2	3
Annan, S.	2	4
Kent, A.	4	3
Ames, B.	3	2
Goodwin, P.	4	1
Reed, M.	2	2
Walker, C.	6	0
White, H.	3	3
Allen, L.	1	5
	<u>27</u>	<u>23</u>

Umpire, Mr. A. L. Ware.

HARVARD '74 vs. YALE '74.

Saturday, June 24th, the Nine of '74, in company with a number of classmates, started for Springfield, where we were to have played Yale '74; but as a heavy rain had fallen that morning we were doomed to disappointment; but, at their invitation, the Nine and its many friends wended their way down to New Haven.

Saturday evening our hosts gave us a very handsome supper, at which the best of feeling between both colleges prevailed.

After the entertainment, various serenades were proposed and put into execution by the quiet portion of the company, though in the small hours of Sunday morning.

On Sunday we were given a chance to look into their club-table and college life, through the courtesy of several of our hospitable friends.

Monday afternoon the game came off at Hamilton Park, the pitching of Maxwell on the Yale side and the catching of Watts on our Nine being the only striking points of the game.

Yale came off victorious by the following score:—

Harvard '74.

	R.	I. B.	T. B.
Reed, Wm., B.	1	0	0
Bettens, C.	0	0	0
Tyler, P.	2	2	2
Brinsmade, M.	2	0	0
Walker, S.	1	1	1
Hodges, L.	2	2	2
Reed, B. C., II.	0	0	0
Watts, R.	1	0	0
Chisholm, A.	1	1	2
	<u>10</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>7</u>

Yale '74.

	R.	I. B.	T. B.
Barnes, A.	1	2	2
Bradstreet, B.	1	2	2
Foster, C.	2	2	2
Stearns, H.	1	2	3
Nevin, L.	1	1	1
Bristol, R.	2	0	0
Maxwell, P.	3	2	2
Walker, M.	2	0	0
Dunham, S.	2	1	1
	<u>15</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>13</u>

Innings.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Harvard '74	5	0	0	0	1	2	2	0	0—10
Yale '74	0	7	2	1	3	0	1	0	—15

Umpire, Mr. Elliot, Yale '71.

Through the *Advocate*, our Nine wish to thank the members of Yale '74 for their hospitality, and hope that we may have a chance to reciprocate their kindness next spring at Cambridge.

H.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at Crosby & Damrell's, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

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AN OLD STORY.

It happened thus, that just by luck,
This summer, down at Rye,
Right at the very self-same house
She stayed and also *I*.

We danced and flirted, played croquet
(Her light blue veil I wore),
Cricket and base-ball matches too, —
She used to keep the score.

You ought to see her, John: such eyes
And wavy chestnut hair!
And all her own, I'm sure of that;
None false could be so fair.

Her figure too! Well, I was hooked;
And one wet, rainy day,
After we'd tried the usual means
"To drive dull care away,"
She asked me if I'd teach her how
To gamble, *just in play*.

Faro we tried, with lemon drops
And caramels for "chips;"
But they soon disappeared against
The bank and her sweet lips.

She grew excited; bet her watch,
Her bracelets, then her ring.
I won them; and purse, all, at last,
She laid upon the king.

I won again. She said, "I've lost
All I possess to you."
Then blushed. I seized her hand and said,
"Have I won thy heart too?"

O John, how sweet the answer came!
How much meant that soft "yes"!
I need not tell you what took place,
I think that you can guess.

But come, fill up your glass once more,
Ere we to our studies repair:
Here's to Faro, the best of all games, John!
Here's the fair one, the fairest of fair! c.

THE SCRATCH RACES.

ON Saturday last the usual fall Scratch Races took place on the river, by the boat-house, the course being from the first bridge up to Brighton Street bridge and return. The day was very cold and windy, which was unfortunate for several reasons: it prevented some of the more timorous aspirants for aquatic fame, who had entered their names for the races the evening before, from joining in a contest which might have been benefited by their assistance; it was

also exceedingly uncomfortable for the spectators during the unavoidable (?) delays between the different races; and, worst of all, the invigorating air put the Sophomores in such high spirits that, between their new song and the incessant games of leap-frog and other juvenile sports with which they shook the boat-house, they made it nearly unbearable for the elder portion of the lookers-on.

The first race was called about twenty minutes before eleven: G. H. Gould (bow) and W. C. Loring (stroke), in a double scull, were not very closely pressed by Messrs. Brownjohn and Do-james in a pair-oar; the latter crew rowed in quite a *dress* uniform, — overcoat, beaver, &c., — which, though unique in appearance, was not conducive to speed.

The second race was for single sculls. Only two contestants made their appearance, W. C. Loring and A. L. Devens. The latter got clear water before reaching the boat-house, opposite which Loring had a struggle with the bank of the river; but, deciding that the shore had the advantage, he determined to go round the point by water instead of cutting across the marsh. Had his manœuvre succeeded, doubtless the result of the race would have been different. While Loring was remonstrating with the bank, Devens had shot ahead, and continued to increase the distance between them during the remainder of the race.

In the next race, for six oars, there were enough entries for three crews. These were chosen by lot by the three bows, — Edward Gray, John Bryant, and A. L. Devens; the respective strokes chosen were W. T. Sanger, R. H. Dana, and Wendell Goodwin. Gray drew the inside, Bryant next, and Devens the outside. They started pretty well together, as they came opposite the float Gray's crew leading Bryant's slightly, and Devens closely pressing Bryant; but just after passing the boat-house, Gray's crew and Bryant's became sadly entangled, and Devens took the lead. After a considerable delay, Gray got clear from the snarl, and started after Devens; No. 3 in Bryant's crew soon after broke his oar, and the crews passed the line in the following order: Devens,

Gray, Bryant. The lower stake judge, W. Miller, immediately awarded the first prizes to Devens's crew, and the second to Gray's; but after a good deal of uncertainty on his part, and a good deal of certainty on the part of the last two crews, who both claimed fouls, and a great deal of talking on both sides, he agreed to meet the bows and strokes on Monday, to reconsider the whole subject. On Monday he confirmed his previous decision.

It is greatly to be regretted that we have not a straighter course near the boat-house, of sufficient length for such races as those of last Saturday, but it cannot be denied that the present course is totally unfit for any race; the crew drawing the inside position has such an advantage that we may say it has nearly a sure thing.

Fouls must be of frequent occurrence on account of the necessity of keeping close to the farther shore, or of rowing otherwise a much longer course than the inside crews. We wish that there might be enough interest taken in the Scratch Races to change the course to Boston, where every crew would have a fair and even chance. We remember some very amusing and exciting races there in former years, different enough from those of Saturday last. It would be easy to have more such. *

AN OLD SUBJECT.

THE Scratch Races of Saturday last naturally lead one to ask why some similar expedient cannot be adopted for keeping alive the interest in base ball. No one can doubt that such races as the above, together with the "Annual Harvard Regatta" are, in a great measure, what keeps up the boating interest, and they are therefore highly desirable; but, while Harvard is justly proud of the victories won by her crews, she owes nevertheless no small amount of glory to the triumphs of her Ball Nine. No one would wish that her success in this line should abate; but as each class, as it graduates, makes gaps in the Nine, the question naturally arises, "From what source can these deficiencies be supplied?" Necessarily chiefly from the lower classes. But how can

men be found competent to fill the vacant positions unless some more energetic system of practising be adopted than exists at present? Would it not be possible to have a class championship in base ball, and to have some prize, corresponding to the "Beacon Cup" amongst boating men, for which the various classes should contend? Such a system would develop many good players, and would add greatly to Harvard's chances of success in the future.

EXCHANGES.

FOR varied and entertaining reading, give us the *Galaxy*. The November number has been received, and is fully up to the high standard maintained by that magazine. Among the contents, we notice the third paper of a series entitled *Popular Fallacies*, by Carl Benson, in which the logical and rhetorical blunders of writers and speakers are effectively shown up. *The Pike Poetry* is a scathing criticism on bad poetry and the bad taste with reference to it, Messrs. Harte, Hay, & Co. receiving due attention. *Possle Poll* is a bright story, in which Possle, a parrot, is represented as being compelled to travel in company with three slashing, swearing dragoons, two saucy soubrettes, a monk, four wild young Americans just graduated from Harvard College, and a wet nurse. Poor Poll! *Ought We to Visit Her* and *The Eustace Diamonds* are continued.

• *Harper's Weekly* is profusely illustrating the scenes of the Chicago fire. Its illustrations of this and all other interesting scenes are what no one, who desires for more details than pen sketches give, can afford to be without.

The Scientific School at Yale is represented in the *Courant* corps by one editor.

Columbia College pays its president \$8,000, and its professors \$6,000 *per annum*. Its property is worth more than three millions of dollars.

Williams, not to be outdone by Harvard, puts a coat of yellow paint on its old buildings, and the Williams *Review* rejoices over it as a sign of progress.

"Since the announcement in reference to the size of the Freshman Classes at Princeton and Harvard, prayers for 'other educational institutions' have been less fervent in chapel. We felt sure it was going too far." — *Yale Courant*.

A copy of Cleveland's *Milton* is the only loss yet reported sustained by students at the Chicago fire. Insured.

A Michigan college paper has the following, under the head of *Calestes Cogitationes*: "At times, when combined external circumstances produce the necessary relation between mind and body, an undefinable spiritual want will pervade one's immaterial existence, causing the angularity of external attributes to become like the ever-bending circumference of the circle, and all mental irregularities to lose their acerbity."

"A plan has been suggested to us which it is hoped may meet the approbation of the Faculty. It is to omit services at the chapel on a few successive Sundays, and to devote the income of that endowed position to the Boat Club." — *Yale Courant*.

The Seniors at Amherst write their autobiographies with a view to furnishing a foundation for a future obituary notice.

They call it mean when a student refuses to subscribe to the *Courant* down at Yale.

The new chapel at Amherst is said by the *Student* to be "too gaudy, and lacking that unpretending richness that is so suitable to a house of worship."

The annual charges for tuition at Cornell have been raised from ten to fifteen dollars.

Four "rushes" have thus far been indulged in at Yale, and the result in each case has been favorable to both parties. The Sophomores had the advantage in bringing away one more hat than the number lost; but the Freshmen maintained the balance by retaining one more shirt than their competitors.

The *Madisoniensis* says: "In the absence of the President, the Seniors have no 'Evidences of Christianity' whatever."

"Sisters, we will go with you," is what the Amherst boys have set to music, in reply to the plaintive ditty, "Brothers, will you go with us?"

Four Sophomores were lately expelled from Princeton for hazing, whereupon the whole class rebelled. At last accounts the Faculty and students were at loggerheads, — the students very much so.

Amherst's undergraduates and Amherst's alumni don't jibe. The former don't want women in college; the latter do; and so Amherst's undergraduates and Amherst's alumni don't jibe.

The newly elected board of editors of the Amherst *Student* purpose to display in their labors "a calm judgment, an undimmed foresight, a penetrating insight, a broad view of events, a comprehensive survey of questions, a confidence in principle, a devotion to virtue, a regard for truth, a belief in facts accurately detailed, a clear discrimination, a sublime faith in good morals, a cautious reserve, a quiet dignity, a highly

poetical sensibility, an unerring perception, a sprightly intelligence, a brilliant wit, a sparkling humor, a refined taste, a cultured intellect, an elaborate scholarship, a style classic in its simplicity, an unadorned neatness, a charitable moderation, an invincible influence, and a retiring and modest manner unsurpassed in the past history of the *Student*."

The following is for base-ballists. Try the art of weaving sentiments into iambics, some one.

BASE-BALL SONG.

How dear to the heart is the green-covered ball field,
Where good rival captains their men rightly place,
The pitcher, the catcher, the right field, the left field,
The good men, the true men, who guard well each base;
The short stop so lively, the centre field handy,
The ball, and the striker who aims it to send high.
But dearer than all to the hearts of good fielders
Is the leather-clad base-ball we catch on the fly:
The jolly old base-ball, the well-covered base-ball,
The leather-clad base-ball we catch on the fly.

The *Virginia University Magazine* thus settles a vexed question interesting to ball-players: "If Low Jack caroms on the home-stretch, and pockets his bat, B., of course, wins; for the stroke-oar takes the cue in any case, and the trump-card counts game on the third inning, provided the off-pitcher sticks by his wicket, and makes a ten-strike before reaching the judges' stand."

Cornell named its boat-club after Tom Hughes, and here is his letter of acknowledgment. We insert it for the perusal and benefit of those whom it may concern.

DEAR SMITH, — I am much annoyed at having lost a very kind letter from the Secretary of the new Cornell Boat Club, which they have done me the honor of having named after me. I have been worrying over my papers again and again, but without success; and so, as I can't remember his name, and can't wait any longer, will beg you to answer for me. I need not say how glad I am to hear that they are taking to pulling, or how proud to have my name associated with *Number 1* Cornell, for I expect there will soon be 1st, 2d, and 3d Cornells, as there are 1st, 2d, and 3d Trinitys. As God-father to the club, I will venture to give them two pieces of advice: First, to start in good form, in rowing. It will make all the difference in the world in the pleasure and the success of the effort, and in no exercise in the world that I know of do bad habits and traditions stick more tenaciously. The Harvard men were beaten by Oxford by their bad form; for in my opinion they ought to have been the faster crew, were better weighted for a four-oar, and carried more strength to their weight than the Oxford crew. The

Secretary of the Harvard boat-club, who came over with their men to England and managed for them, kept his eyes open, and went home with every wrinkle on the river. I saw him coaching at Washington, and I declare I think him as good now as any man I ever saw before a crew. His name is Blaikie, and I think he is now a lawyer at Boston; but they can easily find him out, and I am sure, for the love of the thing, he would gladly run to Cornell and give them a few days' coaching. Secondly, don't let them take to rowing for prizes, except perhaps small medals, if they must have any thing, or pewters costing a few shillings. In our time this was so, and a medal worth five shillings, at the outside, was all you could ever win. Now the *pot hunting* business has become too prevalent, and, I own, is to my mind demoralizing the sport. What does a youngster want with a lot of silver cups? And the value of modern stakes often draws the wrong sort of men, and makes them wrangle like watermen, and as ready as they to take any smart advantage. We are in danger of ruining rifle-shooting here in the same way, by overloading the prize-lists. I hope to find them a first-rate club when I next see Cornell.

Ever most truly yours,

THO. HUGHES.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LAST KNIGHT. Translated from the German of Anastasius Grün by JOHN O. SARGENT. Cambridge: Hurd & Houghton, Riverside Press.

Anastasius Grün is the literary name of the Austrian Count Von Auersberg, who has been in public life as a leader of the liberal party in Austria since 1848. Of late years, indeed, his literary fame has eclipsed his political, which was also partially obscured by his apparent desertion of his party. He had appeared as a poet, with occasional short productions, which marked him as a writer likely to achieve a wide reputation, when he produced this book, which from its story and from the power which he displayed gave him at once a high position, which he has ever since maintained, as among the best and most distinguished of the living poets of Germany. *The Last Knight* is a series of ballads founded on incidents in the life of Maximilian I., 1459-1518. The stirring incidents of that heroic time, the magnificent nuptials of Maximilian and Mary, the contest between France and Germany, and all the circumstance of romantic adventure, render the subject a most brilliant one. The national character of the theme has made the book a very popular one in Germany, and its issue, now for the first time in English dress, is very pat to contemporaneous events.

SCHOOL MANAGEMENT. By ALFRED HOLBROOK. Lebanon, Ohio: Jos'ah Holbrook. 1871.

A series of Lectures, bearing the above title, has been kindly sent us by the publisher. The author sets forth in plain and forcible language the difficulties which all teachers have to combat, and gives many valuable suggestions to render the art of teaching not only successful, but eminently agreeable. The views expressed in this work cannot fail to strike the reader as being very sensible and manly; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Holbrook's theories may be practically adopted, not only for the sake of encouraging a good work, but also for the sake of spreading abroad the principles of honor and trust which in youth are liable to be perverted by mistaken systems of government.

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS. By JOAQUIN MILLER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

We have not for a long time read so charming and melodious a work as Joaquin Miller's *Songs of the Sierras*. Soul-stirring passion and pathos are finely blended in many passages, and although there are perhaps too many metaphors, still some of them are very ingenious and pretty. The rhythm is oftentimes hard to catch, and on this account lacks that peculiar charm which sings one to sleep. Descriptions of scenery are good without being powerful: bright and original thoughts abound, but there is too great a tendency to roam. Imagination wantonly runs away with the author, and he leads us into paths whence there is danger that we return only with the loss of our interest. When he descends from his lofty conceptions, metaphorical descriptions, and effeminate romance, to plain, outspoken truth, the attention is enchained by noble sentiments, which flow out in a stream of sweet melody, awakening our sympathy and emotions of the beautiful and grand.

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER. In six easy lessons. By A. H. MONTEITH, Esq. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price 40 cents.

"The Robertsonian method of learning the French language without the aid of a teacher has, for the last twenty years, been successfully tested throughout the whole European continent; and is, without a single exception, used in teaching the French language in all the educational institutions of England, France, and Germany. It runs through several large editions in Europe every year, and all persons wishing to learn the French language should get or send for a copy of it at once."

NEW CENSUS AND PATENT LAWS. Price 25 cents.

We are indebted to Munn & Co., publishers of the *Scientific American*, New York, for a neat little bound

volume of 120 pages, entitled as above. It contains the complete Census of 1870, showing the population, by counties, of all the States and Territories, with their areas, and the population of the principal cities. Also, the new Patent Laws in full, with forms, official rules, directions how to obtain patents, copyrights, regulations for trade-marks, assignments, how to sell patents, &c. Also, a large variety of valuable information relating to water-wheels, steam-engines, and other mechanism, with many useful tables and recipes, 175 diagrams of mechanical movements, &c. A more valuable compendium, for so small a price, has rarely been published.

SONG ECHO. By H. S. PERKINS. New York: J. L. Peters.

This is a collection of songs, both new and old, for the use of schools and classes. The first part of the book is taken up with a course of elementary instruction in music, which, in a simple form, contains all the necessary rudiments. The songs are of all descriptions, — solos, duets, choruses, and sacred hymns. Although the book is quite new in this part of the country, it has become quite popular in the West, the present edition being the third already published. It is a book which will no doubt meet the wants of many communities; and those who are endeavoring to find some book of songs fitted for the use of schools will find what they desire in the *Song Echo*, if variety is what is sought.

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ARTHUR HOLLAND . . . " " " "
JOSEPH MAURICE SHEAHAN " " Junior Class.

ATOMS.

ONE of Tufts' students, during the recent game of ball on Jarvis Field, was surprised to hear our beautiful (?) chimes on the Episcopal Church. He said he didn't know that Cambridge had established a fire-alarm.

THE law students voted by a large majority that it was not advisable, in their opinion, to admit to their august number the young lady applicant for admission from Nashua. Poor thing!

Student (little dreaming of the effect his question will produce) to his instructor in History. — Will you tell me, sir, who Charles the Fascinating was?

Instructor. — Certainly. Henry of Bavaria married for his wife Judith, grand-niece of Conrad the Wrangler, by whom he had a son, Rudolph the Yellow, who married the grand-daughter of Hugh of Lombardy. But the Count of Tuscany had a daughter whom Otho married, after Bertha, the daughter of Louis of Saxony, had died in giving birth to Lothaire, who afterwards married John, the grandson of Robert of Languedoc, a brother of Athelbert. Have I cleared up your difficulty?

Student (meditating suicide). — Yes, sir.

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References.—Prof. H. W. Longfellow; Prof. F. J. Child; Prof. E. W. Gurney; N. Silsbee, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard University; Chas. E. Norton, Esq.; C. C. Read, Esq.; A. G. Sedgwick, Esq., Cambridge.

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HIS COLUMN.

Alas for the vanity of human expectations! This first advertisement of the term was to have been a warm one. Copious pencilled memoranda of extremely witty jokes, new and amusing conceits, and observations of vacation travel were inscribed on slips of card, and stowed away in an inside vest pocket in that gray suit in which daily the urbane, &c., proprietor of the Harvard Pharmacy may be observed preparing his medicinal mixtures or displaying his elegant fancy articles, or perhaps fitting to a critical customer an outfit of things necessary and convenient to the act of smoking. Well, to cut it short, to-day he goes to that repository, intending to draw from it rich matter for the *Advocate* column, when, to his unlimited disgust, he finds the whole memoranda one blurred, illegible mess. In one or two places he finds what is evidently the point of some excellent joke, but which, without the preliminary explanations, would neither edify nor interest the average reader. He does, however, find the fragment of a poem or an ode, as one may say, as follows:—

Greek was a bully old language,
Most of us know it by sight, —
Hunkidos Dorithy Esquimaux
Toskimos damit all right! —
But gone is the glory of Athens,
Departed its prestige and name.
Now why did it go up entirely,
And lose its once prevalent fame?
Of wine and good beef they had plenty;
Of science and muscle, no lack, —
Something was shockingly wanting to
Keep their old State on the track.
But we shall remain high and mighty,
Our size and position shall stay;
We've found the *Elixir de Vite*, —
'Tis TOBACCO, my boy, — so they say.

But to business. For the information of those who have not called in within the past two or three weeks, I would incidentally remark that never before has there been shown in Cambridge such an excellent variety of all manner of


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TERMS. — \$5.00 per annum.

GEO. F. BABBITT, AGENT,

39 Brattle Street.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 10, 1871.

No. III.

A FABLE.

IN the long forgotten ages,
Ages now so long forgotten,
That their light, through misty years,
Fitfully and faintly gleams,
And their voices, sad and solemn,
Sound like voices heard in dreams;
Long before the reign of Science,
When the beauty of the earth
Wrought in man unurged compliance
With the power that gave it birth, —
Then, when men believed in fables,
It was fabled that the spheres,
Wheeling grandly through the heavens,
On and on for endless years,
Made a music, nobler, purer,
Than is heard by mortal ears.
Then, perhaps, some musing poet,
Sitting by the voiceful ocean,
Listened to its mighty cadence,
Watched its ceaseless, pulse-like motion;
Bearing each its tuneful burden
Saw the waves roll on the shore,
Spilling there their countless laughter,
Mingling in the rhythmic roar, —
And the poet's mind was lifted
By the music of their roar,
And he saw, with clearer vision,
That which had been dark before;
For all nature seemed an organ,
And all sounds, the poet thought,
Were but ordered undulations:
Thus the waves their lesson taught.

So the poet made the fable
Of the music of the spheres,
And the truth which this embodies
Science found in after years.
Thus the truth the poet masters
With one giant grasp of mind,
Science doth at length attain to,
Groping, stumbling on behind.

F. S.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE present time, while we are still in that period of "renaissance" of which the first part of every college year is composed, seems to be specially fitting in which to say a few words on a subject which should interest the whole college just so far as it is interested in maintaining a college paper which shall worthily represent it, when compared with other college papers and magazines. It is a subject, moreover, of the first importance to the *Advocate* itself, as it concerns not only its continued prosperity, but even its continued existence.

Whatever may be the individual opinions, talents, or deficiencies of its editors, the character of a paper supported, as is this, almost entirely by voluntary contributions must of necessity be formed by those contributions, and, — well, we have scriptural authority for the impossibility of gathering figs of thistles.

It has been, and we fear still is, too much the fashion in college to look upon the *Advocate*, not as a *college* institution, but as a sort of machine set up and worked for the exclusive profit and emolument of the men who turn the crank. Now this feeling must be all wrong. The *Harvard Advocate*, if there is to be any meaning at all in its name, must be of the college; must be written by the students, and supported by the students; and if we cannot expect that this support should be the same in degree, we may at least ask that it be the same in kind as that so freely given to the Base-Ball and Boat Clubs.

We should hardly, it is to be feared, "appreciate" a man who could hiss where a Magenta out-fielder, with the sun shining full in his face, missed a difficult "fly;" and yet scarcely a number of the *Advocate*, however unfavorable be

the circumstances under which it appears, escapes a criticism fully as harsh as this. Let us not be understood, however, as deprecating just and kindly criticism on the results of our labors: we would only ask our august judges to remember that we of the editorial board are their fellow-students, and work as much for them as for ourselves, and that it would be much kinder in them to expend their superfluous ingenuity in making fun for our columns than fun of them.

Of course what we have hitherto said is without the slightest reference to that too small number whom we may gratefully term "our regular contributors." Our misfortune is that this number is so small, and that we are so often compelled to publish, not such articles as we want, but such as we can get.

Perhaps, in fact, our greatest need now is a largely increased number of contributions from all classes of the college; and we ask for them, not for our own interest or advantage, but for the credit of the College, which, if it is to merit the name of "the first college of the country," ought certainly to maintain a paper which should be second to none of its contemporaries.

HOW MY CHUM AND I CAMPED OUT.

My chum is an athletic man. Before he had been in college a week the captains of our class nine and class crew were wrangling over him. He was said to be a most promising oar, and also one of the prettiest amateur short-stops in the country. He finally gave his adherence to the crew because, he said, "it would keep him down to his work steadier." By "his work" he meant, not learning his lessons, but swinging on bars, flourishing Indian clubs, and generally converting himself into an improved edition of Mr. Collins' "Geoffry." Now I have a weakness for comfort and literature, therefore he called me a "dig," and told me my physical condition was very poor, whatever that meant. He used to coax me to pull myself up to my chin to the top of our closet door, and to try to hang there by one hand. He persuaded me to take a cold bath every morning before prayers

through the month of December, and would steal into my bedroom on the coldest nights to open both my windows. I finally succeeded in convincing him that he was driving me into a galloping consumption, and for a time he refrained. I little knew what he was preparing for me, and in my ignorance rejoiced. At last, on the night before Class Day, while we were talking over the prospect of conditions and the coming vacation, he unfolded to me the diabolical scheme he had been so long meditating, and to the concoction of which I had owed the tranquility I had enjoyed. He proposed that we should go to the shores of some lake with an unpronounceable name in Maine, and there camp out for the summer. In vain I protested that I hated camp life; he had in some way persuaded my parents that it was just what I needed, and finally I was forced to give in.

I put it off as long as I could; but the first of August saw us safely landed on the wharf at Bangor with all our camp outfit piled about us. We had an India-rubber shelter tent, blankets, kettles, coffee-pot, pans, — every thing, in fact, my chum could think of, and I pay for. My costume was a black felt hat, which was so hot that I never wore it, a flannel shirt, which was hot and "itchy" all day, cold and clammy all night, and a pair of brown checked trowsers, tucked into enormous cow-hide boots. It is difficult to say whether the appearance or the feeling of these garments when on was the worse. My chum's general appearance was the same as mine, but being, as he said, "used to this sort of thing," he did not look so strikingly like an escaped convict as I did. He had engaged a half-breed Indian for a guide, and we started for the woods at once. At first we went by coach, then by canoe, — or rather, walked and carried a canoe, for rapids were so numerous and long that it was hardly worth while to get aboard at all. After much tribulation, and the loss of our coffee-pot, we arrived at the lake where we were to pitch our permanent camp. The ground they selected seemed to me a little damp, but I didn't dare to say any thing. We cut down some trees, and built a small hut to protect our cooking utensils, proposing ourselves to sleep in the open

air. Whenever I say we, in this sketch, I mean chum and myself; for the guide never did any thing but smoke a pipe and give occasional directions coupled with the most hideous profanity.

We supped on fried potatoes and salt pork, since the salmon in the lake didn't bite much. The meal seemed to me a little smoky, on account of the green wood we used, but I was so hungry that I could have eaten any thing. An attempt at spearing salmon by torchlight failed ignominiously, the pine knots resolutely refusing to burn in the least; and, though it was only eight, we were forced to go to bed;—no, I mean to try to sleep on the ground, with one blanket and pine log for bed-clothes. Poets speak of the solemn stillness of the forest; but with the mosquitos, black flies, an enormous horned owl, who frightened even my chum nearly into convulsions, and the myriads of frogs in the lake, I passed one of the liveliest nights I can remember.

In the morning, the salmon still refusing to bite, we had more salt pork and potatoes, with the addition of coffee, boiled in the fish kettle, and without milk or sugar. After breakfast we fished, this time with more success, and rebuilt our hut, which had fallen down by its own weight in the night, to the utter destruction of all our water-pails. We had broiled salmon for dinner. It was scorched in several places and not cooked enough to speak of, but with the alternative of salt pork I managed to eat some. In the afternoon I fished, and my chum went out with the guide to get some duck. In about half an hour the guide returned, looking very pale, and said that my chum had missed a duck and shot him in the leg. I extracted two No. 8 shot from his calf with a pair of tweezers, and proceeded with my fishing. Late in the afternoon I caught a diminutive salmon-trout, and then reclined on my laurels till supper. After this we went or tried to go to sleep as before; and this repeated for a week, was the programme of our life in camp. On the second day our guide began a spree which he prolonged till we broke up. He had brought with him, and secreted somewhere, an enormous supply

of whiskey, and every night when we were asleep he would fortify himself for coming labors with it. We were thus compelled to do all the work for ourselves, and my chum, being more successful than I with his rod, left me to wash greasy tins with cold water, chop green wood with a hand hatchet, and administer food to the intoxicated guide. When on the seventh day I was aroused by a pouring rain storm to find every thing for miles around flooded, I revolted, and said I should start for Bangor in half an hour. The flood quite effectually sobered the guide, and in an hour we did start, leaving all our utensils behind us, at my special request.

On the way to Bangor I met three young ladies to whom I had been particularly devoted the winter before. I went up to them with my best smile and—was cut dead. I was not surprised. Where my skin had not peeled off I was burnt black. I had not shaved for a week, and the original rakishness of my attire had been improved by a week in the dirtiest place conceivable. The cold I caught the first night had settled on my lungs, and even now shows no intention of going. My chum, looking over my shoulder, is saying, "You can't deny that you've learnt what 'roughing it' means;" and to this I cheerfully acquiesce.

T.

ASTRONOMY.

SAID a friend to me, during our last vacation, "I suppose you have an excellent opportunity to study Astronomy at Harvard. The fine observatory, with its famous equatorial, must enable the students to realize the actual existence of 'Other worlds than ours' far better than the inferior instruments that most colleges possess. How often are the students allowed to look through the telescope?"

For once I was obliged to blush for Harvard. I was compelled to admit that, though I had studied Astronomy there, I had never looked through the famous equatorial; and that no other student of Astronomy or of any thing else had I ever known to look through that instrument, or through any other telescope belonging

to the College. Indeed, I know of but one member of our Class, besides myself, who has ever got a look at it.

A request to look through the telescope would be met by the authorities that be much as Oliver Twist's request for *more* was met. There is a vague tradition, however, handed down from the distant past, that the Seniors are allowed to have one look through the glass; but, during my three years' sojourn at Harvard, I have never seen the Senior who has been thus fortunate. It was only by the use of a confidence verging upon the vulgar "cheek" that, with a fellow-student of Astronomy, I succeeded in getting a glimpse of the interior of the observatory, and of the exterior of the telescope, standing idly upon its granite foundations. And, when we left, we were solemnly enjoined "never to tell our classmates, nor to let them know" that we had passed within the sacred precincts. *Procul, O procul, este profani!* they said by their acts, if not by their words.

Of course, it is perfectly right for the College not to wish the students to have free access to so valuable an instrument; but it seems to me that one of the best uses they could put it to would be to make it serve, under suitable restrictions, as an auxiliary to the study of Astronomy. The number of the division can be no objection, for there were only thirty of us last year; the want of suitable opportunities cannot be the objection, for during the time that we studied the subject all of the heavenly bodies ever visible in this latitude could be seen under favorable circumstances, Saturn alone excepted. Our instructors must surely know that "things seen are mightier than things heard" or read; and that a five minutes' view of the Moon or Mars or one of the nebulae, through such a telescope as ours (?), would imprint a picture upon the mind that would remain undimmed when the most elaborate descriptions had faded into oblivion.

Now I do not write this in a captious spirit. It is my regard for our *Alma Mater* that impels me to point out her faults; and there is surely a fault here. Chemistry is studied practically, and Geology and Botany and Zoology. Why may not Astronomy also be studied practically?

If the great equatorial is too valuable to be put to this use, let some of the inferior instruments owned by the College be employed. w.

THE WRECK OF THE LUCIFER.

It was the steamer Lucifer,
That sailed the summer sea,
And the captain had taken six passengers,
And it cost them each a "V."

White were their cheeks as the Epsom salts
That each took for his health;
And they frequently went to the vessel's side,
And communed with themselves, by stealth.

And up spoke one of the passengers:
"I heartily dread the main;
I've been sick nine times since we left the port,
And I fear that I'm at it again.

Last night the moon had seven gold rings,
And to-night two moons I see —"
The captain sniffed that passenger's breath,
And murmured, "*Eau de vie!*"

"Come hither, come hither, my passengers,
And do not tremble so;
You've shaken the ballast, until it's all
On the aft side, down below.

The compass-needle you shake so much,
We can't tell how to steer;
Are these incipient jim-jams, or
The paroxysms of fear?"

The wind it rose as the sun it sank,
And the waves were white as yeast;
But never a passenger came to tea, —
They weren't hungry in the least.

The waves broke over the vessel's deck,
Not heeding the captain's frown;
And the passengers straightway all came up,
For fear they'd all go down.

And the captain ordered them all to the pumps:
"Tis your only hope," said he;
And with one accord they set to work,
That saved they might be.

"O captain! I want a drink of water;
Oh, say! where may it be?"
Said the captain, "You'll find out where it is,
If we are swamped by a sea."

"O captain! I hear a sound of guns;
Oh, say! what may it be?"
Said the captain, "I think it's down below,
And I'll go down and see."

Next morning, the pilot laughed aloud,
When he looked down, and saw
Six passengers at work at the pumps,
With hands that were well nigh raw.

In sore affright, they had worked all night,
While the captain soundly slept,
Or woke and chuckled, to hear their groans,
As their wearisome watch they kept.

Such was the captain's little joke:
Let us pray we'll never be
His passengers in the Lucifer,
As she sails the summer sea.

G. C. G.

Goodwin

ON LITERARY SOCIETIES.

It is an old saying, that students who confine themselves to books learn much less than those who combine with their knowledge acquired by reading that which can be gained only by contact with the outer world, by familiar intercourse with their contemporaries.

The truth of this is well known. We have scarcely an example of a truly great man among those who bury themselves in the lore of musty books, shunning the light of human fellowship. But the same thing is true of those who, as they say, devote themselves exclusively to the study of human nature; a class which is apt to gaze on humanity through the medium of an inverted tumbler. The aim of literary societies should be to offer a mean between these two extremes. They should be gatherings in which every one could add his quota to the general fund of information, and where, as at the old Symposium, every mind could both give and receive polish, by contact with others. To accomplish this end they should be, above all things, free from discordant elements, calculated to render abortive all attempts at improvement, and every member should feel in honor bound to work for the general good. Obviously such a society must be small in numbers. For unless every member is in earnest, and enthusiastic in his efforts, the society will lack the first elements of success. This enthusiasm can only be sustained when every one feels that he is an active part of the machine. But this feeling cannot exist when the intervals between literary parts are so long as

they are in many of our societies; the consequence is, that to many the exercises are a bore, and they are rarely present. There is another great evil in large societies, namely, the formation of cliques. Where there are many persons, there are many different opinions, likings, and tastes, and if in such an assembly, hanging together, as it were, by a thread, some question arises on which an issue may be made, then parties form and harmony is disturbed.

It is only by singleness of purpose that great success is possible. When a literary society admits the bugbear, class politics, to its discussions, it has admitted an element of weakness. When such a society devotes itself to the work of carrying a class election, it defeats the purposes it was organized to maintain; it creates factions and destroys the broader class feeling; instead of an instrument for good, it becomes a source of evil. In politics there should be but one society,—the class as a whole. Society coalitions are injurious; their tendency is to prevent the true opinion of the class from manifesting itself. The question is, does it pay those, caring alone for letters, to form themselves into large societies?

UP MOUNT KEARSARGE BY MOON-LIGHT.

“WALDEN, let us enjoy the full moon, and walk up Kearsarge to-night,” I said to an artist friend; but he answered, that much as he would like to, he dared not trust his strength. I soon retired to my room, for I was bent upon the excursion, even if I must go alone. I woke up at just the right time, wondering how the force of will operates during sleep. I dressed warmly, and taking my staff set out in the still, bright night for the summit of the mountain.

Men were not designed to go abroad in the night, therefore the feeling that possesses one who is not used to the stillness,—the strange lights and shadows, and distorted perspective, is awe-inspiring and unnatural. When I had gone a mile on my way I passed an Indian camp, and then perceived how I was already affected, for it frightened me to think, “What if an Indian

should take a fancy to my cloak! Inherited passions must sometimes work in him; perhaps it would delight him to murder me and hide my body in some dark corner of the woods." I glance behind; there is no one following me; I walk briskly some way further, and look back again. Ha! a man is skulking by those bushes. I stop and he stops; what better can I do than to hasten forward? Would it be prudent to run?

Keeping a long distance between me and the man who didn't like me to look around, I stoutly went on until I entered Kearsarge village. How inhospitable, how deserted dwellings seem at midnight! How strange that people should be comfortably sleeping in those houses, while I am speeding along in such excitement. Soon leaving the village behind I turned into the road that leads to the foot of the mountain. Calmness soon returned upon finding that I was not pursued, and I followed the bridle-path, happy in a state of nervous fortitude that harmonized with the cold moonlight, the wild forest, and the hoarse whistling of the wind. I congratulated myself on this novelty of feeling; now I could better appreciate Scott and Byron; indeed, all great poets must have embalmed such sensations, but hitherto without right effect on me. The air was very fragrant and inspiring. While one is in active exertion he is brave, but when he sits down to rest, as I did, he yields himself a prey to every ill-omened fear; my nerves were already strung to the highest tension, and keenly sensitive to imagined peril.

What if a catamount should spring upon me? I have no weapon but my staff, — no human being could hear my cry. Wild beasts are doubly savage in the night, feeling it to be the season of their dominion, and I am trespassing. That monotonous roar must come from a distant waterfall. I wish Walden were here. Why does that bird make such a disturbance in the trees? There is a vein of superstition in every character. That great black thing with its head stretched out, — that stump would frighten me if I didn't know it was only a stump. The pines shut off the moonlight, — the sky is very blue. Horror! that stump moves! It rises up, the forelegs

hanging, and a big bear is before me. Go to the deuce, courage! I'd rather be the fastest runner than the bravest man on earth. The bear is below me, and I must run up hill. I hear the bear's tread, too, not supposing Bruin is running from me, yet he is, for on my turning and expecting to find him right upon me, he is nowhere in sight; and now I glory in my meeting with a bear, and climb the mountain until I come upon the naked ledges. I venture to sit down to recover my breath, and I admire the mist so settled in the valleys and meadows as to appear like water, and the blackness of the neighboring mountains which dissolves where the moon shines, into silver gray. I hear a distant tramp, and mount higher up before I feel safe in waiting; some gravel-stones fall down the path, and Walden comes in sight. We were surprised to see each other, and he was sorry he had not seen the bear, but he had smelt it, and was half consoled by hearing a rattlesnake. I hurriedly told him of my experience, and we had a mutual laugh in finding out that we had unconsciously frightened each other on the road, for Walden was the man behind me, but he did not recognize me, and was apprehensive of a stranger. The glories of sunrise, with its har-binger colors, gray, green, orange, purple, and crimson, furnished a tranquil ending to the changeful agitations I had felt during the night. I have enlarged my conception of emotion by climbing a mountain alone at midnight. B.

"WHAT ANSWER?"

WHEN we left Cambridge at the beginning of the summer vacation, we were proud of our yard. Though many of the elms had fallen, and the charming vistas which used to stretch across the college grounds far into the distance, of wood and pleasant mansions, had been cut off by the erection of new halls, still we exulted in our yard. The larger portion of the elms still remained, graceful and lovely; new dormitories in process of erection gave evident tokens of the prosperous career upon which the college had entered; and the older buildings, bearing upon their front the honorable scars of time, stood,

memorials of former generations and mentors of the present. It was no weak sentimentality that led us to revere them, for they were the types of our "alliance with excellence which is departed." They were links which connected us with great men and momentous eras of the past. Gail Hamilton might rail as much as she pleased against their uninviting appearance, but our four years' home, to us they were dear. Perhaps, too, a pride less pardonable mingled with our regard for their rough exteriors. They were monuments of our ancient line; they had witnessed the progress of civilization and of letters from times when most of the colleges of to-day were unthought of; and they were pervaded with an air of respectability.

But when we came back at the beginning of the term, a change had taken place in their appearance. The first plague of Egypt seemed to have stricken the buildings, and drenched them with a sanguinary flood. The ruddiest leaf of autumn blanched before their glow. The timid Freshman turned pale as he gazed upon their walls, and shuddered as horrid thoughts of Bloody Monday came vividly before his mind; while language more forcible than elegant testified the appreciation with which the upper classes regarded the innovation.

Even Dane Hall, where Minerva is supposed to watch continually over the future pillars of the State, had not escaped the general infection. The painter, with pot and brush, had made another bloody circuit; and our venerated neighbor now appears like a would-be-juvenile grandam, who has decked her head with gorgeous ribands and tossed *suivez-mois* of brilliant hue over her aged shoulders.

With Artemus Ward, we are impelled to inquire, "Why is this thusly?" What have we done to deserve so terrible an infliction? Our buildings, which were models of old-school gentility, now stand in their gaudy garments like leading members of the shoddy tribe. Our eyes in sympathy have become bloodshot. Like some murderers whom we have read of, we see every thing through a crimson haze. Even the greenness of the Freshman is subdued by the prevailing tint.

Are our æsthetic tastes to be cultivated and developed by contrasts? Are the older buildings to symbolize that state of barbarism where the glare of color most delights, so that our eyes shall seek relief in the beauties of Memorial Hall, which typifies intellectual and artistic (the dining-hall and kitchen almost induce us to say gastronomic) advancement?

Perhaps this lavish distribution of red paint originated in a patriotic design; for we are informed on credible authority that, at one time during the vacation, Massachusetts wore a coat of blue. How the breast of the student would have surged with Fourth of July and Seventeenth of June, could he have gazed upon the red of Hollis, the white of University, and the blue of Massachusetts.

The college has a prescriptive right to all the shades of red, but why it should have used its privilege as it has, we know not. If any one can give a good reason for the general rubescence we shall be glad to hear it. In the mean time we repeat our question, — "Why is this thusly?"

CLASS OFFICERS.

At a meeting held by the Senior Class on Tuesday evening, Oct. 31, the following Class Officers were elected: —

<i>Orator</i>	Moses Perkins White.
<i>Poet</i>	Frank Sumner Wheeler.
<i>Odist</i>	George Homer Tower.
<i>Ivy Orator</i>	Thomas French.
<i>Chaplain</i>	Allen Walton Gould.
<i>Chorister</i>	Louis Henry Parkhurst.
<i>Marshals</i>	{ Henry St. John Smith. Richard Augustine Gambrill. Robert Shaw Russell.
<i>Class-Day Committee</i>	{ William Caleb Loring. George Huntington Gould. William Withington Carter.
<i>Class Committee</i>	{ Pierre Clarke Severance. Charles Amory Williams. Charles Francis Baker.
<i>Class Secretary</i>	Albert Lamb Lincoln.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at Crosby & Damrell's, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

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IN THE TUNNEL.

RIDING up from Bangor,
On the Pullman train,
From a six weeks' shooting
In the woods of Maine;
Quite extensive whiskers,
Beard, moustache as well,
Sat a "student feller,"
Tall and fine and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
No one at his side;
To a pleasant station
Now the train doth glide.
Enter aged couple,
Take the hinder seat;
Enter gentle maiden,
Beautiful, *petite*.

Blushingly she falters,
"Is this seat engaged?"
(See the aged couple
Properly enraged.)
Student, quite ecstatic,
Sees her ticket's "through;"
Thinks of the long tunnel, —
Knows what he will do.

So they sit and chatter,
While the cinders fly,
Till that "student feller"
Gets one in his eye;
And the gentle maiden
Quickly turns about, —
"May I, if you please, sir,
Try to get it out?"

Happy "student feller"
Feels a dainty touch;
Hears a gentle whisper, —
"Does it hurt you much?"
Fizz! ding, dong! a moment
In the tunnel quite,
And a glorious darkness
Black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight
Darts the Pullman train;
Student's beaver ruffled
Just the merest grain;
Maiden's hair is tumbled,
And there soon appeared
Cunning little ear-ring
Caught in student's beard.

S. O. L.

OLD SUBJECTS AGAIN.

THE two new halls, Weld and Mathews, at length begin to assume the appearance they will have when completed. Their approaching completion suggests the idea of further and new improvements. In the first place, I think that now, in one or the other of these buildings, we ought to have a large and well-furnished reading-room. There is a rumor abroad in College that, when Wakefield Hall has been built, we are to have a reading-room in it; this building has not yet been begun, and will certainly not be finished for two years. We have already waited so long for the promised reading-room, that we now look forward to the fulfilment of our wishes with regard to it as a

thing possible, but not probable. When the present new buildings are finished, at least one hundred more rooms will be at the disposal of the Faculty; hence the excuse that rooms are too precious to be given up for such an object can no longer be brought forward. It may be asked, Where is the money to come from which will be required in order to furnish the room, buy the papers and periodicals, and pay the janitor? To this we would answer, Let the College in the first instance advance the money required for these purposes, and then let the expense incurred be divided among all the students, and paid in their term bills, as is now the case with special repairs.

A second improvement, which is much needed about the College, is a restaurant. Last year we were promised one when Holyoke House should be finished; Holyoke has been finished, but there is as yet no restaurant. Under our present system of living a restaurant here is much needed; for the only way now to obtain a meal for yourself or friends, other than at your boarding place, is to go into Boston. There need be, I think, no fear that the restaurant will be poorly patronized, provided the Faculty will select a fit man for the place, — one who knows how to set a good table, and who will not charge an exorbitant profit. This restaurant is the more important on account of the results which are likely to flow from its establishment; for, when the authorities see that many of the students are willing to pay a good price for their food, provided it is the best obtainable, they will be the more inclined to have the students mess together, in one of the college rooms, according to the English plan. The Thayer Club would, of course, be kept for the benefit of those who do not care or do not feel able to pay the price charged at the hall table. In order to remove the objection which students have to being compelled to do any thing, boarding at the college table might be made entirely voluntary; but I feel confident that, of those now boarding elsewhere than at the Thayer Club, a large portion would gladly seize the opportunity of dining in a large and well-ventilated room with their classmates and

friends. By thus taking their meals together the tendency to form cliques, now so prevalent, would to a great extent be done away with. The dinner-hour might also be changed to four or five o'clock, so that the principal work of the day should be over before the chief meal. To those who have been accustomed to dine at one o'clock the changed hour may at first seem strange; but in a little time we believe they will come to like it much better than the present arrangement.

We hope that the time of the restaurant and reading-room may not be far distant; for they will conduce in no small degree to the improvement and comfort of the student, and the latter institution may lead to results still more to be desired.

M.

AFTER DARK.

SCENE: THE COLLEGE YARD; CLOCK IN THE DISTANCE IS HEARD STRIKING; GHOST RISES TO SLOW MUSIC.

Ghost (loquitor).—Ah! methinks I heard the clock on yon church tower strike the hour of twelve. Yes; 'tis dark, — very dark, — and all the lights in the buildings are extinguished, and not a sound is heard except the cold wind whistling through the branches, and the fulling of nuts from the two trees in front of Thayer. What business have they among my old elms, — the upstarts? Heigho! now I can stretch my old limbs a little; they get stiff and cramped and achy enough with being trodden on all day by easy Juniors and reckless Sophomores and timid Freshmen. It is the Seniors alone who treat me with any respect. It has always been so; they never treat me well till they think of leaving me, and then they take mighty good care of me, to be sure. They like to have the old man look well when they show him off on Class Day, — yes, yes! But those Sophomores, — ugh, the rascals! this very day one of them danced a double-shuffle right over my head; I feel it now. Shr-r-r-r! How this cold wind cuts through all my bones! It is getting to be bleak, bleak weather, and I am not entirely warm and comfortable now when I am under

the ground. I hope they won't forget it, but it is about time for me to be wrapped up in my warm blanket of dirt; and O ye Gods! dispense this once with your ambrosial perfume. I am no fop, but a plain old man; therefore I will have none of it.

Did I say all the lights were out? No! there is one glinting through the trees from the top of Holworthy. What keeps him up so late? Now he comes to the window, and looks up at the stars; he has a quill stuck behind each ear, and one between his teeth, and with yet a fourth he scribbles upon the glass—he is evidently in deep thought—ah! I have it, he must be an editor of the *Advocate*; he is evidently getting up his next paper, and searching the stars for an article. Hence these nocturnal vigils. Perhaps he has heard my stupid grumblings and thinks they will do for that last article which has bothered him so much. Well, why should I care; let him listen; they may do some good.

Alas! I can no longer stretch my limbs the way I used to; they are slowly building up walls around me, and confining the old man in a sort of tomb. The sun no longer reaches all my limbs, and I am afraid, when all the walls are completed, that my old blood will stagnate through lack of warmth. It was darker too, and—ha! how it startled me! tramp, tramp, tramp, sounding clear on the frozen ground; and a tall stalwart figure rushes past me and vanishes in the middle entry of Holworthy. He had evidently a long run, for he was covered with sweat and breathed hard; but how splendidly he looked with his head thrown back, his hands bent and pressed to his sides, and his broad chest thrown magnificently out.

He is an oarsman, and pulls for the crew, and he startles me three times a week in the same way.

Ah! I have seen some queer sights after dark, some mad pranks enough; but things are quieter now. Once—hulloa! what are those four figures that come stealing around by Thayer Hall—they are in stocking feet, and two carry small pots of paint with brushes in them; some mischief is brewing. At the middle entry of Thayer they separate, and two pass around to the north

and south corners of the building to act as sentinels, while the other two pass through the entry, and lowering themselves out of the back window rush quickly across to the chapel and commence to apply the paint to the two stone pillars of the porch. But look! what figure is that creeping slowly along in the dark shadow of University? It is the watchman. The outpost sees him and utters a low whistle; the painters stop in their work; "D—there's the watchman, let's be off." "By gad!" says the other, "let's tell them what we've got here any way," and "Shaving and Shampooing" is quickly marked on the steps. The scout comes rushing up. "No time!" he says; "he's right on us," and they speedily vanish the same way they came.

There will be some talk over that to-morrow morning, but I always keep my own secrets, or else I should tell it to the trees, and they would whisper from one of their top branches into the window of the sacred chamber of University, where the Faculty meet, the names of the sacrilegious rascals. But I have had worse secrets than that to keep; I remember once—hulloa! what noise is that? Methinks I have heard it before. "We won't go home till morning!" well, I don't think you will, for it is almost morning already. It is a party of four who have been into the city on a little bat. Ah! the sad dogs! sad dogs! Well, well, what are they saying? "Hilloa, fellers! hic, I say, yer know, let's smash some of these demned Freshmen's windows; bully fun, hic; come on!" Smash! smash! smash! smash! what a racket! how they laugh! but they stop suddenly, they hear some one rushing across the yard. It is the watchman again; they've got to run for it now; how they scatter! All get clear except one poor fellow who fetches up against a tree, and after some talk gives his name as Smith, or Jones, yer know, hic! and reels off to his room. But methinks I hear the distant crowing of a cock, and see already the gray streaks of morning light the eastern sky, which shall soon shine red 'neath the glowing chariot-wheels of the proud god of day. Now is the time when diabolical urchins with blacking-pots and brushes haunt the entries of the buildings, and afar off are seen the dusky forms of the

goodies straggling to their morning toils. I must to my old prison 'neath the sod until the sun-god's fiery race be run, and darkness once more asserts its sway.

[*Ghost sinks through a trap-door.*]

A PROFESSORSHIP OF BOOKS.

SCARCELY a man goes through four years of college life without forming some plan for general reading. We all feel that we need a certain knowledge which the ordinary routine of studies does not give us, and we call it general information. There are topics discussed every day in society which every well-informed person is supposed to be conversant with, which must of necessity be excluded from the already extensive elective list; and we are not only left to ourselves to cram our young brains with facts, but we must also spend a great deal of time grubbing about among poets, historians, and philosophers, to separate the gold from the mountains of dross heaped above it. Now it is just here that the whole trouble lies, and therefore I ask with Ralph Waldo Emerson, why should we not have professors of books?

It may be said that it is a matter in which each one must pick and choose for himself as other men have done; but how many good resolutions have been broken through not knowing where to grasp this many-headed monster we call literature; and how many have plunged into the chaotic mass of books afloat in the world, with the recklessness of youth, and awakened from their dreams of success to find that their reading has been of that disjointed, desultory, immethodical character which rather injures than improves the mind?

Reading of this sort cannot give us what we come here for, — education. For even if education is understood, as some define it, to be a disciplining of the mind by study, and not merely a simple acquisition of facts, can such a course as that just spoken of give one that mental discipline? And may it not be better, even supposing we accept this definition of education, — which I am inclined to think true only in part, — may

it not be better, I say, to acquire that discipline of the mind, as we certainly may, by storing up useful knowledge rather than by burdening our minds with that which is of no real practical value?

Certainly it seems to me that this has been a want long felt in the college world, and the only wonder is that it has never even been spoken of in our organ, the *Advocate*.

Why is it that among men at once the most literary and most devoted to the interests of the University as many of the Faculty evidently are, there is not one to come forward and advocate this plan?

Why can not our professor of rhetoric or our professor of modern languages, who are both well qualified, come forward with a course of lectures, and give to us blind gropers in the world of books the benefit of their experience? Why can they not warn us of the Scyllas and Charybdes, and put us on the track of reading something to advantage? MOLE.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LAST ALDINI. By GEORGE SAND. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

No one can read George Sand's novels without being impressed with her genius as an authoress, and the life and sparkle which everywhere pervades her works. *The Last Aldini* is a love story well written and to a certain extent artistically so, but it seems scarcely equal to her former productions; and, although we may be doing the authoress injustice, we cannot fully sympathize with those who call her style "noble and beautifully rich and pure." She is too much inclined to the sensational to be strictly pure in style; and many of her sentences, instead of suggesting, as her publishers state, "the sound of country bells falling sweetly and sadly on the ear," remind us much more of fire-bells, — and very loud fire-bells.

The price of *The Last Aldini* is fifty cents; in fact, it is one of Messrs. Peterson & Bros. cheap publications. We would merely remark in this connection, that the word "cheap" should not be made by publishers synonymous with bad print and worse paper.

We acknowledge with thanks from Lee & Shepard, UP THE BALTIC, another of the *Young America Abroad Series*, by OLIVER OPTIC. Also from the same firm, THE YOUNG DELIVERERS, the second volume of the *Pleasant Cove Series*, by Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG.

EXCHANGES.

Old and New promises a novel kind of a novel. It is to be written jointly by Mrs. Stowe, Miss Susan Hale, Mr. F. W. Loring, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Rev. E. E. Hale, and Mr. Perkins.

Every Saturday, last week, contained two illustrations which students could fully appreciate: *A Scene in a Cambridge Horse-Car* and *An Oxford Freshman undergoing an Examination*. Both were capital, and something more of the kind from this fertile vicinity would doubtless add to the attractions of this popular weekly.

The Senior Class at Bowdoin has been suspended for cutting recitations. The publication of the *Orient* is therefore interfered with.

An exchange hits off somebody in the following manner: "At Bowdoin they have a larger class than was expected, and feel quite jubilant. What they need down there is money, not brains. At Amherst there is money enough."

A Vassar Sophomore, last vacation, wanted her lover to swear on the Bible that she was all the world to him; on his refusal to do which she knocked him down with the sacred volume. She defined the action as overcoming evil with good.

For "hazing," the Secretary of War has dismissed four cadets from the Military Academy, and confined two others to the "plain" of the Academy until the commencement of the next year, one of whom is also deprived of his next furlough.

Soph. — Professor, why are there so many genders to German words?

Professor. — Why, in order to propagate the language, of course.

The Yale *Courant* says the conditions in "hopeful piety" at the Divinity School have been made up, and recitations are going on as usual.

The *Courant* don't like it because Yale students will insist on going to sleep during church service, and roll off the seats. We always did think the *Courant* fastidious.

"The Cornell Sophomores interfered seriously with the Freshmen when the latter were holding their election for class officers. The Sophs mingled with the innocents, and some of the more ambitious actually got themselves nominated for Freshmen offices. It slightly disturbed the dignity of the meeting when the nominee for vice-president, who was discovered to be a Sophomore, was towed out by the ear." — *Era*.

"Have you got any copies of *Prometheus Unbound*?" inquired a student at an Ithaca book-store. "No," replied the proprietor, "but we will order you a copy of *Prometheus*, and have it *bound* as cheaply as possible." — *Era*.

A Dartmouth Freshman says one might as well attempt to plough the Rocky Mountains with a yearling heifer hitched to a clapboard as to make a favorable impression on the hearts of the young ladies at Lebanon.

They row tub-races blindfolded down at Yale.

"Peko," the Atom of the Williams *Review*, would deny the report that "the celebrated catcher of the Harvard Nine" has decided to leave the undergraduate department. This is the only thing Peko says which strikes us as new in two columns of chaff.

Sau Mya Sah and Sau Pah-Kau-Too appear in the list of class officers at Madison University.

The Sophomore Class at Cornell recently expelled one of its members for tale-bearing.

The alumni of an Illinois college having appointed a committee to write a panegyric on a deceased graduate, are comforted by the following specimen of choice English: —

"The days of his life have gone. They were few but bright. With a gentle swell comes their knell backward to us over the river. Slipped from their cables, they have glided one by one away from us, sounding faint, sweet measures as they recede from our longing.

"We stand on the shore and call in vain for the days that will never come back. We may go to him, but he cannot come back to us. Solemn though grand is the thought of the past. We weep for the days that are gone. We sigh as we think of happy hours spent with our friend, of his eyes that sparkled at the touch of thought, of his happy words and pleasant smiles.

"But the hopes we had so fondly cherished for him in this world have all gone out with the ebbing tide."

ATOMS.

SCENE AT THE DEAN'S OFFICE.

Freshman (modestly, to venerable gentleman, busily writing). — Is the Dean in?

V. G. (still writing). — Yes.

Fresh. (louder). — Is the Dean in?

Echo answers. — Yes, yes, yes.

Obliging Sophomore (whispers). — Speak louder; he is a little deaf, and don't understand you.

Fresh. (very loud). — Is the Dean in?

V. G. — Yes, I told you!! What class do you belong to?

Fresh. — Sir? Freshman, sir.

V. G. — I thought so.

TUTORS have to stand a great deal of abuse. Not only do the students "squirt" on them in recitation, but the firemen lately availed themselves of a chance to squirt on them in the yard. Had they not better keep away from fires?

THE Harvards played their last game this season on Saturday, October 28. The game was with the Actives of South Weymouth, and resulted in a score of 35 to 6 in favor of our Nine.

THE Scientifics played a game of Base Ball on Jarvis Field, on Saturday last, with a nine from the Law School. The game resulted in favor of the Law School nine by a score of 30 to 25 in ten innings.

A COMMUNICATION has been received by the editors, advocating a change in the dinner-hour to half-past five. The strongest argument urged is, that this change will give us ample time to enjoy a quiet smoke before going out for the evening.

THE Glee Club is still in want of high tenors, and would be happy to receive applicants for this part at its rooms. The Club meets regularly every Monday evening.

A FRESHMAN seeing our worthy janitor assisting at a chemical lecture, asked what Professor that was. Atom told him he was Professor of Belles Lettres.

AN efficient member of the Cambridge police force, who hopes he knows his duty, has resolved to remove all the flowers from the Botanical Gardens, because he was told that they carried pistils. If he does so, a lasting stigma will rest upon his name.

Instructor of Logic (desirous of illustrating a philosophical truth).—Now, if I say all the members of this division are here, how shall I prove it?

Student.—Call the roll, sir.

Freshman (at Dean's office to the Secretary).—Please give me my petition, sir?

Sec.—What name, sir?

Fresh.—Verdant, Jr.

Sec. (searches among the Junior petitions.)—Verdant Junior?

Fresh.—Yes, sir.

(Another long search among the petitions of all classes, when Verdant's is found among those of the Freshmen.)

Sec. (wrathfully).—Are you a Junior?

Fresh. (defiantly).—No, but I am Verdant, Jr.

Sec. (with some asperity).—We recognize no such distinctions here.

Exit Freshman amidst suppressed laugh of the bystanders.

A LECTURER in Physics, the other day, about to show the class how the ghost is produced upon a screen at theatres, was considerably nonplussed when, just after his announcement, "Now, gentlemen, I am going to show you the ghost," the door opened, and the President made his appearance.

CONFÉRENCES FRANÇAISES.

J'ai l'honneur d'informer le public que je donnerai ma deuxième Conférence le Mercredi, 15 Novembre, à 7½ heures.

Le sujet traité sera : Vue Générale du 17^e Siècle Littéraire. On peut se procurer des billets à "University Book Store," Cambridge.

L. SAUVEUR.

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References. — Prof. H. W. Longfellow; Prof. F. J. Child; Prof. E.
W. Gurney; N. Silsbee, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard University; Chas.
E. Norton, Esq.; C. C. Read, Esq.; A. G. Sedgwick, Esq., Cambridge.

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THIS IS WHAT

J. H. HUBBARD,

The Apothecary, has got to say.

CAMBRIDGE, 6th Nov., 1871.

A good story is a good thing. I know two. Two is not a great many: I sometimes wish I knew more; but these are so suitable to every emergency that it may be better as it is. One of them is about a boy who sat patiently by a hole waiting for a woodchuck to come out. Inquiring party says: "Do you think you will catch him, sonny?" "Do I think I will catch him? I have *got* to catch him, stranger: we're out of meat!" No wavering or uncertainty there, but rather the conviction based upon strong, vigorous necessity. Do I think I will sell as much Green Seal and Lone Jack and every other kind of tobacco as last year? I've got the goods, and I must sell them: we waste our time in talking of possibilities; we're out of meat!

The other story is about the boy whose father sent him to market to sell a bag of corn. Returning at night with the corn not disposed of, the father, in great anger, asks the reason. "Dunno," says the hopeful. "I sot down with the bag and waited: nobody said any thing about corn; two or three asked me what I had in the bag, and I told them it was none of their business"! Now, in practice, do not many people with merchandise to sell answer possible purchasers much in the same way? Do we of the Harvard Pharmacy adopt this course in trade? We hope and trust not. Come and see. High-toned apothecaries and members in good standing of Colleges of Pharmacy are apt to consider it *infra dig.* to advertise themselves; and so sit serenely on their bags of corn, and say, "None of your business!" I don't see that I reflect discredit on my diploma, if I announce as publicly as may be that my pharmaceutical business is thoroughly and carefully conducted; nor that there is any thing inconsistent in combining with it extensively the traffic in pipes, cigars, and tobacco. Having thus amused ourselves with buffeting our straw men, let us to business.

People are thirsty in winter as well as at any other time. This is an undisputed fact. There is nothing in such cases made and provided better than good

PURE SODA, STAR WATER, AND VICHY.

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Orange Flower Glycerine Lotion for chapped hands.

Let us close this promiscuous recapitulation with an appropriate sentiment: "The Lone Jack and the Soda Wasser of our Cambridgeland."

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 24, 1871.

No. IV.

AN ANCIENTE BALLADE.

It was a beauteous mayden,
Moste picturesque to see,
Her architecture was brunette,
Darke as ye sloe was she.
But never having seen a sloe,
We take that backe, for we can't knowe
How darke ye sloe may be.

It also was a studente bolde,
Whose lookes were more than fine
(Though we never meant to call them coarse,
When we beganne that line);
His mien was softe as Dobbs, his soape,
His muscles harde as corded rope,
And he played on ye Nine.

It was a rainye nighte in Maye,
When out upon ye streete,
Whome should oure gallant studente, but
This mayden, hap to meet.
She chanced to have no *parapluie*
(Frenche for umbrella); one hadde he,
Whiche warded off ye sleete.

"Faire mayden," then spake he to her,
"Ye storme beats down amain;
Wilt share with me my *parapluie*?
'Twill keepe from both ye raine."
'Twas smalle, — he feigned that it was large,
Wishing of her to take ye charge;
She to accepte was faine.

Together they meandered onne,
Untille she quoth: "Farewelle!
I've reached my house." Then he: "Faire mayde,
Thy name, I prithe, telle.
I'm sure I've met thee oft before, —
Methinkes 'twas on ye balle-roome floore:
I knowe thy face fulle welle.

Thy name shalle be my guiding starre,
Henceforwarde, from this nighte.
I'll breathe it, inne my orisons,
At breake of morning's lyghte;

At evening, when I seeke repose,
Murmuring thy name, my lippes shalle close, —
'Twill make my dreames more brighte."

Ye mayden looked on him and smiled;
Responsive then beganne:
"My name to you I'd never tell,
In this wide world, young man,
Looked you not so much like my brother.
Listen! your goody is my mother,
My name is Mary Ann!"

G. C. G.

Graduier 73.

A POST-PARTY CONFESSION.

I SUPPOSE every fellow has to make a complete fool of himself at some period of his life, as well as eat a peck of dirt; and that was probably my time. Why, if you will believe it, I never discovered until to-night that her mouth was more like the kind called "coffee-pot" than a "Cupid's bow;" and I actually used to believe that all that hair she wears grew on her own head. Take a cigar and I'll tell you all about it. I had just finished my Freshman year, and got so that I could wear a beaver without feeling all the time as if I had another man's head on. I was trying to grow "siders" too, — and such sidlers! Not like these, my boy. But that's nothing to the point. I thought they were something great then; and I used to twist around to catch a glimpse of them in looking-glasses, and even try to curl them, as if they had been a yard long. To crown all, I had not fancied myself in love with any one for at least a month, and I was fairly pining for some fair object on whom to bestow the treasure of my superfluous affection. Of course, I didn't know then what a fool I was, but honestly thought myself quite a man of the world; though for no earthly reason that I can remember, except that I had been in college a year.

amount of this hazing is looked upon by the majority of upper classmen as no more than what a Freshman should undergo to entitle him to become an undergraduate of full standing. It is whispered, too, that the Faculty maintain a dignified silence at mild "roughing," provided it is not indulged in overmuch. But whether this is true or not we are entirely unable to say.

During the present year the occurrence of trouble between the Freshmen and Sophomores has been much more frequent than for several years past, and has given rise to exaggerated reports of the want of discipline in College. Now it is not difficult to draw the line between this *quasi* legitimate "roughing" and forbidden hazing. Any *gentleman*, — and there are many here who claim to be such, — will acknowledge that to go into a college room, insist rudely upon the performance of certain actions by the occupant of the room, and, on being refused, to pour a bucket of water over the offender, is conduct disgraceful to any one, and any one so doing ought to forfeit the respect of the whole College. We know that occasionally a young man, or rather a *boy*, will be carried away by the excitement attendant on hazing scrapes, and may do something for which he will afterwards be sorry; but the *recurrence of deliberately planned* assaults on the privacy of any undergraduate can have no excuse whatever, and is discountenanced, we are happy to say, by nine-tenths of our fellow-students. Such unfortunate occurrences ought to be frowned down by every one who has even a *spark* of interest in the bright name and welfare of our University.

It may be urged by these our friends that the Freshmen "strut about in too cockey a style," and need to have their high feathers plucked. But does it ever occur to these same young men that *they* have not the right to judge others' conduct? It is a trite but good quotation that says, "Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye." Our remarks are of course meant for those only to whom they apply.

Another matter in the same connection is that which has been of late quite frequently alluded

to in our columns. The numerous bonfires and explosions which have continued to grace our yard within the last two years, and which in the estimation of the public have added to the list of *dies nefasti* in Harvard's Almanac, are generally regarded as the work of Sophomores; but that the Freshmen take quite as active a part in them as their older brethren, few in College will deny. If the thoughtless perpetrators of these deeds would but reflect on the consequences of their actions, they would doubtless be convinced both of the folly of their ways, and of the great injury Harvard's reputation thereby suffers at home and abroad. A gentleman just returned from Europe says that the Italian papers during his stay in Naples were full of accounts of misdoings on the part of our students here in Cambridge. Foreign journalists point the finger of scorn at us, and say, "Your Yankee institutions are succeeding admirably when the authorities of the first University in America cannot keep the students under their charge in a state of decent good order." And shall we contentedly stand by while exaggerated reports of our misconduct, emanating from the over-eager pens of newspaper reporters, are flying like wildfire over the world? Reform is necessary. Let every conscientious fellow among us show his manliness by putting away all such childish things; and, if an exuberance of animal spirits can find no other vent than in some public demonstration, let such demonstration be confined to jokes which do no one harm, and which all lovers of wit and admirers of ingenuity can appreciate. We repeat what we have said already, that it should be the dearest wish of a man's heart to keep unsullied the fair name of his college; and let us all unite, while we have the power, in refuting the slanderous calumnies of certain worthy journals, by showing the world that Harvard is still foremost among American institutions of learning in all manliness and true worth.

AFTER GRADUATION.

It does not seem to me that a liberally educated man is so well fitted for many of the pursuits of life as his more unlettered competitor.

The former acquires a habit of looking upon both sides of a subject, a tendency to put himself in the place of an opponent, that operates against his success, while it adds greatly to the amenities of such warfare.

I do not see how a man of very deep culture can be an earnest reformer. A reformer must believe firmly in his own opinions, and virtually ignore those of others, to achieve success. Such men seem always to have been of one idea, indeed the living impersonation of that idea. Witness Mahomet or Calvin. Neither of these can be called a many-sided man.

Of course much depends upon the individual character, but I allude to the general tendency of University training. So much light is daily thrown upon the average student's crude conceptions of men and things, that he almost inevitably falls into that state of tranquil expectancy that becomes the true scientific inquirer; satisfied with the present theory in so far as it explains the facts, but always open to conviction in another.

Now there is a vague tradition in the college that one of our graduates is the functionary in charge of a Western turnpike gate. I often think of this man as I speculate over my fire in the long winter evenings, and weave in fancy a history of his life and the story of his present employment, picturing to myself a little white house with green blinds and ample porch that adjoins the toll-gate on the right-hand side as you go townward; and in the porch the old arm-chair and long pipe that keep their daily watch over the passers-by. Nor is it at all a melancholy conception. To some men there is an intense pleasure in quiet observation of their fellow-beings as they drift casually by in the channels of daily travel. How charmingly Mr. Howells discourses upon our horse-car population, and Dickens throws an interest even around the monotonous bareness of stage-coach experience. There certainly is a dreamy satisfaction in reading the countenances of one's fellows as in a book more or less legible, tracing in thought the origin of a premature wrinkle or of that hard look some faces assume in repose. Nor can such men be stigmatized as inquisitive, fol-

lowers of Paul Pry. Your true student of mankind cares nothing for gossip as such: he gossips to himself, or rather but draws inferences from his own sources for self-gratification. Rather a Democritus than a weeping philosopher, he but feels the pulse of mankind for his own sanitary benefit.

And so I fancy this graduate of an olden date, to whom the world has come to have but few solid attractions, whose eyes have grown dim for the perusal of Greek and slow to grasp the truths of mathematics, — I imagine him sitting the live-long day on his old porch, and studying the waves in the great sea of travel that goes surging past him. He comes to recognize the tides that swell the morning and evening passage, to know particular faces, and look for this or that cheery old farmer with his cordial salutation and diurnal weather report. The ancient student sees before him living impersonations of characters in the dear old novels that had such a reality as they first dawned upon him by the flickering light of his college fire. And the characters suggest their several stories, so that the old man could live in a perpetual panoramic dreamland of his own creation.

Be it for younger men actively to battle it with the rude world. Assuredly our old alumnus has not chosen unwisely, but as becometh the true philosopher.

THANKSGIVING.

THE meadow floor is yellow yet,
And gleams with a golden gleam;
Still, through its stubble thickly set,
Steals the silent, sluggish stream.

The spikes of grain, in the sunlight,
Wave not their silken hair;
But still to the sea the waters bright
Their hidden jewels bear.

Still does the robin flit forlorn,
Though other birds have flown,
Through branches that, for glories shorn,
Make dreary, weary moan.

What of the teeming harvest store!
What of the laden wain!
Have to my heart the seasons bore
One ear of golden grain?

I hear the song glad voices raise;
 I see the banquet spread;
 The thankful hymn of humble praise
 To sweet rejoicing wed.

Ah! what fair spring-time flowers,
 That bloomed in the summer past,
 Have I, in these autumn hours,
 Gathered to garner at last?

Even these alone: a heart more pure;
 A spirit more surely shod;
 A soul by faith grown more matured,
 With a clearer vision of God.

"THE HARVARD."

A SHORT HISTORY.

DEAR EDITOR, — As the majority of the students now in College cannot be familiar with the history of the Boat Club previous to the year '58, it has occurred to me that a short account of Harvard's early boating might prove acceptable.

For an American college, we can look back with pride to the early date at which we began our rowing. In the year 1844 the Harvard Boat Club was first organized; and, for the sum of eighty-five dollars, the class of '46 purchased the "Oneida," an eight-oared barge, with a length of thirty-seven feet, and a good "steady" breadth of beam. This boat was sold afterwards to a Club in Springfield; and, if not bought by Government to serve on the blockade, probably still floats on the Connecticut, where before the war it was wont to do the service of a pleasure boat.

In 1850, on account of a "heavy bar" of the Ariel Club, the college government stopped boating; but two years later the sport revived, and 1852 is memorable as the year in which occurred the first of the long series of victories gained by Harvard over Yale. Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H., was the scene of this first contest; and there, on Aug. 2, over a course of two miles in length, near Centre Harbor, the "Undine" and "Oncida" bore the crimson color ahead of the "Atalanta" and "Shawmut" of Yale, and the "Oneida" won the prize of walnut oars, still kept among our trophies. The countrymen in the neighborhood of the lake,

even to this day, tell with awe and admiration every minute particular of that first Regatta.

On the 22d of July following, the second contest between the Colleges took place at Springfield on the Connecticut, when Harvard entered the eight-oared "Iris" and the four-oared "YY," and Yale the "Nereid" and "Nautilus." In that year the course was three miles in length; and, as in the year previous, both the Cambridge boats crossed the line ahead of their competitors, the "YY" second, and the "Iris" first, the winner of the set of colors offered as the prize. It is reported that in the game of billiards, also, Harvard was here victorious.

By 1856, boating had become pretty firmly established, and houses were erected for the better protection and accommodation of the boats. A new and better class of boats than that generally in use was bought; and the office of President, at once honorable and much sought for, was now instituted. The President was not chosen by election, but it was the custom for the President of the first established boat club in the Senior Class to be President also in the "Harvard," provided he was one of that crew. Otherwise, the stroke of the "Harvard," or the first man put into that crew from the Senior Class, held by common consent this important office. In that year was bought the first boat owned by the whole College, an eight oared lap-streak, fifty feet long and four feet broad, which was built at St. John, and carried no coxswain.

Although considered a wonder, and looked upon with great expectations of success, this boat was most unfortunate, never winning a first prize nor yet even coming in behind another boat. In the 4th of July Regatta of the city of Boston, the first public contest Harvard had ever attempted, the crew led by thirty-three seconds; but was forced by ignorant judges to give an allowance of forty seconds to their six-oared opponents, and to take the second prize. From this race the reputation of Cambridge rose in a high degree. Her boat had contended successfully with the most famous boats and boatmen of those days.

In the next year three boats from Harvard entered the Beacon Regatta, — now an estab-

lished institution, — one of them, "The Harvard," being eight-oared, and the other two, the "Sabrina" and the "Camilla," six-oared. The allowance was fifteen seconds to an oar; and in the course to the stake the Harvard led by twenty-seven seconds, thus nearly gaining her whole allowance on the half-course. On the return, however, two of the larboard men gave out, — one of whom was Lee, since famous as a rebel cavalry general, — and it was with the greatest difficulty that the stroke, B. W. Crowninshield, saved the lagging crew, and brought the boat in first.

These are the facts of the history previous to '58, and help to show the foundation on which was built the subsequent victorious career with college and professional.

Let us not look with regret on our last defeat, but rather gladly accept its lessons, and nerve and strengthen ourselves to regain the laurels of victory, and to brighten the lustre of our fame.

A HOMILY.

VIEWED in their proper light, the studies of college are but the foundations of different patterns upon which structures are to be afterwards raised and established. And, at the close of our college course, with an experience that has explored them all, we take those the best adapted to the style of building which a maturer judgment and a keener appreciation of our needs has decided to erect upon them.

Solid facts, then, are what we need to store the mind with during the four years of college life.

As thorough a knowledge as we can obtain of as many different subjects as we can conveniently grasp by diligent application.

"That work is ever the more pleasant to the imagination which is not now required," says Emerson; and we students are too apt to be led astray by that which is the more pleasing, and attractive in study, and more ready to bestow praises and applause upon idle talent than laborious application.

A knack at writing oddities in prose, or turning an apt rhyme, often leads a student from

pursuits far more improving, and of much greater importance, beguiled by the meed of fickle praise so swift to follow, and which is so cheaply and easily obtained.

Students are always complaining that they do not have sufficient opportunities to read, or that not enough attention is paid to composition; whereas, if they attended diligently to their studies, they would find in them much more reading than they could conveniently digest, and of a better and more improving sort than they would, in all probability, select for themselves; and, in reciting them to the professor, especially history and philosophy, would find ample opportunities to cultivate graces of expression, besides acquiring the most serviceable art of extempore speaking. We shall find that most complaints of this nature come from those who do not give proper attention to their assigned studies.

In this connection the thought of a French philosopher may not be out of place. "Young writers give their minds much exercise, but little food."

"Keep out of literature, as a general rule," says Carlyle, in an address to the students of Edinburgh.

Let us avoid dilettanteism. Let us acquire the art of storing the mind with knowledge that is thorough, even of matters the most trifling.

COMMUNICATION.

[The following communication has been handed us for publication, and we thoroughly indorse the sentiments contained in it, hoping that the Faculty may feel inclined to see the matter in the same light, and grant the prayer of a large number of students. — Eds.]

MANY members of the different classes, who look forward with anticipations of pleasure to spending Christmas at home this year, have been somewhat startled by the announcement of examinations to be held on Saturday the 23d inst. We do not presume to find fault with the decisions of our respected college government, but it does seem rather hard that those who live as far

away as Chicago and St. Louis must either deprive themselves of the privilege (?) of being with their families on a day of the year most cherished by Westerners, or receive a public admonition and the loss of rank for being so audacious as to absent themselves from an examination. Our vacation is so short, and the succeeding period of constant and unremitting study so long, that it would be but fair to allow those who desire to leave Cambridge Thursday night permission to do so, and to give them two extra days to recover somewhat from the fatigues of travelling.

THE MODERN LANGUAGES.

THE contrast between the modes of teaching the ancient and the modern languages at Harvard is so striking, that any one who has studied both cannot fail to have remarked it. The classics are taught with an exactness befitting mathematical or scientific studies; the smallest points of grammar are noticed; even the readings of the different manuscripts are commented upon. There is no objection to be made to this exactness; for accuracy in trifles causes accuracy in things of greater importance. But we do object, because this accuracy is not required equally in the study of the modern languages. The loose way on the contrary in which those tongues are taught here is notorious. No one can be more fully sensible than the writer of the good to be derived from the study of the classics, but without doubt that of the modern languages is far more useful. Indeed, one of the chief reasons for studying the ancient is to acquaint ourselves with the roots and sources of the modern tongues. A knowledge of these languages is requisite that we may travel abroad with ease and profit. The ability to read them is essential in order to become acquainted with the latest and best scientific works; and that we may fully appreciate their literature, second only to that of England. The thoroughness with which French and Spanish are taught at West Point forms a comparison, rather to our disadvantage. A graduate of that military school can speak with fluency the language of either of those countries; but

one of our graduates we fear could as easily talk Hottentot, as French or German, even though he had studied those tongues during the college course. "The remark has frequently been made that the College only professes to teach us to understand and read those languages. Comparatively few travel abroad, so an acquaintance with the written language is the main thing to be desired." But are we really taught to read with ease? and, if this be so, is that instruction in the written language of foreign nations all that the foremost college in America can do for us? To the first question we fear that the answer would be an almost unanimous "No." It is possible that, after three years' faithful study, a man may be able to read French or German; but it may be doubted whether he would understand them under the present mode of teaching. Take German, for example. A complete knowledge of the grammar of any language is the first requisite to understand it: in German, however, during the last two years we had at most but half a dozen lessons in grammar. Like Virgil, we plunged at once "in medias res," and began to read before we knew the alphabet: all our knowledge of German grammar has been picked up by snatches; and we doubt if a dozen men in the class could conjugate a German verb. The entire absence of instruction in this most important branch is a crying shame, and ought at once to be corrected. The reforms instituted by Professor Bôcher in the mode of teaching French are greatly to be commended. French within the last year has ceased to be what it has always been, merely a loafing course. The exercise of translating English into French; the giving up of the idea that the recitation hour was to be employed solely in rendering a few pages of French into poor English; the full explanation of idiomatic phrases, — are proofs that the reforms in the teaching of French are in active progress. This new system should be extended to German, Spanish, and Italian, at least in the Sophomore and Junior years; for, as far as instruction in reading is concerned, the Seniors ought to make no complaint. Not only should this system be extended to the other languages, but it ought to be still more enlarged and im-

proved. Let an opportunity be afforded to those who can read to be taught now to speak these different tongues. It is almost imperative that in such important branches there should be at least two courses, one in which the written, the other in which the spoken, language of foreign countries should be taught. Foreign teachers also ought to have charge of the instruction in speaking, so as to give us a chance to acquire a pure accent. The objection that foreigners cannot manage their classes would not apply here, since only those might be allowed to take this course who had already learned to read; hence few would choose the course who did not really desire to improve. Grammar and reading could be taught during the first three years of the college course, and speaking during the last. This continual asking for more has an ungrateful look; but as freedom can only be secured by ceaseless vigilance, so the leading place in education can alone be preserved by ceaseless improvement. M.

SPORTING THE OAK.

THE custom of sporting one's oak, which is so popular an institution in the English Universities, is destined apparently to become an exotic in Cambridge. As affairs now stand in College, it is the height of the ridiculous for any one to imagine that he can sport his oak with impunity.

Suppose, for example, that you have sedulously dropped the window-shades, and ingeniously fastened the draperies, so as to prevent a single ray of light from revealing to the systematic lounge below the important fact that for the moment you are occupying your room,—and suppose your door to be favored with an innumerable number of patent locks and sundry reliable bolts (which conveniences form no part of the fixed capital of the inhabitants of Hollis and Stoughton),—still with all this protection you cannot escape the wrath of your importunate visitor. Courageous man that he is, he makes repeated assaults upon your door; and at last, finding his efforts futile, he walks away, shouting in accents clear, "Too thin," or, "A pretty sick

joke that." The consequence of all this is, that, if any one wishes to maintain his own self-respect, he must keep open house for all callers. What reason is there why any one, who desires to study, or read, or entertain a few friends privately, should be debarred from such privileges, merely to comply with a certain fashion which is steadily gaining strength in the University?

In England, to sport the oak is considered an act eminently proper and commendable; but we seem to think that it is a habit destructive of our college freedom. If a visitor obtains no response to his tenth kick, cannot he take the hint that his company is not desirable at present and move off quietly, without informing the occupant of the said room that he knows he is there, and that he cannot see the reason why he is refused admittance. So long as this feeling of "open doors and open house" exists, there is very little opportunity for the seclusion which at certain times is very necessary for collegiate success. Any thing is better than the present custom, and a revolution is most devoutly to be wished for. Many, I think, will agree with the writer in thinking that "sporting the oak" should be recognized as an established institution. Certainly it does no harm, and may be productive of an immense amount of good. AUSPEX.

MUSIC.

THE music sent to us lately by Messrs. Ditson & Co. consists chiefly of pieces which have already been presented to the public by the Dolby Ballad Troupe, who brought out many new and pretty songs while here. Among these are several of Mr. Santley's songs: *The Bells*, *The Yeoman's Wedding Song*, and others equally pretty, which have become popular as sung by this distinguished singer. Also *Tell me, my Heart*, by Sir Henry Bishop, of which it is only necessary to say that it is sung by Miss Edith Wynne.

For a tenor, though not beyond the compass of a baritone. *The Anchor's Weighed*.

The *Two Roses*, sung so often by all Glee Clubs as a four-part song, is published for a single voice; the air being the same as in the *Two Roses* of the Arion collection.

She was my Boyhood's Dream is a pretty and not difficult ballad by J. L. Hatton.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at A. Williams & Co.'s, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

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GUY FAWKES AGAIN.

HAVE you heard of the lucky frustration of a recent outrageous design
To blow up old Grays by exploding, in one of its entries,
a mine?
You haven't? Then list, and I'll tell you of the dastardly, infamous plot,
The most fiendish attempt (*vide papers*) to cast on Fair Harvard a blot.
It was half-after three in the morning; the air it was nipping and chill;
The yard was completely deserted, and proctors, suspecting no ill,
On their couches were sweetly reposing, and students were doing the same;
When a Freshman, awake, grinding German (you'll excuse my withholding his name),
Was astonished, amazed, and astounded, to see 'neath his window appear

A man, with a box and a lantern, looking 'round to see no one was near.

Imagine the listener's condition, when he heard him ascending the stair,

Heard him pause when he reached the third story (the Freshman's), then sit down and swear!

The Freshman was — no, not scared — nervous, yet he peeped through the keyhole, and saw

A sight that well-nigh knocked him over, — a sight that was pregnant with awe:

For, revealed by the light of his lantern, the man with a *bottle* was busy,

And its contents were *black!* Thoughts of Holyoke straightway made the Freshman's head dizzy.

"Shall I rush on the villain?" he queried. "I won't: for the thing might explode

In the desperate fight that would follow; no, out of the window's the road!"

So he lashed all his bedclothes together, vest, trousers, and overcoat too,

Tied one end of this rope to the bedpost, with fingers that fear* had made blue;

Then up with the curtain and window, — for an instant a tremor of fright, —

Then boldly he swung himself downward, enwrapped in the mantle of night.

When he reached the rope's end, and discovered he was thirteen feet short of the ground,

He fain would again have ascended; but the knot from the bedpost unwound,

And he fell as abruptly as Wolsey, yet suffered less physical harm,

For he found, when he rose, that all damage consisted in spraining his arm.

Forthwith to the Square he runs nimbly, — strange to say, a policeman was there:

So to him he narrated his story, and together the couple repair

To the Station, and quickly assemble of tipstaves † a dozen or more,

Who, donning their clubs and revolvers, express themselves anxious for gore.

They stealthily enter the building, leaving one to keep watch at the door,

And, posting a pair on each landing, they cautiously draw near the floor

Where the miscreant, still at his labor of death and destruction they hear.

They pause, tighten belts, make an onslaught (the Freshman, of course, in the rear);

And find the nefarious ruffian engaged, not with powder or fuse,

But his deep machinations infernal consisted in — polishing shoes!

G. C. G.

* I beg the Freshman's pardon; nervousness, I should have said.

† Old Ionic for peelers.

A PHILIPPIC.

Now that the cry for reform is so loud everywhere, it is only fit that we should join in the general shout, and it is not hard to find a cause for so doing. There are many places where reform is needed, and especially conspicuous among them are our bookstores.

The so-called University store has at last found a champion, who, to use that worn-out but still useful comparison, in avoiding Scylla has fallen into Charybdis. If we are not spunged by the enterprising firm which he defends, then some of us do not know what spunging is, and, what is more, care not to learn. But let it rest in peace, if that is possible. Polite clerks are in its employ, and polite clerks are virtues covering a multitude of sins. It is the opposition firm which, in a general way, is now to be blasted and scathed by our lightning. For why should it alone be exempt from criticism? The press of our country has recently been cut sharply and deservedly by the German Emperor, who has forbidden the circulation of a portion of it in his dominions. The press is cut in the same way a man would be by a surgeon, who merely drew his lancet through some disagreeable excrescence without removing it. If his majesty had but taken away the tumor, all good people would have thanked him; but he has only probed, and it hurts without the beneficial results of a severer operation. It must make every American blush to know that we suffer here what Europe—the Old World saturated with crime, as some say—will not endure, an indecent press. Were the *Nation*, the *Times*, or any honest journal, forbidden entrance to a German town, we might feel anger; we might charge it to the fear of a free press in the empire. As it is, we can only assent to the wisdom of the Emperor. What has this to do with the bookstore? A good deal. On the counter from which the majority of us receive our daily papers, spread out in the most conspicuous way, are the very periodicals of which mention has just been made. There is not the least effort at concealment. Man, woman, or child, who has to wait at that counter,—and who has not?—must stand before

these sheets until it pleases the boys of the establishment to serve them. There are three reasons why every dealer in this flash literature should be discountenanced by all, even to the extent of a withdrawal of patronage. First, it is a national disgrace that men should thus openly sow the seeds of vice, with the tacit consent of the community at large and the civil authorities. So long as there is no law against the traffic, or so long as such a law, if existing, is not enforced, so long should the people show unmistakably their will on the subject. To attempt to defend such publications, on the score of a free press, is the same as to try to maintain the right of a small-pox patient to go at large, on the ground of personal liberty being assured to those not criminals or insane. The one spread physical, the other moral contagion; and the last is the worse. The second reason is that the public display of these papers increases their circulation, and gives many a knowledge of their existence, which otherwise they might never have had. Statistics on this subject show, among other things, that the largest class of readers are boys. What is to prevent this being so, when men are found crying to them, "Come buy"? To pass quickly on, there is a third and last reason. He who offers such wares to his patrons offers them insults. To be sure there would be no supply were there no demand; but if a man is determined to pander to a certain class, for decency's sake let him not at the same time offend others.

Perhaps some may think our college paper an improper place for such discussion. It is not. It is the place of all others best suited to the purpose. An *Advocate* it is called,—a true and brave one we believe it to be; and what plainer duty could such a paper have than to call the attention of the class most concerned to this crying evil? We are the coming men. To many of us, perhaps,—to some of us, certainly,—it will be given to guide or in some way influence public opinion. It is incumbent on us therefore to preserve the purity of that opinion according to our power; yet more, it is our bounden duty, as Christians, to prevent the spread of immorality; as students, to avert the evils of

bad taste ; as lovers of order, to suppress lawlessness ; as gentlemen, to discountenance vulgarity : and we do all of these when we act against a dealer in these prints. As for the men, they are only comparable to the vampire of legend that lives on the life of others : they are "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Let no man trust them," especially when they trust no man ; no term bills.

PEGNUS.

A FEW CONCLUSIONS.

A NUMBER of us have had quite a serious talk of late about College and the fellows, and have reached certain conclusions possessing some weight with ourselves, and possibly some influence with others.

We feel that public opinion here sways us to an immoderate degree, while often unfair in its tendencies as well as unjust in judgment. Truly, it is not an easy thing to withstand half a thousand masterful young wills pressing in every direction ; so we hope that this strong power may preserve a well tempered moderation.

And with this feeling, although we are not of those who may delight in "toadying" persistently to our instructors, yet we should condemn the zeal which seeks the other limit, continual "roughing," and the spirit which tacitly supports the same. Imaginary reasons for such action are abundant ; but are we so conspicuous for charity ourselves as to be above reproof ? "Put yourself in his place" is a capital injunction.

Generally, we fear, ours is the fault that a thorough appreciation on our side does not meet their endeavors : that it is unusual to find the cordial sympathy between teacher and learner so essential to respectable progress. And we have frankly charged these defects to our own lack of any fine enthusiasm, — a sad failure.

Why these things are so, particularly where electives are so arranged that for the most part no one is inflicted with distasteful studies, where the body of instructors is so uniformly obliging, remains an unanswered question. Meanwhile, it should be our business to change these un-

pleasant facts to fictions by repaying courtesy with courtesy, research with appreciation, earnestness with kindred ardor. "P. A."

EXCHANGES.

Lippincott's for December has been received. Mr. Edward Whymper's *Scrambles among the Alps* is continued. The illustrations accompanying these papers, together with the graphically written sketches, make this contribution one of the most attractive records of Alpine travel and adventure yet published. The publishers announce, as a part of their bill of fare for the ensuing year, a serial tale by an American author, entitled *Ayloun*, to be begun in the January number ; and a novel from the pen of George Macdonald, together with their usual savory *entremets*.

Old and New will soon show its *Christmas Locket*, by way of a supplement to its regular issue. The December number of this magazine contains the first instalment of the much-talked of *Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other*, together with its usual variety of interesting reading.

Appleton's Journal paid a very eloquent tribute to the memory of the late F. W. Loring in its last week's issue.

The Commons at Yale issues a daily bill of fare.

Cornell students are afraid that President White is going to be made Secretary of State. Never you fear, Cornell, Ulysses has other Fish to fry.

The Faculty of Yale is a gallant band. It forbids students appearing on the amateur theatrical stage in female apparel, — a device, no doubt, for creating a women-in-college sentiment among undergraduates.

The *University Magazine* is trying to bring about a reaction of public opinion in favor of Judas Iscariot.

An account of the amorous conduct of Henry VIII. caused a Yale theolog. to leave a Historical Lecture at New Haven.

Bibles are scarce at Cornell, and so they publish selections from the sacred volume in the college paper for general instruction.

"Davis is the wittiest fellow in college, and Miss Ware is the prettiest," is an item of interest in a mixed-college paper.

"Here comes the fatted calf!" said a pious mother to her son, when he came home to Thanksgiving.

Ripon students have been robbing a hen-roost. Game: ten hens, including a rooster.

"The first father" of the Class of '71, at Yale, refuses the silver cup. He doesn't want his enterprise rewarded in that way.

Yale gives \$1,000 to the Chicago sufferers; Cornell goes her \$500 better.

Thirty students were recently expelled from Phillips Andover Academy for excessive hilarity.

A Soph, at Cornell, is going to open a savings-bank. His stock consists of a crowbar, drill, and false keys.

"Poker" is rampant down at Yale. The *Courant* objects to the sinful game on principles of Political Economy.

Cornell students have gone to draining the farm. The *Era* is pleased to be able to remark on the increased capacity of the University barns. How are the turnips and cabbages, Sister Cornell?

The *Hamilton Lit.* has a long and heavy article on "The character of an oyster as revealed by its actions."

The *Courant* says that some of the Yale Freshmen, having found that the course of study there does not run so smoothly as anticipated, have written to Harvard for admission. Perhaps our Freshmen might furnish them with some useful hints.

Miss Grace Wallace is President, Miss Lou Hoag Secretary, and Mr. Sam Dickie Treasurer, of the Senior Class at Albion College.

William Bell White Howe is a Junior in the University of Vermont. How will *Guilielmus Tintinnabulum Candidus Quomodo* look in the Triennial Catalogue?

The *Orient* says: "With a radical President, a radical Faculty, a radical journal, and radical students, there is no reason why Bowdoin should not fall into line, and with military precision steadily advance by forced marches to the goal of superiority."

Christ in College is the title of a three-column article in the *Orient*.

Vassar keeps a dentist. The girls have to show their teeth once a week.

Among the subjects discussed at the recent College Convention were "Methods of teaching Modern Languages;" "Hazing," which the Convention thought doomed; "The Relation of Colleges to Preparatory Schools;" and "The Condition of Instruction in Elocution and Declamation in Colleges." In the discussion of the latter question, it fell out that, "in the leading University in New England, this important study had fallen into disrepute, and even into disuse."

Old Yale has taken to Porter. May we expect young Yale to take to its bier?

They propose to do away with Sunday services down at Yale, and devote the income of the college preacher to the Boat Club.

It took just fourteen minutes to write a "poem" of twelve verses, published in the *Western Collegian*. We believe it.

DRAMATIC.

MEG MERRILIES AT THE GLOBE.

THE fame which Miss Cushman has won in the character of Lady Macbeth does not lose in the least by her representation of Meg the Gipsy. The part is rendered with such power and intensity that we are at times almost obliged to shudder at the vividness of the picture. Miss Cushman may be said to make the character, as Jefferson makes Rip Van Winkle; for we doubt if any other actress could impart a tenth part of the force to the impersonation of the half-mad gipsy queen, which Miss Cushman does. In a representation which is almost perfection, it is hard to pick out any special part for approval; yet there are one or two points, which we cannot pass over without notice. The scene of her meeting with Harry Bertram at the gipsy's camp was a perfect gem; and her rendering of the prophecy about "Bertram's right and Bertram's might" was thrilling. Above all, the death scene was wonderfully done. The support, with one exception, was excellent. The parts of Lucy Bertram and Guy Mannering were very well taken; though perhaps the colonel was a trifle stiff. We were sorry, however, to have all our ancient good opinion of Harry Bertram put to flight by the shocking way in which he was misrepresented. The musical portion of the drama was also well executed. On the whole, the performance was such that, when Miss Cushman leaves, we will have to say with Hamlet, "Take it for all and all, we ne'er shall look upon its like again."

THE BOSTON THEATRE.

The lovers of "the mazy" have had ample means for satisfying their desires at the Boston Theatre during the past fortnight. The Majiltons have more than earned their famous qualifying adjective, and Morlacchi nightly demonstrates that she is peerless in her profession.

Mr. Sothern will appear at this theatre on the 18th of this month in his famous impersonation of Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin," meanwhile Morlacchi and the Majiltons will probably hold the boards.

ELFIE AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

This play is still drawing large houses, and fully deserves the liberal patronage bestowed on it, as it is brought out by Manager Field. Miss Phillips has a part as well adapted to her as any we remember ever to have seen her in, and she carries it out in a most pleasing and natural manner. Warren plays a rôle quite different in character from his ordinary good-natured parts, and gives another example of the great versatility of his genius. Some of his situations are ludicrous in the extreme. Although having a great run, this entertaining piece must soon give way to other plays in active preparation; and we advise all to see it before it is withdrawn.

BOOK NOTICES.

FOUR YEARS AT YALE. By A GRADUATE OF '69. New Haven, Conn.: C. C. Chatfield & Co. 1871.

This book, as its title indicates, is an account of undergraduate life at Yale. It is painfully minute in its details of the various institutions of that peculiar microcosm; but, as the classic historians have taken the trouble to tell us that imperial Rome was once saved by the cackling of geese, we suppose we ought freely to accept the situation in which "a graduate of '69" has put his readers. To be sure "facts are facts," as the author says; but, whether or no, such facts as that the Editor of the *Yale Lit.* stands behind a counter and checks the name of each student as he calls for his copy of that magazine, or that the committee on class photographs have their pictures taken free of expense on account of their official labors, or that the price of a student's coal at New Haven varies with the number of flights of stairs up which it has to be carried, are facts for which the public appetite outside of New Haven craves, we very much question. Nevertheless we can imagine a circle of readers whom just such a lot of details as this book is made up of would satisfy, nay, please; and we are not addressing that circle when we use a figure of Webster's, and say of this book, containing, as it does, 700 pages, that 'tis too big a manifesto for so small a war.

There are parts of this book which contain statements of facts on which we might take issue with the author, that part devoted to the history of the Harvard-Yale Boat-Race being one; but as such a venture would involve the publication of a book similar in some of its features to this one, we forbear even to threaten such an undertaking.

ZANITA. A Tale of the Yo-Semite. By VISCOUNTESS AVONMORE. Hurd & Houghton: Riverside Press, Cambridge.

The scene of this novel, as the title suggests, is the Yo-Semite. We are introduced to several pleasant companions in that uncivilized region, and enjoy with them a few quiet chapters. But, as we proceed, the Yo-Semite appears as full of striking sensations and thrilling situations as our less barbarous East. Even lovers abound, and maidens who blush a "sweet pink" are only less numerous than the exploits of the hero who ends his valuable life by falling over an abyss, thus affording the authoress an opportunity of exhibiting her remarkable descriptive powers. We think the following can hardly be excelled:—

"With some difficulty we raised the body from the depth of some twenty or thirty feet. Alas! we might as well have left it in its granite sepulchre. It was torn and mangled, and shattered almost piecemeal. His clothes were saturated with gore, to which fragments of granite had adhered. The skull was crushed, and only the beau-

tiful face was left unexcoriated. The expression was calm and noble, and the beautiful arched lips and chin looked like chiselled alabaster. It was too sad for words and too solemn for grief. We carefully laid him in the blanket," etc.

THE WIFE OF A VAIN MAN. By MARIE SOPHIE SCHWARZ. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

It is with many thanks that, even at this late day, we beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of the above work, which has afforded us much genuine enjoyment. The plot of the story is simple, the authoress's great merit being the portrayal of character in a manner to gain our approval of what is good and noble, to excite our sympathy for the weak and suffering, and to draw forth indignant protests at the shamelessness which is apt to characterize the conduct of vain people.

A JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE. Hurd & Houghton: Cambridge, Riverside Press. 1871.

We have accompanied M. de Maistre on his journey round his room, and sincerely thank him for it. So novel a trip we have never before taken; and the bright images of fancy and terse sayings which our companion has left engrafted on our minds will ever be a source of unalloyed pleasure.

ATOMS.

MR. GEORGE DEXTER has resigned the office of Steward to the College, the duties of that position being too arduous to be discharged by one man.

THE Managers of the Cambridge Assemblies desire to state that the second Assembly of the series will take place on Thursday, Dec. 14, instead of Tuesday, Dec. 19, as before announced.

WHY is a student on the road to the Library like a mad bull? Because he is going to Gore (H)all.

1st dig. — Dear me! we've got a "cut" in Physics.

2d dig. — That's *too bad*. Now I haven't got any thing to do.

MANY complaints have lately come from the members of the Sophomore Class who study Rhetoric, that it is the *bane* of their existence.

PROBLEM. — Given, a room in Thayer Hall, with four doors, two windows, chinks innumerable, and no chimneys; to keep warm.

A STUDENT of a philological turn has discovered, that, if it were not for a proper use of the accusative case, what is now a beautiful service in the Catholic Church would be *Te Deus* (he probably does not mean monotonous).

A LAW PILL has compared his library to the great commandment on which hangs all the law and the profits.

ALEXIS, in his personal appearance, is not at all *di-sar-re*; for, as he is the third son, he cannot be *Czar*.

"WHY are men in politics always associated with sinners? Because they are public 'uns." — *Yankee Doodle*.

SCENE: Cambridge horse-car; two ladies are just alighting.

Driver (in gruff voice, opening door). — One of those ladies has dropped her collar.

Consternation of modest students, and blushes of beauteous maidens opposite, as the polite conductor hastens forward, and picks up — a garter. "Drive on!"

At an inquest held last summer over the body of a boy struck by lightning, the jury solemnly returned a verdict that the deceased had come to his death by the decree of divine Providence, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child."

Two gaunt and emaciated members of the Thayer Club, wiping the crumbs from their famished mouths, were overheard by Atom the other day making the following remarks: —

1st *G. and E. Commoner*. — I say, Jim! Jones has got an awful soft thing.

2d *G. and E. C.* — How so?

1st *G. and E. C.* — Because he's engaged to a girl here in Cambridge, and can get a *good square meal* any time he wants it.

PRESENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Smokers' Sets, Tobacco Jars, Cigar-Cases, Meerschaum Pipes and Holders, Turkish and Fancy Pipes, Match Safes, Cigars, Smoking Tobaccos, Toilet Articles, Canes and Umbrellas, at

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References. — Prof. H. W. Longfellow; Prof. F. J. Child; Prof. E. W. Gurney; N. Silsbee, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard University; Chas. E. Norton, Esq.; C. C. Read, Esq.; A. G. Sedgwick, Esq., Cambridge.

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Our whole stock is unsurpassed in extent and variety. If you do not wish to buy now, please call and see, so that you will know the best place.

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J. H. HUBBARD,

THE APOTHECARY,

wandereth in far countries and meeteth a poet:

It was a cold wet night, and we had been to Worcester. We had got as far as the renowned bridge over Quinsigamond, when, after long silence, Shoddicus gave utterance to a wish. It must have been the wine. —and it was not such wine as is sold at the Harvard Pharmacy for medicinal uses. But this is what he said, first heaving away an abbreviated provincial “stub,” and touching up the steed. “I would I were an angel seated upon a silver sunbeam, playing upon a golden harp, with a chew of solace in my left cheek, and a pipe of Lone Jack between my teeth!” Then I was astonished, and said, “Shoddicus, thou art a poet; but cruel fate hath made thee a twister of wool, and a taskmaster over female weavers who are not beautiful, yet some fame awaiteth thee. It shall go in the *Advocate*.” To which he made reply, “I had rather be a Kanuck and sort shoddy than such a poet.” After that we spoke no more, and he returned to his mills, and I to my merchandise, and to my mixing of medicines, and rolling of pills, and studying of books of Pharmacy, and the sun rose in the East, and the world moved on.

People are thirsty in winter as well as at any other time. This is an undisputed fact. There is nothing in such cases made and provided better than good

PURE SODA, STAR WATER, AND VICHY.

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Let us close this promiscuous recapitulation with an appropriate sentiment: “The Lone Jack and the Soda Wasser of our Cambridgeland.”

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JANUARY 19, 1872.

No. VII.

LETHE.

THERE is a river whose silent flow,
In its gliding course to the realms below,
Scarce wavers the weeds on its bank that grow, —
Nodding, as if in a reverie.

Never the bright sun's yellow beam
Hath seen the depths of that dismal stream,
And the drowsy sound of its flowing seems
Like a sleeper, breathing heavily.

To its twilight shore, as years go by,
The souls come down of men who die;
They have sinned, and some are afraid to try
To have their sins forgiven.

So they fall at the last in the tempter's net,
Like bubbles that break when waters fret;
Drinking, they sink in the stream, and forget.
The others fly up to heaven.

F. S.

EDITORIAL.

THIS, the first paper of the New Year, would seem to be particularly suited to a little moralizing from the editorial quill, — a few remarks upon the formation of grand resolutions for future conduct, with possibly a conjecture or two as to the duration of those resolves, and their probable effect upon our life hereafter. But we call to mind several reveries in times past, not on the first of January, but nearer the first of April, perhaps, during which we have wondered what ever became of those New-Year determinations; and having found that even at that early date we had either forgotten the resolutions entirely, or had become wiser, — which, we believe, is synonymous with changing one's mind, — and had decided that we were unduly mindful of our

moral welfare, and utterly regardless of our personal comfort, when we bound ourselves to such inconvenient rules of action, we have concluded that until the calendar is again reformed, and the first of January comes once in three months, there is very little use in laying down conditions to last through twelve months of varied pleasure and trouble. We do not wish to discourage such very laudable proceedings, but are unwilling, returning from our last vacation in college, to devote our attention to such weighty matters.

The Senior cannot but feel a certain new responsibility creeping over him now, as he begins to realize, that the next time he packs his much-buffed trunk, it will be for his final departure from these scenes of careless independence, where every thing is laid out for him to do, and he simply (?) has to do it, and for the beginning of the responsibility of being obliged to make up his own mind, and act for himself on every occasion. In college we are all nabobs, at no one's beck and call, saving that of our worthy janitor. What we are to be hereafter, each will have to decide for himself, and time alone will show the result. Now, oftener than ever before, is heard the all-important question, "What are you going to do when you get through here?" Many are the sage discussions of Seniors around the evening blaze concerning "our future state." Personally we prefer to stand by Massachussetts, though we are sorry to say that many of the class have decided that they must have more room, and are going to seek a broader field, following in the course of the "Star of Empire." It seems to us that the friends we have here, and our acquaintance with Eastern ways and enjoyments, are not, without much consideration, to be given up for the superior advantages of making money in the West.

Howsoever we separate, may those who stay in this part of the world not repent it; may those who go West make money; and may we all meet in Cambridge on some future Commencement.

Leaving the Senior to solve his knotty problem, we would say one word to the *naughty* Sophomores, who scarcely favor the *Advocate* with a squib from their pen, which should be "mighty," if in proportion to the size of their class. We should be very much pleased to hear from them in the next two numbers of the paper, as we must soon select the future supports of our now well-established structure; for its ancient pillars are slowly crumbling away with every issue, and very little is known as to where to look for fresh material to assist the columns which shall still stand firm.

READING-ROOM.

MR. EDITOR, — The proposition which is at present agitating the college mind is on the long-wished-for Reading-Room, and as the *Advocate* columns seem to be the fittest place to discuss it, and to bring forward any suggestions in connection with it which may be thought worthy of consideration, I beg leave to submit the following: —

The members of the intended Club, as soon as enough names shall have been obtained to render success certain, will be called upon to form a regular organization, by electing officers and adopting a constitution. Care should be taken, in selecting the former, that they are interested in the work before them, and willing to undertake whatever duties may be imposed upon them: the latter should be as simple and comprehensive as possible.

It seems to me that two directors should be appointed from each class to collect the monies and look after the interests of their respective classes: from among these directors a Junior of some experience in college societies should be made Treasurer. The President should be a Senior, and the Secretaryship should be merged into one office with that of the Treasurer, who could have an assistant from the Sophomore

Class. The Board of Directors should have full control of the organization, their actions being subject to the approval or disapproval of a majority of the members. Two regular meetings should be held each year for the transaction of business and election of officers, and the President should be empowered to call extra meetings at the request of twenty members.

There are many suggestions that might be made here relative to the admission of graduates, tickets of membership, smoking and card-playing in the room, and various other matters. We can only hope to perfect our system gradually; and I think that by throwing out a few hints like the foregoing, many points may be brought forward when the time comes to take action on them. The work is going rapidly on, and by the end of next week we may hope to see it completed.

I think, Mr. Editor, we should be very thankful for the opportunity thrown in our way to accomplish an object, the need of which has been felt for years. I, however, must claim for the whole College, individually and collectively, their fair share of honor in the attainment of this opportunity; and, with all due respect to the Advocate Board, I would thoroughly deprecate the monopolization of this honor by them. S. E.

[The following cheerful fragment, describing one or two of the beauties of college life before we get settled down after the pleasures of the holidays, and when one is inclined to see things in an unfavorable light, has been sent us by one who evidently is *not* "glad he came." We must pardon his lack of enthusiasm on resuming his classic duties. — Ed.]

THE JOYFUL RETURN.

WE were welcomed back to Cambridge after our two weeks' recess, by what may without impropriety be denominated a "cold snap." No one who has not in person tried the experiment can understand how very disheartening an operation the heating up of a college room, under such circumstances, becomes. On first opening the door, you encounter an atmosphere several degrees colder than that outside, and pervaded by an oppressive sense of damp bricks. The chances are that you have no kindling-wood of

your own, and, since the penurious practice of putting locks on the coal-closet doors has come into fashion, you can't steal your neighbor's; so you go down into the yard, and with anathemas secure icy fragments of the new buildings. Having in this way coaxed a minute fire into a precarious existence, by which time you are surrounded by a thick fog formed from your own breath, you begin to explore your room. Water-pitcher and bowl are of course "a wash of ice;" you place the former by the fire, and in due course of time the bottom drops out, at which event, unless you are very good indeed, you give way to your feelings and say, "Hang!" Every article of furniture and every book in the room is chilled through, and holds the cold, preserved as it were, for days. You get cold in your head as a matter of course, as a result of which you are often heard to make the significant remark, "I want to go home."

A SUPPLICATION.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ADVOCATE, — As your columns are ever open for purposes of just and dispassionate remonstrance against college evils, I desire to avail myself of the privilege this freedom affords. I wish to have the study of Metaphysics abolished. I have but one argument, — the effect it is producing on my chum's mind; and I send you a specimen or two of the stuff I am forced to listen to, day after day, "as combining" — I quote him — "philosophy and poetry." Will some friend who appreciates my position come to my relief, and, by inducing the Faculty to omit the study referred to, relieve me of a torture which is slowly, but surely, bringing me to an insane asylum or my grave.

With much respect, yours, very truly,

G. C. G.

"ALAS!" — A RETROSPECT.

STROLLS by the mystical, nebulous moon,
Glassing the sphere with light,
In the semi-mellifluous time of June,
When ambient stars their cadences croon
In the inarticulate night.

Dark pines, somnolent, overhead,
Sob with their shadowy boughs:
Hopes of the future are all unsaid;
The past in the cave of the "Was" lies dead;
Morrrows are merged in nows.

Silent sleeps the magnetical air,
Silent our lips as well;
But eyes, that flash from their magical lair,
More of the gamut of Love lay bare
Than mouth-born words could tell.

Time, the immutable, journeys fast;
Homeward stroll we together;
That heart-brightened pilgrimage was our last,
'Tis lapsed into part of the pitiless past,
And held but by memory's tether.

"AH ME!" — A MONODY.

OUT from the laugh of music,
Into the arms of night,
Glides on the long piazza,
In the flood of weird moonlight,
A damsel fair, with gilt-edged hair,
Garmented all in white.

Like a dart from the Day-God's quiver,
A youngling's form appears,
Fresh by the wine of manhood,
Flushed by the hope of years;
Untasted all earth's rue and gall,
Unshed life's briny tears.

To the waltz-whirls of the dancers,
Their steps outside keep time;
With the rhythmical ooze of the music,
The beats of their young hearts chime;
They stroll full slowly, they talk full lowly,
In prose Love turns to rhyme.

And they glide from the arms of the moonlight,
And seek the hall again;
And their actions, no more untrammelled,
Are fastened by Fashion's chain;
But their minds shall turn to that hour and yearn,
In the years to come, with pain.

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"THE POET OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

SOME of us can just recall the time when *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* was published as a serial in the *Atlantic*. I remember hearing, on "*Atlantic* days," everybody at home asking, "Where's the last *Atlantic*? Has it come? Who's got it?" It seems a long time ago; and on opening this volume, on the middle shelf here, I find, "Entered, according to Act of

Congress, in the year 1858, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts:" and the *Professor* came out in '59. Twelve or thirteen years is a long time to us, — as long as forty to the "old boys." And now our first and last recollections are placed side by side, and the *Poet* causes the same domestic uproar that the *Professor* and *Autocrat* did.

And how glad we are that the "breakfast table" is no longer deserted! and what a zest it gives to our impatient longing for an introduction to the *Poet's* new friends, to remember our mutual old ones!

The young fellow called John, after a few "heat-lightning winks" at the last solemn speech of the autocrat, has left the table; and is "burning up" a cigar, just to please the poor relation, — that "angular female in oxydated bombazine." And there's the landlady's daughter walking down the street with her "feller," whose arm is pressing gently against her elbow. Benjamin Franklin has trotted off to school. And "the old gentleman opposite," smiling so placidly across the table, the schoolmistress, still tender and young, — Dr. Holmes and his characters never can grow old, — and the divinity student are left alone, listening intently, as we are, to the autocrat's words, — frank, pathetic, humorous, suggestive. And where are Stoughton and Hollis, and Greek and Mathematics now? Gone to the end of the — chapter.

A PRESCRIPTION

WARRANTED TO CURE.

The Autocrat and Professor, patented by O. W. Holmes.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

1. For a slight attack of the dumps: one chapter of the *Autocrat*.
2. For a fit of the blues: the whole of the *Autocrat*.
3. If the symptoms become alarming, and you have that feeling technically called "loss of all one's friends," take the *Autocrat* and *Professor* in successive doses.

To be administered in a solution of easy-chair, over an open fire.

N. B. It will be unnecessary to use laughing gas during the operation.

With a tear and a smile we say good-by to the autocrat and his wife, and greet the Pro-

fessor and Little Boston and Iris and the young Marylander. Otherwise the board is filled as before, saving "the Model," and "the Kohinoor," *alias* "Ma'am Allen," who got such a drubbing from "the young fellow called John." If there is any thing that Dr. Holmes enjoys, it's a "good square" fight; and in each of his stories, but the *Guardian Angel*, he brings one in. In *Elsie Venner*, how Bernard Langdon "uses up" the school bully and the bully's bull dog! and with what glee the sparring in the *Autocrat* is described, when our author speaks of the "mild," "delicate," "intellectual" young man boxing with "the big one" with the square shoulders! "Oh, he is taking off his gold-bowed spectacles! Ah, he is divesting himself of his cravat! Why, he is stripping off his coat!" And then: "Quick, cautious, nimble, cool, he catches all the fierce lunges, or gets out of their reach, till his turn comes; and then whack goes one of the batter puddings against the big one's ribs, and bang goes the other in the big one's face, and staggering, shuffling, slipping, tripping, collapsing, sprawling, down goes the big one in a miscellaneous bundle!"

The union of fancy and wit is always a happy one; and when to these are added a most exquisite tact and good taste, mellowed all by sound knowledge, we have — Dr. Holmes.

Such qualities as these wear well; and the "Poet" of '72 seems — no, is — as young hearted as the student who wrote for the *Collegian* in '29. He has taught us to —

"Call him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll,
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children with their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art,
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart,
Turn to the record where his years are told,
Count his gray hairs, — they cannot make him old."

We who have to do with "The *Red Republic of Letters*," besides feeling a personal interest in the house with the gambrel roof, especially relish an author who has been so loyal to his class and college, and feel as if he belonged to us. And

though the Doctor never found out the meaning of the word "stupid," it is at the breakfast table that we best like to hear him, speaking in his own prose, full of feeling and fun, and rich — like that of Dickens — in the easiest and most felicitous similes. We look forward, then, with the liveliest anticipation to the coming numbers of the *Poet of the Breakfast Table*, though we cannot help regretting that the romance with which the old house was invested has been in great part taken away, — that the ruthless powers that be have profanely perked up the poet's birth-place in a coat of yellow paint.

THINGS I LIKE — NOT.

THERE are many things constantly occurring among us, perhaps not deserving much attention, yet sufficiently amusing to notice. First of all, as to "Our Advocate." Many students seem to delight in saying, "What poor articles appear in its columns!" yet never attempt to improve them by their own contributions. I like this consistency; it shows the nature of the men who complain; and I venture to assert that, out of such, not one in three assists directly or indirectly in maintaining our welcome paper, — the expounder of students' thoughts and defender of their rights.

I like to hear such men discuss their studies. They are never contented; the spirit of fault-finding in them is too strong: "The instructor is unfair — his views too narrow," and many absurd comments of that kind. For these men, — and no one can deny that they abound, — I have not the slightest respect. Let them reform, even at the eleventh hour.

I like to attend chapel Sundays. It is really pleasant to have a quiet hour to one's self, which can be passed in meditation. No one can complain of the choir: it is composed of "ardent young spirits," who exert themselves to their utmost; yet the nasal accompaniment in the side pews sometimes disturbs the otherwise agreeable harmony. It is said that once on a time, when Edward Everett was President, he reproved in severe terms a student who sneezed

in church, saying, that such conduct was unbecoming a gentleman. Let us petition the faculty to remove the unnecessary "accompaniment."

I like winter. It is pleasant after a snow-storm to walk across the college yard or to commons, in close proximity to a crowd of lower classmen. What an impulse is given to our feelings as a stray snowball whistles by our ears! and, as we think on the depravity of such boys, another strikes us in some vulnerable spot. Not being very pugnacious, and having caught more than one cold vainly endeavoring to retaliate, I am obliged to confess that snow-balling is a most agreeable sport, — one that I should like to see carried so far that every regular participator could bear an "honorable scar" that would constantly remind him of his folly. I watch the coming storm with dread. Y.

WANTED.

THERE is a large class of Undergraduates, the provision for whose future welfare seems to have been entirely overlooked by the College Government in their various and extensive means to provide a liberal education to such as choose to avail themselves of it. I refer to that class of the students who engage in active business after graduation. Every year there go out from the college walls a number of young men who are, as a rule, ignorant of the first principles of business, and who have no fundamental knowledge of the pursuits upon which they are to depend for their daily bread. Too old to be employed as errand-boys, and thus work their way from the lowest round of the ladder up to more important positions, they are obliged to spend in learning elementary steps much valuable time, which might otherwise be turned to more profitable account.

For the students who intend to take a profession, there are studies in the undergraduate department calculated to prepare the mind for the study of a profession, and which are unquestionably of advantage in the exercise of that profession in after life. Chemistry holds a very prominent place in the study of Medicine; a

knowledge of Logic is indispensable to the lawyer, while the student of Divinity finds an inestimable aid in Evidences of Christianity and in Ethics (!); while the relation that Latin and Greek have to all three of the so-called professions is too well known for further comment. But the student about to enter business generally knows nothing of mercantile transactions save what he may have learned by observations, through the papers, or what may yet linger in his mind of interest or partial payments learned in his school-boy days at the Grammar School, when College was yet in the dim distance.

"But," says my chum, looking over my shoulder, "how do you propose to remedy this deficiency?" One way would be to have a course of lectures in the regular list of college studies upon business topics, and in relation to the common transactions of mercantile life. Then, why not have an Elective study of Book-keeping? We come here to get an education, and many of us must depend upon that education for our support in after life. Then why not have our training here consist of such studies as will be of practical use after we have gone out into the world?

But my purpose in all this is not to dictate to the College Government any plan for remedying this want, nor to advocate the establishment of a "Professorship of Mercantile Affairs" in the University; but I have tried to set forth a deficiency felt by many students, and which I have heard commented upon by merchants. And if these few lines have the effect of inducing others to write upon the same subject, the end in view will have been accomplished.

BIZ.

A WARNING.

BEFORE any unfortunate member of '75 is inveigled into writing for this paper, or is led by his success here to send contributions to some public "organ," I feel it my duty to explain to him what he will probably be compelled to go through if he once plunges into the vortex of college literature.

In my first term Freshman, I had the honor — and misfortune — to be introduced to an editor of the *Advocate* as a literary man, "who could write something first-rate for that paper if he chose." The editor at once requested me to give him something for his next paper; and I, highly flattered, agreed to do so. After hours of labor and neglect of numerous recitations, I produced an elaborate criticism of a popular novelist, and gave it to my friend, with the usual statement of its having been "dashed off in half an hour," and the usual hope (*O Veritas!*) that he "would not publish it unless it was really worth it," &c. He read it on the spot, and astonished me much by laughing heartily over the first sentence. After reading on for a few minutes, he went to a book-case, took down a volume of Carlyle's *Essays*, and compared something in it with my piece, ejaculating "Capital! capital!" After his mirth had somewhat subsided, I discovered that he took my criticism to be a burlesque of Carlyle's peculiar style, and found it intensely amusing. My pride was too deeply hurt to allow me to explain; and it was published, with a foot-note by the editor, referring to the essay he supposed I had parodied.

My reputation as a "funny" writer was at once established. Puns and humorous allusions were discovered in my most serious and would-be sentimental verses; I was besieged for humorous articles to fill up heavy papers; but my worst affliction was, that half an hour before a paper was going to press, an editor would rush into my room, implore me to write him off a few *Atoms*, and would go away quite offended when I tried to explain that it cost me hours of careful study to grasp the point of the most pellucid joke.

In the beginning of my Sophomore year, I was violently smitten with a lovely brunette, and, of course, rushed into verse to express my admiration of her numerous perfections. I poured out my soul in a highly sentimental description of our first meeting, and at first intended to hand it to the editor of the next *Advocate*; but, considering in my innocence that it displayed real poetic ability, I felt that it was too valuable for

so ephemeral a sheet, and determined to send it to a magazine. I did send it, but heard nothing of it for several months. At length I received a letter from the editor, declining my piece, and advising me never to write sentimental poetry unless I had "really experienced the feelings I attempted to portray." He added that there was a great demand for parodies and burlesques at the present time, and advised me, as my style somewhat resembled Moore's, to change the catastrophe of my piece to something funny, and send it to a comic paper! The shock was severe, but it cured me of writing poetry. I have ever since had the moral courage to refuse any request for a "few verses," humorous or otherwise. But this is not wholly a gain. I am still looked upon as a man who can write awfully funny things if he'll only take the trouble; or, at least, as one who writes without the least exertion. I have written myself out long ago. My sensations in a dentist's chair are bliss to those with which I sit down to drag a new idea for an article from my exhausted brain, and I hear college critics declare each new piece that I write poorer than the last. It is all my own fault; and let my painful example give courage to every ingenuous Freshman, who is asked to write for the *Advocate*, to say good naturedly, but firmly, "No!"

T.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

THE completion of the two new dormitories, Weld and Matthews, and the probable early erection of the promised Wakefield Hall, suggest reforms in college life in Cambridge, the consummation of which is devoutly to be wished; and, if rumor is to be trusted, is soon to be realized. It is by no means taking a discouraging view of our future to say that, if accommodations for rooming in the yard are to go on increasing as they have for two years past, we cannot hope for a proportional increase in the number of undergraduates. Such being the case, we may look ere long for the making of regulations by the College Government, by which all undergraduates will be obliged to room in the yard.

Even if rumor did not point to such an end, there would be sufficient reasons for predicting such an event. No one having any acquaintance with the shrewdness of corporations, even though their business be that of educating young men for the higher walks of life, can say that they are in the habit of playing a losing game. If they build manufactories, it is reasonable to infer that they intend to obtain raw material enough to keep their machinery running, and so if they build dormitories it is doubtless their intention to fill them with occupants.

We do not mean to disapprove of this action that tends to bring all undergraduates into the yard; on the contrary, we rather like it. If there is one thing about college life pleasant and profitable to the student, it is the advantage gained by the associations which rooming in the yard almost necessitates. With rooms scattered from Appian Way to Somerville, students are seldom brought together, and college life becomes to many a sort of perpetual isolation which, however, advantageous it may be for study, is not productive of the best results.

Our experience in this kind of life is confined to the descriptions of it which we have met in stories of student life abroad. The gates and high fences, though they suggest imprisonment, are really only tokens of well-regulated liberty, which is all "the average undergraduate" ought to be allowed to enjoy. Our student life would then be such *par excellence*, and not a *mélange* of virtuous dissipations in Boston, with an occasional exercise in study and college recreation.

We cannot but regret the latest measure of the College Government with regard to rooms, by which students are to be allowed the privilege of holding their rooms after graduation. It suggests a mixture which cannot be advantageous to undergraduates, as the aims and interests of graduates and undergraduates are not the same; and where there is not a community of interests there had better be no community at all. But we trust that this measure is to be only temporary in its operation, and that it will ere long be followed by a measure like the one we have advocated.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at A. Williams & Co.'s, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

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THE SENIOR.

"Ah! I was a Freshman then,
And 'twas very long ago."

In a voice both low and tender,
With his feet upon the fender,
From the clouds around his head,
This is what the Senior said.

He was tall and very thin,
But graceful, like some ancient column;
Wan and fallow was his skin,
And his voice both deep and solemn.
Lazily he leaned him there,
By the roaring fire's glare,

In a wondrous easy-chair,
Head aback, and knees in air.
In his hand, with greatest care,
As of sudden danger fearsome, —
Bowl so brown and rich and rare,
Held he forth a mighty meerschaum;
Day and night, and day again,
Smoked in joy, and smoked in pain,
It had got that precious stain.
By the side of the Senior tall,
On a table neat and small,
Gleaming richly, did appear
Two glasses and a pot of beer.

Some remark that I had uttered,
As the fire roared and sputtered,
Seemed to touch him to the core.
For my bended eyes were caught
By his slippers, strangely wrought;
So I asked just this, — no more, —
Who had wove the rare design,
Where the clustered roses twine,
Deftly worked in green and gold,
On the slippers worn and old.

In a voice both low and tender,
With his feet upon the fender,
This is what the Senior said:
"Ah! I was a Freshman then,
And 'twas very long ago."

Silently he puffed awhile,
Till from the clouds there broke a smile.
Then he told with animation,
How he met her, one vacation,
In a farm-house by the ocean:
Pictured then, with deep emotion,
All the beauty of the fair;
Golden lustre of her hair;
Beaming eyes of tender blue,
Dainty lashes peeping through;
And a simple way she had
Of looking sometimes sweetly sad, —
But I will not tell you more
Of a story told before:
How they had a lover's quarrel;
Nor expatiate on the moral,
The bitter moral that he drew;
Not even this will tell to you.

When, at last, 'twas very late,
"Stay!" he said, "a moment wait!"
As I left him, bowing low.
Then he filled the glasses high,
With half a laugh and half a sigh:
"We'll drink the maid of long ago!"

Then, as there I stopped to linger,
As the dying fire-light shone,
I marked a ring upon his finger,
With initials not his own.

Yet in voice both low and tender,
With his feet upon the fender,
From the clouds around his head,
This is what the Senior said :
" Ah ! I was a Freshman then,
And 'twas very long ago."

T.

MRS. GRUNDY IN COLLEGE.

ALTHOUGH the Corporation of our College either from a want of gallantry, or for some equally discreditable reason, have refused to admit the fair sex to the sacred precincts of the University, still one representative of the feminine portion of our race has succeeded in obtaining not only an entrance, but even a strong position within the college walls. I refer to that omnipresent intruding personage, familiarly known as Mrs. Grundy. Considering that she is the only female member of the College, it might be supposed that she would be modest enough ; but no, so presumptuous is she that she forces herself into almost every department among the students, and seems to watch over and guide a majority of them from the beginning to the end of their college course. She does not pretend to be taught any thing herself, she is too old for that ; but, professing to be infallible, she sets herself up as a model for all the other students. So arbitrary is she, that if you once allow her to influence you at all it is difficult to escape her control.

Now it cannot be denied that Mrs. Grundy has some excellent qualities even in College, and that, when we are in doubt on some points, she may be able to set us right ; but what I object to, is the custom of making her the arbitrator in every dispute, and sacrificing to her our independence. I don't think any one would complain that students are not independent enough outside of College, where their independence, as they are proud to call it, sometimes assumes the odious form of arrogance ; but strange, when they get inside the college walls, they drop this independence, and each one must do as every one else does, or as he

thinks every one else would have him to do. The Freshmen begin by doing what they think will make them most popular, and sometimes submit to things, which, if they had never come to College, they would never have thought of enduring ; but here, because Mrs. Grundy says everybody else does so, they submit, and it must be confessed that in many cases, perhaps, discretion is the better part of valor. The Sophomores, in this respect, are little better than Freshmen, and still continue to run the race for popularity, often-times sacrificing their independence in order to gain what will prove to be but a poor return for it. The Juniors have, by their time, become so accustomed to doing what Mrs. Grundy tells, that they don't care to escape her control, and it is only when they get to be Seniors that they will consider that they must soon go out into the world again, and this thought sometimes stirs up in them a feeling that they must be more independent.

By independence I would not be understood to mean a disregard for other persons' opinions, for there is a substantial public opinion to which every one must be more or less subservient. The very condition of our being is one of dependence ; but nevertheless there is an independence which it would be well, perhaps, if every one had a little more of. It is that which induces one to think twice before adopting an opinion as his own ; which leads one to investigate for himself and to decide for himself ; which actuates one to reflect before following directly in the foot-steps even of his father in regard to religion and in less important matters.

Now we students, it seems to me, are too apt to drift along tied to the apron-strings of this Mrs. Grundy, and to go wherever she leads, so that we lose, to a certain degree, the power of reflection which our course of studies here is designed to inculcate, simply because we are too much accustomed to taking things for granted ; and accordingly when something does come up which we must decide for ourselves, we find difficulty, and would gladly avoid it.

But while the lack of it is an evil, no less an evil, perhaps, is an assumed spirit of independence. As Thackeray says, "A young man of spirit not unfrequently mistakes his vanity for

independence." Conceit is often confounded with independence, though this hardly seems to be a necessary attribute of it. Conceit, however, is too often the prominent characteristic of students; or, at any rate, that is what their independence is called outside of College, as one may learn by asking any young lady what she thinks of such and such a student. I think she will probably tell you that he is conceited, though he perhaps imagines his conceit to be merely independence. But, as I said above, a student has hardly the courage to show much of this disposition in College, for fear of Mrs. Grundy; and therefore I say the sooner we rid ourselves of our bondage to her the better.

CRAMMING.

IN the report of the Committee of the Overseers upon the Academic department of the University and its condition during the past year, one may perceive the hitherto-hidden spring prompting the recent apparently erratic action of many of our professors in regard to examinations.

These coming events, which once cast premonitory shadows some weeks before, now burst upon the otherwise cloudless succession of the daily recitations without a sign of warning.

One instructor gravely avers that the time of his examination rests a secret between him and his God. By another the anxious inquirer is informed, with courteous ambiguity, that doubtful things are so uncertain, one cannot almost always tell.

Now the clew to all this mysterious procedure may be found in the Report of the said Committee.

The gentlemen composing the majority of the Committee see great evils in the practice of "cramming" for examinations, and recommend the spring-gun system to the Faculty as one means of checking that sporadic and unhealthy plan of study.

There were no recent graduates upon that Committee.

As one of the "digs," habitually devoting midnight hours and oil to the faithful digestion

of each day's work, I venture to enter a protest against the new system. "Cramming" is one thing, however deplorable, but Review is another. It not unfrequently happens that one gets a confused and imperfect notion of a subject from the very fact that it has been thoroughly learned by the daily parcel. Particularly is this the case with the more philosophical studies of the higher classes. It becomes quite difficult to retain the thread without constant reviewing; and this, I make bold to say, one has not the time for.

Those familiar with that charming little work, "Todd's Students' Manual," will remember the weekly and monthly account-takings of mental stock therein recommended. But then, you know, it is far easier to talk Todd to Freshman brothers or cousins than to practise him.

There are not a few that find all to which they can conveniently attend in the lesson of each to-day, and continually feel themselves losing the thread that binds it to yesterday's information, and that of last week.

The concentration of one's attention upon the parts materially weakens his grasp of the whole. Last year, for example, it was frequently remarked that Hamilton's Metaphysics seemed a tangled mass of confusion until the review for the annual examinations brought out the *connection* without detracting from the vividness of the details. And that without any severe amount of "cramming." I choose Hamilton as a strong instance, from his eminently lucid style. Given Descartes and Spinoza in a French text-book, and it requires all the clearness and direct method of the Alford professor to prevent blank chaos from settling down upon the mind of at least one of his division, when those abominable blue blank-books greet unexpectedly his entering eye, as they darkly stud the benches.

But there is small chance that the system will be abandoned without having a thorough trial, and therefore I anticipate no return to old usages in our time, but send to you this plea in the bare hope of aiding generations of Freshmen yet unborn.

We all approve of reformatory experiments, but it does make some difference who constitute the experimentees.

LUCUBRATOR.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

THE storm-clouds gather, the greenwoods moan;
On the shore the maiden is wand'ring alone;
The waves are breaking with might, with might,
And her plaint floats out on the darksome night,
And her eyes are stained with weeping.

Her heart is broken, the world is drear;
There is nought for her longer to wish for here.
Thou holy One, call thy dear child above;
Earth's bliss has been mine, its life and its love;
Oh! take me home to thy keeping. w.

DRAMATIC.

BOSTON THEATRE.

THE English Opera is having an excellent run, and is keeping fully up to the standard which this comparatively new style of opera has established in former seasons in Boston. Mme. Parepa-Rosa, while she has certainly lost none of her magnificent voice, has very much improved her acting since her last appearance here, by increased earnestness and activity in her characters. Madame Vanzini is very engaging, and promises well when she becomes a little more accustomed to stage business. Miss Doria has made an exceedingly favorable impression, and many of her notes are full and rich in an unusual degree.

Mr. Tom Karl has a sweet, though not very strong voice; and it is admirably assisted by his handsome person and prepossessing face, though at times he seems a trifle conscious, and studies his positions too carefully.

Some of his parts are well taken by Mr. Cook.

It is useless to say any thing about the well-known favorites, — Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Messrs. Castle and Campbell. They are all unexceptional in their different ways. Mrs. Seguin, especially, gains a new victory every evening, and steadily advances on the road of popularity which she by this time knows so well. Next week we expect a treat in the first production in this country of Cherubini's "Water-Carrier," which is an opera of peculiar beauty.

THE GLOBE.

The new play "Eileen Oge," at the Globe Theatre, has proved a grand success. Though highly sensational in its character, it is by no means trashy. On the contrary, it is bright and sparkling in composition, and its situations, though startling, are both natural and attractive. The acting, too, is exceedingly good throughout.

THE MUSEUM.

For the past few weeks the patrons of the Museum, and among them no small number of students, have been entertained and amused by the popular play of

"The Streets of New York," which is too well known to need an extended notice. It is enough to say that it has been brought out with the usual pains taken by this establishment to please its supporters; and, judging from the crowded houses which have attended the performances of the play, it has been eminently successful.

It is to be followed next week by "Jefferson Scattering Batkins, the Member of the General Court from Cranberry Centre," in "The Silver Spoon."

BOOK NOTICES.

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER. By SOPHIE MAY. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1872.

This is the author's first attempt, so far as we know, at a book for grown people. It is one of that class of stories of which Miss Alcott's *Little Women* is perhaps the best-known type, and of which the main characteristic is the simple delineation of American life and manners; which charm because they are true to life, and not plot and counterplot, the usual tricks of the novelist.

The reader is introduced to the "Doctor's Daughter" in early girlhood, and lives very delightfully with her and her friends until she grows to a young woman, and her wedding-day is close at hand. Every thing is natural, and the book seems written in accordance with the words of Mr. Higginson, "To analyze combinations of character that only our natural life produces; to portray dramatic situations that belong to a clearer social atmosphere, — this is the higher Americanism in literature."

SOPHOMORES OF RADCLIFFE. ELIJAH KELLOG. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

This also is another of the Whispering Pine Series, and entertains us with an account of Sophomore life at Bowdoin College, including, of course, hazing.

It is not quite up to Mr. Kellog's standard, and yet on the whole is rather better than the general run of books on College life. All that we have got to say is, that if the jokes perpetrated on James Trafton are a fair sample of what takes place at "Radcliffe," the Bowdoinites must be either fools or ten-year-olds, both students and Faculty.

SENIOR CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE Seniors are requested to sit for their Class Pictures, at Mr. Warren's, in the 'Port, or in town, No. 145 Tremont Street, as soon as convenient. All sittings are to be made before March 20th; so that the sooner men attend to it, the better chance they will have to sit again if their first proofs are unsatisfactory.

P. C. SEVERANCE,
C. A. WILLIAMS, } Class Committee.
C. F. BAKER,

Appleton's Journal is publishing some excellent sketches of travel, together with its usual savory *entremets*. Its illustrations are remarkable for their execution and finish.

The Professor of Elocution at Brown is a woman.

"The number of students at Harvard is decidedly on the decrease. Dying of old age?" — *Argus*. This is a favorite topic abroad. If those who quote it would take the trouble to look into the matter, they would find that in all the departments of the University, except the Medical School, the number of students has never been so large as it is now; and this exception is made in the interests of sound scholarship in a department of study in which laxity has become too prevalent.

The *College World*, in an article which will convince any candid mind that Griswold College possesses advantages equal if not superior to all Eastern colleges, speaks of Harvard College as "one of the most dissolute student communities on earth."

The sober *Dartmouth* is getting egotistical. It contains a lengthy article on "Fools."

The Cornell *Era* thinks Fisk's assassin should be hung. True, if important.

Yale has lost a valuable toad. A dissipated Senior drank the alcohol in which it was preserved, and then threw the toad away.

The professors at Cornell are expected to chip in to the boating and base-ball fund.

A '72 man at Yale is spoken of by the *Conrant* as "a happy father."

Judge Barnard of New York is a graduate of Yale. While in college, he used to keep in his room a glass case, marked "The Yale Faculty," and containing a collection of old suspenders."

Some dozen or twenty youths in the Yale Freshman Class, who think they have to work too hard at Yale, have addressed a letter to the Harvard Faculty, asking on what terms they can be accepted. They claim that the studies are too hard, and that the tutors don't pet them enough; and seem to think that Harvard soil is more congenial for stupidity and indolence. Possibly their papas and mammas may object to this little transplantation, in which case a bib and a wet nurse should be proffered them by our Freshmen.

Sau Yahbah Tolo, one of the students of Madison University, orates before his fellow-students.

Two young men have applied for admission to Vassar College. The girls think it a good joke, — so do the boys.

Two more "Societies" have recently died at Yale, and the work goes bravely on.

They Commence semi-annually at Michigan.

35,000 college graduates in the United States.

Warren will endeavor to improve on what Nature has done for the physiognomies of the Seniors at Brown and Dartmouth.

The last number of the *Brunonian*, a magazine published by the students of Brown University, is an excellent one. Such articles as *I Am*, *De Rebus*, *The Wondrous Birth-night*, and *Jeremiah Chaplin*, give it a metaphysical, infinite flavor, which goes well with the Providence oyster.

Dr. Angell says that only that class of women known as the "unlovely class" can go to college.

ATOMS.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held Jan. 18, Mr. James H. Young was elected Class Orator, in place of Mr. White who resigned the position.

THE ideas of the undergraduates in regard to the government of the College seem, to say the least, extremely vague. For instance, in regard to the new method of examination, it appears to be the prevailing notion that the Faculty have been led to this course by the Overseers of the College, which, we have good reason to know, is by no means the case. The Faculty are governed by the Corporation only, and are not controlled by the Overseers. In fact it is much more likely that the Overseers got these ideas from the Faculty, than that the Faculty got them from the former body.

MR. Campbell, the college letter-carrier, acknowledges the receipt of \$35 from the occupants of the North and South entries of Thayer.

RECITATION in Physics. Student to astonished Professor. — "There are several asteroids already known, and fifteen yet to be discovered."

THERE is a class of philosophers, it is said, who never see things right because they look as-Kant.

THE Gray Engravings are at length to become visible. The curator, Mr. George H. Palmer, will make appointments, by note, to show the collection, on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 11 to 1, and on Saturdays from 2 to 4 o'clock.

RUMOR: That the mysterious structures on our new dormitory are rooms to be reserved for the highest scholars in College.

Freshman (observing brutal driver maltreating superannuated horse, in front of Matthews). — "If I see you doing that again, I'll report you!"

B. D. — "Av ye please, sir, he's no good without it: the ould baste is worn out, jist."

Freshman. — "I should think he was, poor fellow! you ought to kill him."

B. D. — So we does, sir — almost."

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THE APOTHECARY,

Still lives, and from time to time mixes a draught, or, it may be, spreads a plaster. He is happy to state that the designs of those who have announced that it was their intention to cause him to "chaw raw beef" have not yet brought him to that disastrous act. He would here mention, without bombastic positiveness of assertion, that he has a few more of these goods left, which he has never held or sold at a specially extortionate charge. In cigars may be mentioned

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MANILAS,	FIGAROS,	CABARGAS,
HENRY CLAYS,		MONTE CRISTOS,

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Natural Leaf, in rolls, plugs, or cut.

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I am constantly receiving new meerschaum pipes, cigar-tubes, and cigarette-tubes. The reputation which my pipes have for so long a time borne will not be allowed to diminish.

SODA WATER, STAR WATER, AND VICHY,
FROM THE GLACIER.

But why expatiate on this matter, when you yourselves know how it is?

SODA WATER IN SYPHONS.

I have been requested to write another Greek poem for the *Advocate*. This is surprising, for I know absolutely no Greek whatever, unless it be —

OUDENI EXESTIN ENTAUTHA KAPNEZEIN.

With a hoppity, kickity, skippity Hum!
To Hubbard's Emporium the Freshman must come,
With a crowd of loud Sophomores, who eagerly scan
The cut of the joyous Freshman man.

But *he* mustn't smoke, for can't he see the sign?
Oudēni Exēstin Entautha Kapnezein,
Hunkidos daurithy Eskimito,
Toximos Iliad, Odysey, Jo!

With his hoppity, kickity, skippity Ho!
The Sophomore so bold through the yard will go,
With his pipe in his mouth, and his nose in the air,
But a proctor spies it, and catches him square,
With — "My fumacious young friend, your taste I must refine."
Oudēni Exēstin Entautha Kapnezein,
And a hunkidos daurithy Eskimito,
Toximos Iliad, Odysey, Jo!

With his hoppity, skippity, kickity Ho!
The Junior tries in the last car to blow
The odor Havana: before very long
Conductor observes it, and pitches in strong:
"My jovial bummer, this rule I must define."
Oudēni Exēstin Entautha Kapnezein,
With your hunkidos daurithy Eskimito,
Toximos Iliad, Odysey, Jo!

With a hoppity, skippity, kickity Rip!
The Senior around the old elm-tree will skip,
And then go and marry, and think to enjoy
In his home of an evening his nicotine toy;
But madame sets up, "Sir, that pipe you must resign."
Oudēni Exēstin Entautha Kapnezein,
With your hunkidos daurithy Eskimito,
Toximos Iliad, Odysey, Jo!

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